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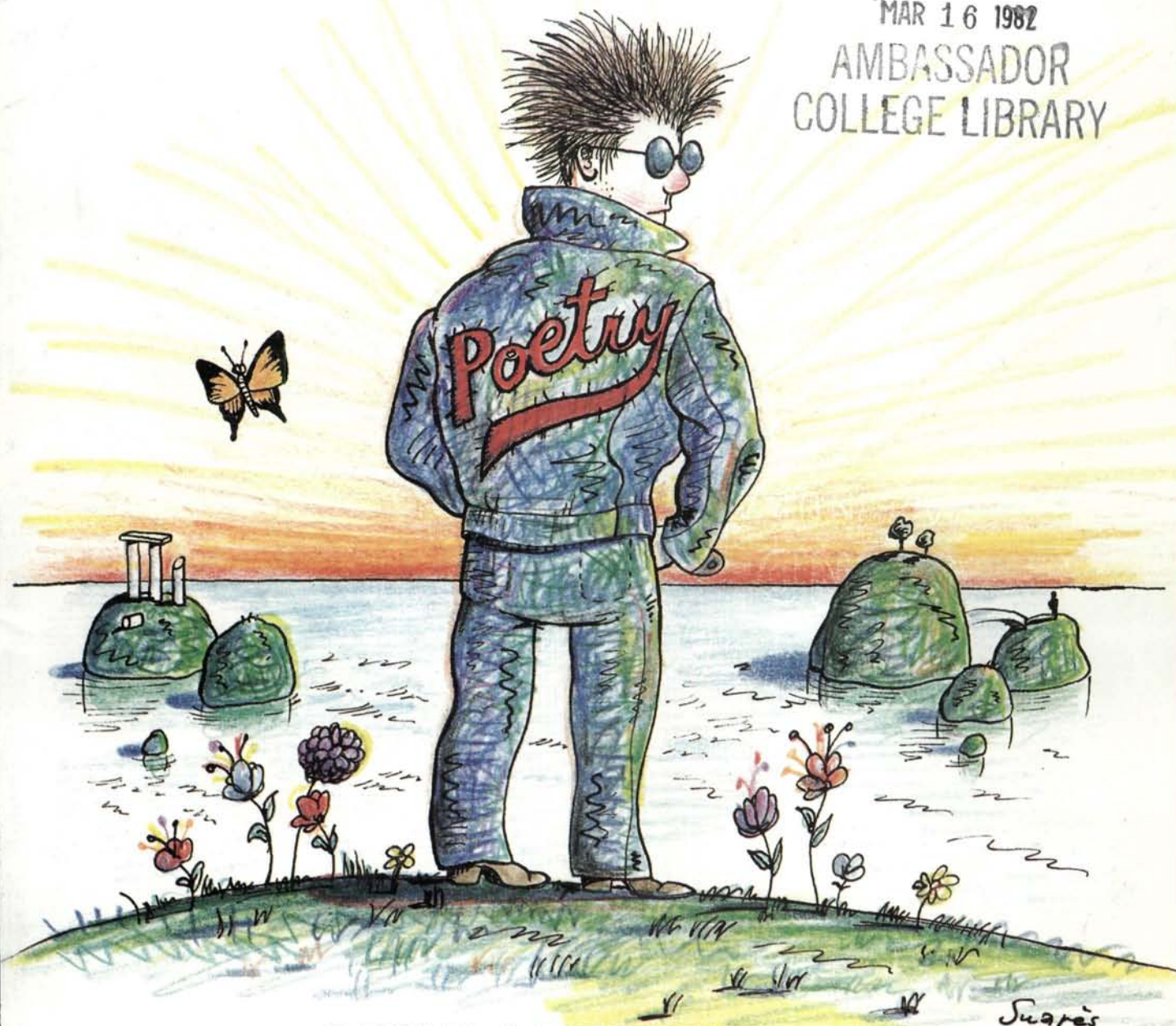
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I WAS A TEENAGED INTELLECTUAL

A boyhood in letters

BY JAMES ATLAS

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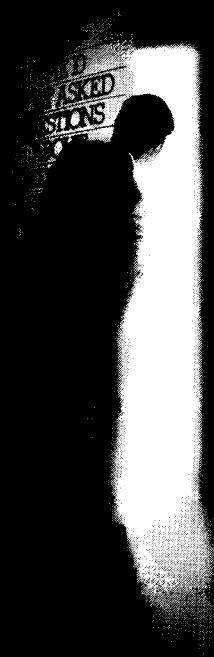
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WILLS ON KENNEDY

Re Garry Wills's perceptive article "The Prisoner of Charisma," in the January *Atlantic*: I can vouch for the truth of the situation described in a quote Wills used from Ted Sorensen: "No decisions of importance were made at Kennedy's Cabinet meetings and few subjects of importance . . . were ever seriously discussed." In 1961, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall got clearance from the Salinger office in the White House to appear on a Sunday television panel program. The network people showed up on a Friday to run through their procedures, to get some idea of things that were current at Interior under the new secretary, and to discuss things on which questions might be based.

This was happening while the Bay of Pigs invasion was being mounted and launched, and Udall had not a word of warning that the Cuban invasion was about to take place. Nor did he get any advice or warning from the White House before going before the cameras. Naturally, questions about Interior's "stewardship of the nation's land and water resources," etc. were foreclosed by a demand for comment about the invasion of Cuba.

I thought, at the time, that Udall made a valiant effort at aiding national unity by explaining how an operation planned by one administration had been carried out by the succeeding one. But the press and Republican spokesmen saw it as an attempt to shift blame to the previous administration, and President Kennedy was forced quickly to assume all responsibility.

The embarrassment to the President and his administration, not to say to the Secretary of the Interior, could easily have been avoided by a little simple sharing of information (on a confidential basis, of course) between the White House and members of the Cabinet—something that ought to have been routine.

ORREN BEATY
Assistant to Secretary of the Interior
1961–1967
Vienna, Va.

Garry Wills ("The Prisoner of Toughness," February *Atlantic*) claims that the Soviet Union's missiles were to be put in Cuba for "a purely defensive purpose." He fails to mention that Soviet agents in half a dozen countries claimed that no missiles were going to be placed in Cuba, and that the USSR's efforts to penetrate Latin America were set back several decades because of its loss of credibility in the Cuban missile crisis.

Garry Wills has tried to alter history to make it appear that Kennedy was reckless in the missile crisis and that Khrushchev showed "restraint." In this convoluted reasoning, one shows restraint by sending ground-to-ground missiles 6,000 miles to Cuba, recklessness by preventing their placement 90 miles from the Florida coast.

WARREN HIMMELBERGER
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

The Garry Wills articles should be followed promptly by one entitled "The Reagan Imprisonment." Kennedy's "missile gap" is Reagan's "window of vulnerability." As was Kennedy, Reagan is a "prisoner of toughness"; he is crisis-oriented, he has charisma. If there should be another "eyeball-to-eyeball" confrontation and President Reagan turns to men like Alexander Haig and Caspar Weinberger for counsel, there will be no *Atlantic* and no readers.

BEATRICE HENSHAW
Harbor Springs, Mich.

A NATION OF HARMONICISTS

Fred Nadis, in "The Harmonica in America" (January *Atlantic*), states that harmonica production in the United States from 1910 through 1920 averaged 5.6 million tons. Assuming that an average harmonica weighs a quarter of a pound, 5.6 million tons would yield about 45 billion harmonicas. That is a lot of harmonicas. Assuming a U.S. population of about 150 million during the period 1910 through 1920, that would mean about 300 harmonicas for every man, woman, and child per year!

GEORGE M. SAWYER
Garden Grove, Calif.

Fred Nadis replies:

I appreciate Mr. Sawyer's taking the time to make these calculations. The harmonica was apparently even more popular at that time than I realized.

CAB ON DEREGULATION

Frederick Thayer ("Strike Means Friendly Skies for Airlines," December *Atlantic*) would have us believe that deregulation is ruining the domestic air-transportation system. Admittedly, the past few years have been difficult for many of the nation's air carriers. Not only did they have to deal with rapidly rising fuel prices and a deteriorating economy, they were also exposed to meaningful competition for the first time in forty years.

Nevertheless, and contrary to Professor Thayer's arguments, deregulation does appear to be working. Though there are currently empty seats on many aircraft, load factors (the percentage of seats filled) in the relaxed regulatory environment are higher than they have been since the mid-1960s. Furthermore,

fares are now more in line with the costs of service than they were when the industry was tightly regulated. And, despite the losses posted by some of the larger airlines, several carriers have earned record profits.

Regulation, not deregulation, encouraged airlines to fly empty seats. Fare regulation restricted price competition, and generally set fares higher than necessary. Carriers resorted to non-price competition, such as adding flights, which drove load factors down and drove average costs up. After the Civil Aeronautics Board gave carriers increased fare flexibility in 1977, carriers offered discount fares to fill up these empty seats. This flexibility has led to the most rapid fare increases in those markets where the regulated fares were least remunerative. Even with a given market, unrestricted fares have tended to increase more rapidly than discount fares. By raising prices for people who are concerned with schedule convenience and offering discounts to people who are not, carriers can profitably maintain a full schedule of flights and fill up their empty seats.

In some markets, this strategy has been maintained; in an increasing number of markets, however, all passengers are paying fares that are well below those that would have been established by the board had regulation continued. The spread of low fares is a product of competition and is forcing carriers to become more efficient.

DAN MCKINNON

*Chairman, Civil Aeronautics Board
Washington, D.C.*

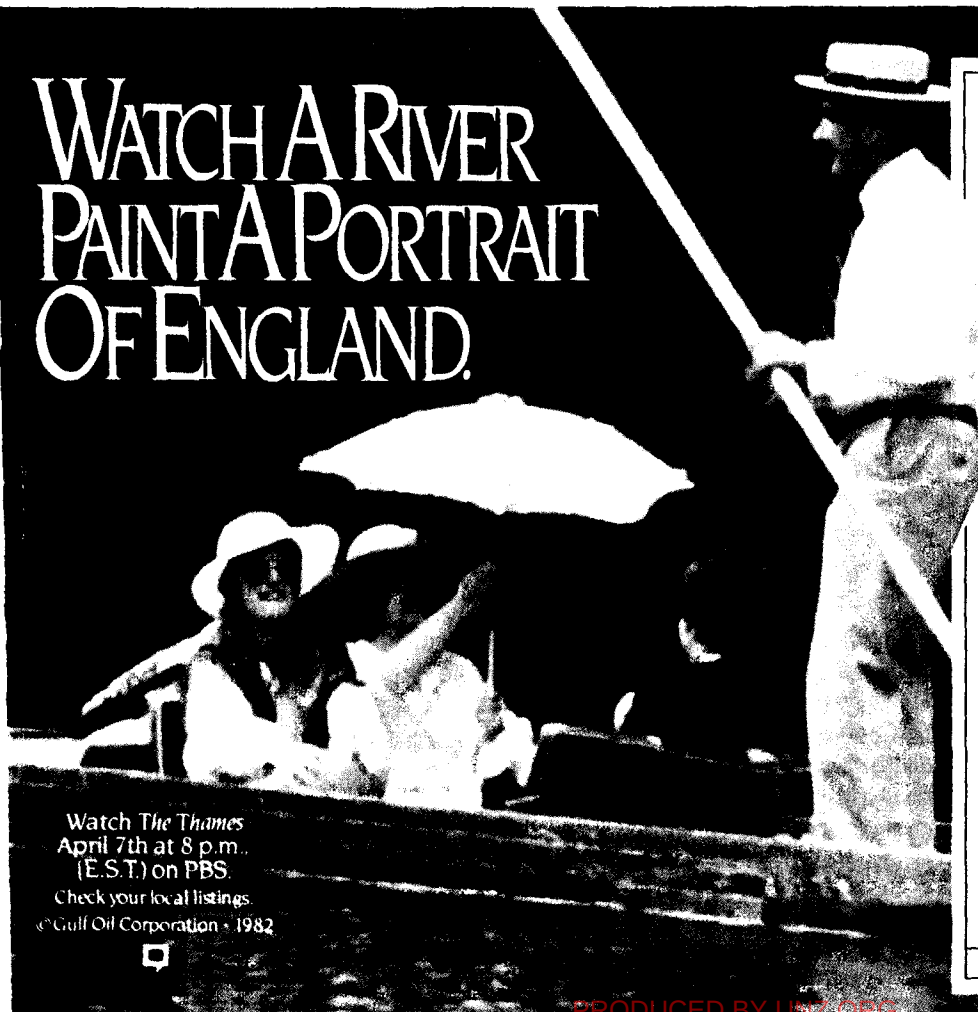
Frederick Thayer replies:

Chairman McKinnon provides a laundry list of classic, and dubious, economic slogans:

In blaming "non-price competition" (extra flights) for empty seats, McKinnon seems unaware that all-out price competition is a myth, and self-destructive whenever it occurs. The government bought millions of pounds of cheese because putting it on the market would have ruined the dairy industry. This also is regulated competition, of a slightly different variety.

Neither McKinnon nor I can know if "all passengers are paying fares that are

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well below [what the CAB would have set]," but I doubt that transcontinental economy fares would have been hovering at the \$1,000-round-trip mark, as they were when the strike occurred.

It is impossible efficiently to use discount fares "to fill up . . . empty seats" unless the number of flights is fixed (regulated). Deregulation added greatly to the number of flights on popular routes and, as I pointed out, thus made it impossible to reach break-even load factors.

As I see it, industry problems were traceable to too much competition, not too much regulation. By misdefining the problem, deregulation zealots only made things worse. Meanwhile, I, too, underestimated the current problem. The continuing price wars, uneconomical and ultimately threatening to safety, demonstrate that there still are too many flights and far too much competition.

MORE ON STOCKMAN

I'm surprised by the furor and outrage generated by William Greider's word-picture "The Education of David Stockman" (December *Atlantic*).

Mr. Stockman, by the sheer weight of his apparently indefatigable efforts, has put the federal budget machinery visibly in front of the public. He has loaned his personality to it and made the mechanics of distributing our taxes among the seemingly endless list of government programs something real, something we can see—though the intricacies may elude us (as they do many, I understand).

I applaud Mr. Stockman's fight for a balanced economic policy and Mr. Greider for the glance he gave us at Mr. Stockman's view of the process. Thank you for bringing us both.

J. DAVID PATTERSON
Scott AFB, Ill.

The pundits who lately have heaped disgrace upon David Stockman after reading William Greider's article must have been casual readers indeed—no doubt the very type Mr. Greider had in mind as he wrote it. Nowhere in the article is Stockman quoted as disbelieving the validity of supply-side economics, or even the effectiveness of an untrammelled Reaganomics; all Stockman says is that the realities of dealing with a

Congress—Democratic or Republican—that looks toward Congress's re-election have taught him that mere ideology is not sufficient to force its conclusions into legislative reality.

KENTWORTH M. EDEL
Tucson, Ariz.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Your February cover story by Edward Jay Epstein ("Have You Ever Tried to Sell a Diamond?") is an excellent example of how easily Americans and the rest of the world can be influenced by advertising and propaganda. But the billions of dollars that De Beers and N.W. Ayer have pulled from the American public are small change when compared with the huge amounts that have been spent on the arms race because of military and administration propaganda telling us of the need to be Number One in nuclear capability.

It may well be that diamonds are forever, but as Peter Stone reported in the same issue ("The Bomb: The Last Epidemic"), it is becoming more and more doubtful that we will be here to wear them much longer unless nuclear disarmament becomes a fact rather than a political toy.

ROBERT L. EBLIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Many thanks for the well-written and deeply moving stories by Ann Beattie ("Sunshine and Shadow") and T. Coraghessan Boyle ("The Overcoat II") in your January issue. Thanks also for the beautiful poetry, especially Stanley Kunitz's "The Wellfleet Whale," which appeared in the November issue of *The Atlantic*.

GARY M. GRIBBLE
Phoenix, Ariz.

Your February issue contained a treasure of a short story, "Shiny Objects," by Dianne Benedict. It is an *Atlantic* "First," and I hope there will be more to come.

ANNE M. LIND
Fargo, N.D.

William Matthews's poem "On the Porch at the Frost Place, Franconia, N.H." (February *Atlantic*) was (is) just a magnificent work of art.

ROBIN PETRO
Kenyon, R.I.

Misfortune Tellers

It won't work. It'll ruin the environment. It'll throw people out of work. Free enterprise can't manage it. God didn't intend us to have it. It'll kill us all.

Down-in-the-mouth forecasts like these are sometimes heard in public debates on technological undertakings, no matter how worthy. Pessimists too often seem to outnumber and outshout pioneers.

Discouraged supporters of promising innovations can take heart from a delightful book recently published in England. *Facts and Fallacies*, by Chris Morgan and David Langford, collects a number of history's misguided predictions.

Many of the items concern transportation technology. That's a field in which we at United Technologies have a special interest as designers and builders of such products as jet engines, helicopters, rockets, and aircraft and automotive systems and equipment.

A sampling of the now-amusing statements of old shows that shortsighted naysaying is nothing new—even by people who should know better:

- “Rail travel at high speed is not possible because passengers, unable to breathe, would die of asphyxia.” —*English clergyman Dr. Dionysius Lardner, mid-19th century.*

- “The dangers [of gasoline-powered vehicles] are obvious...Stores of gasoline in the hands of people interested primarily in profit would constitute a fire and explosive hazard of the first rank. Horseless carriages propelled by gasoline engines might attain speeds of 14 or even

20 miles per hour...The development of this new power may displace the use of horses, which would wreck our agriculture. The discovery with which we are dealing involves forces of a nature too dangerous to fit into any of our usual concepts.” —*unnamed authority, Congressional Record, 1875.*

- “Flight by machines heavier than air is unpractical and insignificant, if not utterly impossible.” —*astronomer and mathematician Simon Newcomb, 1902.*

- “...ideas [of transatlantic airliners] are wholly visionary, and even if a machine could get across with one or two passengers, the expense would be prohibitive to any but the capitalist who could use his own yacht.” —*astronomer William H. Pickering, 1910.*

- “...scientific investigation into the possibilities of jet propulsion has given no indication that this method can be a serious competitor to the propeller. We do not consider we should be justified in spending any time or money on it.” —*Under Secretary of State, 1934.*

- “The acceleration which must result from the use of rockets...inevitably would damage the brain beyond repair.” —*J.P. Lockhart-Mummery, author of a book on the future, 1936.*

- “Space travel is utter bilge.” —*Dr. Richard Woolley, Britain's Astronomer Royal, 1956.*

Misfortune tellers with dark clouds in their crystal balls have always been with us. Happily, so have innovators with the vision and perseverance to reach successfully for the promise of technology.





REPORTS & COMMENT

THE UNITED NATIONS

RULES OF THE HOUSE

In the center of international diplomacy, drama and custom have more power than the charter



THE UNITED NATIONS is rich in curious rituals and politically impossible stances. Conor Cruise O'Brien, who once worked there, called the UN a "sacred drama," and it's true, the place daily displays theater, masque, and mime. The principals play in the Security Council, the supreme organ charged with keeping the world's peace. There the five permanent members sit, the powers that were (some still are) after World War II—France, Britain, China, the Soviet Union, and the United States. Each has the power of veto. Ten members drawn from the rest of the UN's roster join them for two-year terms. The council can ask states to provide volunteer peace-keeping troops and it can impose sanctions on nations that disturb the peace. In relation to this authority, the General Assembly is the chorus. Its 157 member-nations, with equal voice and vote, comment on the actions of the council through resolutions that urge, admonish, and recommend, but never command. Add to this some 15,000 international civil servants who make up the Secretariat, the more or less permanent staff that executes, at least in theory, the will of principals and chorus. These people are supposedly loyal to no single nation, although many nurse careers in national ministries. They are stagehands

whose foreman, the secretary general, often appears before the footlights.

The Security Council is a mine of folklore. Month by month the chair passes, in alphabetical order, and at the first monthly meeting it is customary for every speaker to lavish praise on the man who has just presided and on his successor. So it was, last December, that Alejandro D. Yango, of the Philippines, delivered this congratulatory flourish: "Allow me," he said, "to pay a special tribute to Ambassador Taieb Slim, of Tunisia, another eminent son of Africa, whose tireless and tenacious efforts in managing the business of the council last month under trying circumstances deserve our admiration and gratitude."

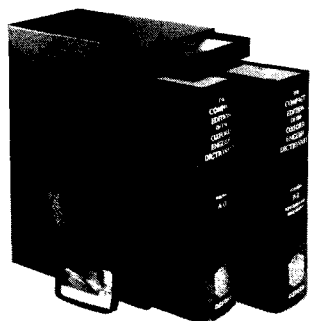


As it happened, Mr. Slim was a notoriously unsuccessful president. He could not break the deadlock for secretary general between an eager Kurt Waldheim and his challenger, Salim A. Salim, of Tanzania (a problem that the new president, Olara A. Otunnu, of Uganda, solved in eleven days with a bit of persuasion and a straw vote). Moreover, Mr. Slim mislaid fourteen votes the council had cast for candidates for the International Court of Justice, and another meeting had to be called to straighten that out. But it would have been rude to mention any of this in public.

Errors are rare in meetings of the council, because each move is carefully rehearsed beforehand. The scripted meetings are a relatively new development. In the early years of the UN, the council held almost every meeting in public, quarreling about procedure and bargaining over the language of resolutions in an open forum. To be sure, the U.S. at that time could count on an overwhelming majority and the Soviet Union was reduced to using its veto. Now the club membership has changed. The end of colonial empires and the proliferation of newly independent nations make the outcome of any vote uncertain. Diplomats do not like uncertainty, nor do they enjoy the open display of difference, so the council's fifteen members have retreated behind closed doors. Every move, all the negotiating, is done in private anterooms off the council's chamber, over the telephone, and at lunches and dinners. By the time the fifteen move to an open session, every player has his lines down pat. Speeches are delivered with knowledge of what the rebuttals will be. This is called a debate. Votes are equally well telegraphed, so that meetings are as spontaneous as a metronome.

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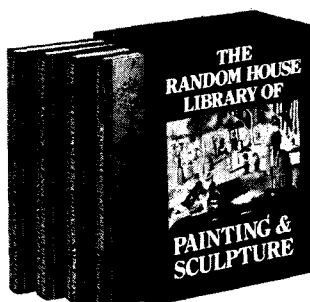
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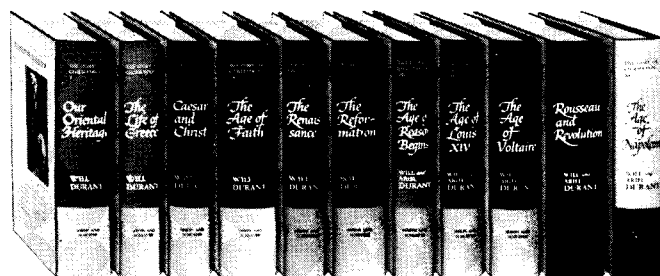
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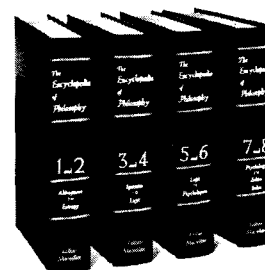
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EVERY SECT HAS its holy scripture, and the UN is no exception. Here, sacred writ is the Charter of the United Nations, a preamble and 111 articles announcing noble sentiments and a few housekeeping details. (The charter begins, "We the peoples of the United Nations determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, . . . to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, . . . to promote social progress . . . to practice tolerance . . .") Diplomats, like the devil, invoke scripture when it serves their purposes and ignore it when it does not. Article 12, for example, clearly says that the General Assembly shall not discuss any matter that is before the council. But this rule did not stop Ismat Kittani, the clever Iraqi who is presiding over the assembly this session; he simply paid no attention. While the council was considering Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights, Mr. Kittani hastily reshuffled the assembly's agenda so that it too could adopt, with the barest discussion, a resolution condemning Israel's action.

Again, the charter empowers the council, and only the council, to recommend expulsion of a member from the UN. But South Africa, like Israel, is a pariah for whom the charter operates intermittently. So, in 1974, the assembly, not the council, refused to permit South Africa's delegation to take its seat, on the grounds that Pretoria's diplomats represented only a white minority. South Africa has been barred ever since. Strictly speaking, South Africa has not been expelled; it has merely been silenced in one of the UN's two great forums. This leads to bizarre assembly debates over South African misconduct—debates in which South Africa is never heard.

Most of the assembly would like to exclude Israel, as well, but fiscal prudence prevails. The U.S. has made clear that any move to throw out Israel would stop Washington's contribution to the UN budget. Since the U.S. puts up 25 percent, or \$167,347,000, every year, this is a potent threat.

Anyone examining the work of the assembly or the council might conclude that the only dangers to world peace arise in Jerusalem and Pretoria. In 1981, the two bodies ground out 99 resolutions deploring some misdeed by Israel or South Africa. In contrast, no resolutions have been made concerning Iraq's inva-

sion of Iran or the crisis in Poland. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has rated one assembly resolution. So has Vietnam's continued occupation of Cambodia. U.S. threats against several Central American countries were also slighted last year, although the assembly did adopt an appeal from France and Mexico that ruffled Washington: it urged negotiations between guerrillas and the junta in El Salvador.

LIKE THE CHAINED figures in Plato's parable, UN diplomats are happiest studying shadows in their gilded cave, and tend to ignore the sunnier world beyond the iron railing on First Avenue. "It is a great jumping-up-and-down place," one of the wiser and wearier veterans in the Secretariat has said. Even the endless dinner parties reflect the incestuous spirit of the place. Five nights a week (weekends are sacred to privacy), eight or so permanent representatives and their wives will gather for dinner at the East Side apartment of one of their number. ("Permanent representative" is a misnomer, the title for the chief of any delegation, who, unless he has extremely powerful political connections at home, will move to another post in three or four years.) The party will talk of postings, children, and schools, and the diplomats, when they separate for brandy, of some business before the UN.

At the same time, eight or so deputy representatives, the second men in the missions, will, with their wives, entertain each other at slightly less fashionable addresses. Lesser lights will mimic their betters on down the line. Rank is carefully observed, and different levels rarely sit at the same table. The U.S. deputy, Kenneth Adelman, an agreeable academic and bureaucrat, is an exception. He can invite, and be invited by, permanent representatives. Since the U.S. mission boasts five persons with the rank of ambassador (four more than most countries have), including Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, the mission chief, Mr. Adelman is a person of consequence.

This caste system extends to the Secretariat, whose employees do everything from the critically important task of directing peace-keeping troops in distant places to sorting the mail in New York. At the bottom of the hierarchy is the proletariat—the general-service workers, secretaries, file clerks, guards, and the rest. Above them are five grades labeled professional and two more de-

scribed as directors. At the top are the assistant and undersecretary generals, who report to Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, the new secretary general.

All are supposed to pay allegiance to the UN, and, like Mr. Pérez de Cuéllar, they must promise not to serve any member state. But with this as with other rules, there is a large gap between words and deeds. The Soviet Union, for example, never releases anyone to make a career of working for the UN, as most countries outside the bloc do (this being the only means of assuring that a civil servant will not look to his capital for direction). All 172 Soviet Secretariat employees are on temporary leave from the Foreign Ministry, the Ministry of Agriculture, and other Moscow agencies; after a few years, all must go home. It is assumed that those in the KGB (perhaps a third of all Soviets working at missions in this country are, according to U.S. Attorney General William French Smith) do not even bother with the formality of a leave. Employees from other Eastern European countries are dispatched on the same terms.

In the end, the secretary general is responsible for all important permanent appointments, but that officer has been sensitive to the appetites of member nations (this was particularly true of Kurt Waldheim). Each of the council's five permanent members has a hammerlock on one second-ranking post. William B. Buffum, an American, is undersecretary general for political and General Assembly affairs; Viacheslav Ustinov is the current holder of the Soviet Union's post for political and Security Council affairs; Bi Jilong, of China, must make do with the job of overseeing technical cooperation for development. The French, through Jean Ripert, now enjoy the post of second director general for development and international economic cooperation. Brian E. Urquhart, of Britain, is a special case. He was the second man to be hired by the UN when it was established, in 1945, and, unlike almost everyone else at the top, he worked his way through the ranks to his present job, undersecretary general for special political affairs. Almost everyone at the UN agrees that Mr. Urquhart's skillful and imaginative direction of the peace-keepers would have somehow earned him his post even if he were not British—and therefore, by custom, entitled to it—but Mauritian.

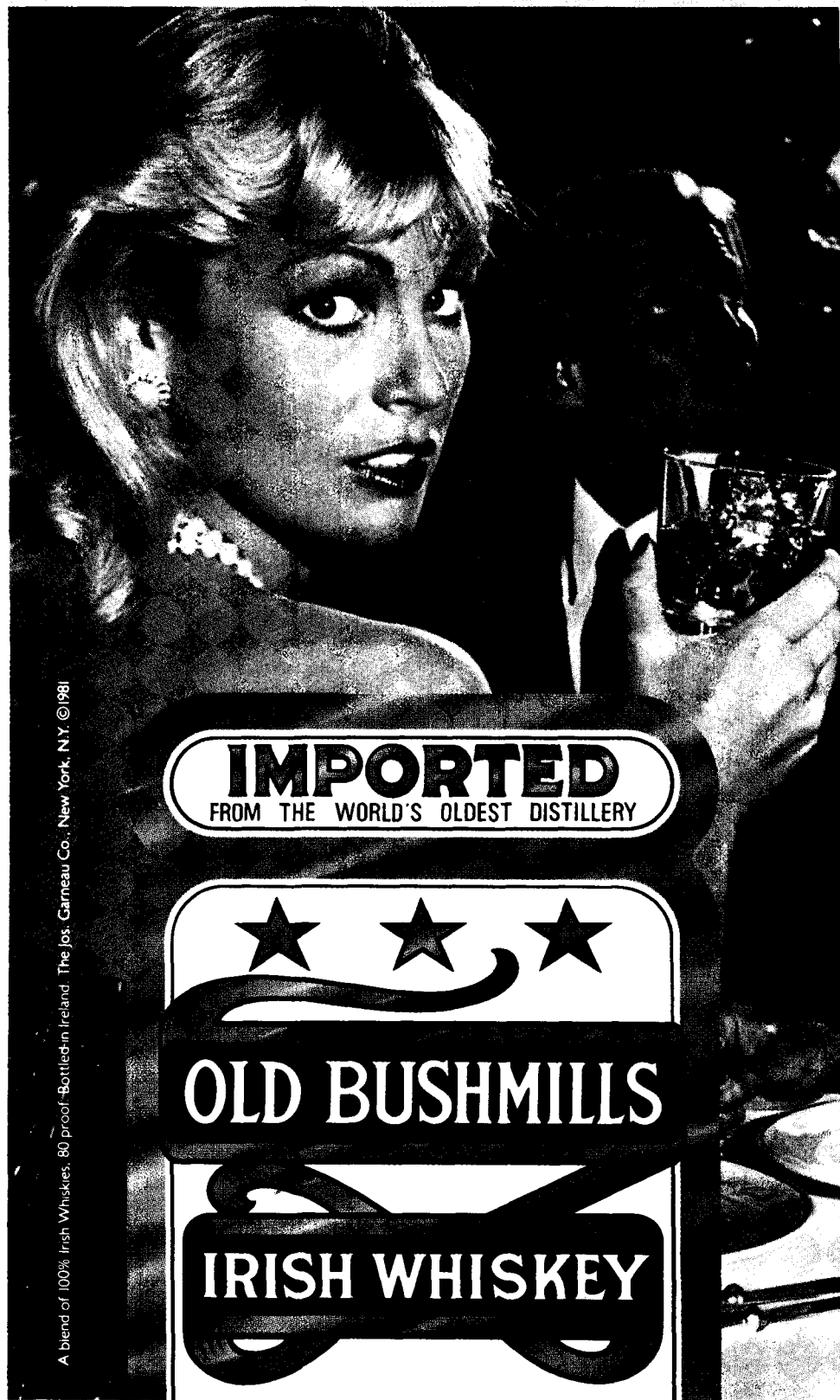
In fact, Mauritius is not overlooked in

the Secretariat. To make sure that every member gets a piece of the pie—influence, sinecures, or whatever—the professional jobs are distributed by country. Each nation is assigned a quota that varies mainly with the size of its population and its contribution to the budget. The U.S., for example, is allotted from 414 to 560 jobs and at present claims 504. The Soviet Union gets from 187 to 254 jobs, and claims fifteen below its minimum only because Moscow detaches so few officials. Mauritius is allowed two to fourteen and has ten.

There are other reasons, only remotely connected with standard civil-service practice, for filling jobs, as a recent skirmish in the personnel department itself has demonstrated. James O. C. Jonah, of Sierra Leone, was until recently the assistant secretary general for personnel. In 1980, he staged a minor bureaucratic coup, which enabled him to bypass his nominal superior, Undersecretary General Helmut Debatin, of West Germany, and report directly to the secretary general. A young Chad diplomat, Ally Houna Golo, played a central role in the assembly committee's stratagem that brought Mr. Jonah his prize. In due course, the thirty-two-year-old Mr. Golo was rewarded by Mr. Jonah with a \$48,895 job in Mr. Jonah's office. The technical post called for a man with an advanced degree and six years' experience in personnel work. Mr. Golo, a former movie censor, has neither. Mr. Debatin complained about Mr. Golo and also about Mr. Jonah's failure to advertise the vacancy for other applicants. Mr. Jonah suggested that Mr. Debatin just didn't like Africans or Third World persons, and that settled that. Mr. Golo is now happily at his new work. Mr. Jonah, however, is not so busy. One of the first moves by Mr. Pérez de Cuéllar was to strip Mr. Jonah of his personnel post and make him assistant secretary general of something or other, with responsibilities still undefined.

THE UN STYLE IS nowhere better displayed than in the protracted—and so far bootless—attempt to establish a “new international economic order.” Talk about this is sometimes called the North-South dialogue or, at the UN, “global negotiations.” All these terms are misleading. The project is not new; it was dreamed up a generation ago by a lively Argentinian economist, Raul Prebisch. It is not international or global be-

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cause, for reasons we shall see, it excludes the Soviet bloc. Its economics rest on an unproven assumption—that there is a persistent tendency for the prices of raw materials sold by the Third World to fall while the prices of manufactured goods sold by industrial countries inevitably rise. Finally, the “order” that would be established is dubious because what has been proposed is not a coherent strategy for development but rather a collection of devices to promote what Third World members of the UN have called “a massive transfer of wealth” from rich nations to poor.

The summit meeting last October at the Mexican resort of Cancún was called for the purpose of launching the long-stalled global negotiations. President Reagan, a polite man who does not like to give offense, pronounced the two-day affair “extremely constructive and positive,” but less than three months later, the UN diplomats charged with getting the global negotiations off the ground had to concede that they were deadlocked. The U.S. would allow only preliminary negotiations, to fix an agenda and determine how decisions would be made; the Third World members rejected any such minimizing qualifier.

The terms of the new international economic order make the deadlock at the UN easy to understand. The Third World countries are calling for OPEC-like cartels to push up the prices of the raw materials on which much of Asia, Africa, and Latin America depend for export earnings. (The industrial countries, unsurprisingly, see this as an inflationary gimmick to raise costs.) They call for a big increase in foreign aid, something approaching a goal of 0.7 percent of the total output of developed nations—roughly twice the share of national earnings that the rich now give. (With stagnation and recession everywhere in the West, and with growing confusion over whether aid spurs development or enriches Third World elites, there is a utopian cast to this demand.) The Third World also seeks a major reshuffling of power in the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank, institutions now controlled by the rich countries. Partisans of the new order want the IMF to issue fresh claims on the resources of the rich. This would be done by offering to the poor countries “special drawing rights” (SDRs) for development. (At present, these SDRs are distributed largely among the rich coun-

tries to relieve tightness in the international supply of money.) Finally, the poor countries want relief from tariffs and other barriers that keep their products from the markets of the rich. (In the abstract, most economists would applaud this, but high unemployment induces Western politicians to raise rather than lower obstacles to foreign trade, in order to protect Western jobs.)

It will be noted that the target of this exercise is the West, not the industrialized East. This is UN realism. The Soviet Union has announced that it will not take part in any global economic talks. The plight of the poor, in Soviet doctrine, is the fault exclusively of colonialism and imperialism; a socialist state by definition commits neither sin, or so Moscow says, and properly sits on the sidelines.

Although the Third World program has boasted eminent sponsors, such as Willy Brandt, there was never much chance that the West would agree to it. There is even less chance now. A few years ago, the West was tempted to make some concessions in return for Third World support to curb the appetites of oil-producing members. Predictably, Arab and other oil states have never shown much interest in such a deal, unless they could be assured of perpetually rising prices; today, with the price of oil falling and supplies increasing, the West has less incentive to come to terms.

IN ODD AND unexpected ways, the UN's preoccupation with shadows does sometimes affect the real objects in the world outside. The insistent cries in the General Assembly for a new international economic order have not gone unnoticed by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, agencies with institutional ties to the UN, and both are prepared to discuss some change in their voting structure to give Third World nations a larger voice. The World Bank, moreover, wants to create—against opposition from the Reagan Administration—an energy affiliate. This \$25 billion institution would finance the search for petroleum in Third World countries that now spend much of their limited export earnings on the import of oil. Most striking is the performance of the IMF, traditionally a conservative guardian that doles out money under stern conditions for nations that can't earn what they spend abroad. The IMF does not appreciate the standard gag

that, thanks to its harsh terms, it has overthrown more governments than Lenin. It hears the global negotiators and it responds; its stiff borrowing terms have been relaxed.

A dramatic example of the IMF's changed character was its loan to India last November—\$5.8 billion, the largest in IMF history. Apart from its magnitude, this outlay was remarkable for at least two features. India's balance of payments has not been under any great pressure, and Delhi has been building up its currency reserves. The IMF was created to cover short-run deficits in a nation's balance of payments, but for India, a leader in the Third World, it has behaved like the World Bank. The loan to Delhi is essentially a loan for development. India will use a substantial portion of the IMF money to pay for costly equipment to find and exploit deposits of oil off its western coast. Thus, the IMF enabled Delhi to overcome the World Bank's inability to set up its energy affiliate; the IMF lent India hard currencies to do precisely what the affiliate would have funded. Mr. Reagan's representative on the IMF board showed his displeasure by abstaining during the vote on this loan. No matter. It went through, which would have been unlikely if it had not been for all the talk at the UN about global negotiations.

The UN and its rhetoric have political advantages, too. Even the Reagan Administration, which tends to regard the place with reserved disdain, if not contempt, has found that the UN is a convenience. Washington is shifting from unalloyed support for Israel toward a recognition of interests in the Arab world. This is frequently symbolized by ritual gestures in the UN's chambers. So Mrs. Kirkpatrick becomes an improbable collaborator with Saadoon Ham-madi, Iraq's foreign minister, and the pair agree on a Security Council resolution condemning Israel's destruction of Baghdad's nuclear reactor. Again, the U.S. joined the council's other fourteen members in declaring illegal Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights. No tangible damage was done to Israel by either incantation, but signals were sent to the Middle East that Washington was no longer ready to accept Israel's definition of its interests as identical with those of the United States.

The Soviet Union also relies on the UN. For example, Moscow does not want to give up the regime it has in-

stalled in Kabul but would welcome some way to end its costly expedition in Afghanistan. So the Soviet Union encourages its Afghan subordinates to gain recognition from neighboring Pakistan and Iran, and to do so under the auspices of a UN mediator. Moscow, moreover, avails itself of the UN channel, the only one that Pakistan will accept, despite Soviet contentions that the UN is poking its nose into Kabul's domestic affairs.

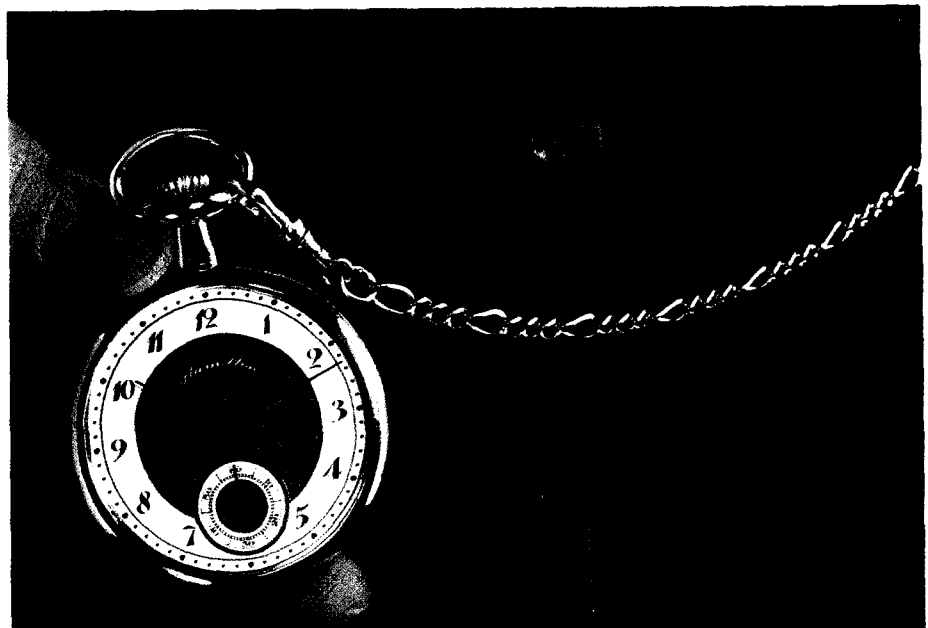
The blue-helmeted UN peace-keepers, mustered from Canada, Sweden, Fiji, Ireland, and other nations, are too lightly armed to stop a determined infantry battalion, but like so much else at the UN, they are convenient symbols. UN observers along the cease-fire line in Kashmir provide India and Pakistan with an excuse to bury their long quarrel over that state and accept the present partition as more or less permanent. (At least this was the case until Mr. Reagan decided to sell F-16 airplanes to Pakistan, provoking angry noises from Mrs. Gandhi in Delhi.)

The thin blue line can't stop Israelis or Syrians on the Golan Heights or in southern Lebanon. But again, the peace-keepers serve as a firebreak, limiting strikes that both sides are reluctant to undertake anyway. For much the same reason, Greek and Turkish Cypriots no longer shoot at each other in Cyprus. The peace-keepers standing between them are an excuse to talk instead, under the beneficent eye of a UN official.

In the end, the UN reflects the reality of power in the world—the persistent sovereignty of member-states large and small. The style of debate, more often than not, is disingenuous. The rhetoric ranges from the mediocre to the appalling. Sometimes the diplomats and bureaucrats appear to be engaged in a conspiracy against the public interest. But appearances should never be trusted at the UN. For all its selective vision, its use of language that conceals rather than reveals, the diplomatic comedy of manners is more than mere entertainment. The UN has some glancing effect on political behavior, for better or worse, but it can, on occasion, ease and even resolve conflicts. It is a useful rather than a dangerous place.

—Bernard D. Nossiter

Bernard D. Nossiter is the United Nations bureau chief of The New York Times. His most recent book is Britain: A Future That Works.

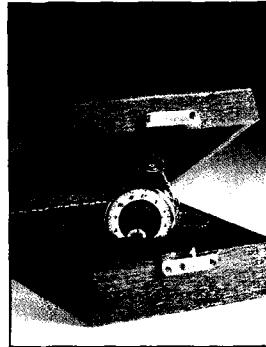


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THE RECORD OF exploitation of whales is long, with the principal guilt shared by Americans (from the golden nineteenth-century days of the Yankee whalers), Dutch, British, Norwegians, Russians, and Japanese. Species after species were hunted until their numbers fell below the acceptable level for commercial use. In 1946, the nations that had a stake in whaling formed the International Whaling Commission (IWC), ostensibly to manage whales as a resource. During the past decade, despite the resistance of the whaling nations, the IWC has enlarged its membership, changed its orientation, and gradually voted most whale species and stocks endangered and closed to hunting. The only whale species that may still be hunted in any quantity is the relatively small minke, which roamed unmolested when there was bigger game. The minke yields chiefly meat.

There are two kinds of whaling: coastal and far-seas. In coastal whaling, the whale is hunted on home ground and towed to shore for butchering and processing. Coastal whaling can be a local industry, as in some small Japanese

towns, or a means of subsistence, as in certain Eskimo villages of Alaska, Greenland, and Russia, where natives still use paddle boats and hand harpoons. Far-seas whaling, the stuff of *Moby Dick*, involves delivering the carcass to a central ship, where the product is processed and stored. The majority of far-seas whalers today are Japanese and Soviets; they leave their home bases each October for a five-month season in the Antarctic. There is also an odious group of "pirate" whalers, who sail under flags of convenience to kill any whale they find, including nursing mothers and highly endangered species.

Objections to whaling focus on three points: the danger of depleting a wild species; the cruelty of killing some whales (like the small minke) with non-exploding, "cold" harpoons that often lead to a death agony lasting several minutes; and the morality of hunting a creature with exceptional social and intellectual characteristics.

The effort to halt or control whaling engages approximately twenty organizations. They have a variety of missions and approaches. Their personnel range from young volunteers and others drawing modest salaries (the groups rely on private donations to operate) to opportunists who have found in animal protection a lively and even profitable career. Some advocate a total halt to whaling. Others, recognizing a cultural validity and local need in coastal whaling, would be content to stop only cold-harpoon whaling and/or far-seas whaling. While village whalers have generally used all the animal—meat, fat, and bones—the far-seas whaling ships (Japanese ex-

cepted) have until recently rendered the blubber and thrown the rest of the whale back into the sea. Whale oil has retained its commercial value as a base for such products as margarine and, especially, as a lubricant that holds up under greater heat than petroleum oils.

Because most of the oil-heavy whale species are protected, the industry now concentrates on meat. Japan, the chief consumer, is the chief target of the anti-whaling movement.

Except in coastal villages where whales migrated close to shore, whale meat was not widely consumed in Japan until the days of scarcity following World War II, when General Douglas MacArthur freed ships for whaling as a source of protein-rich food. Apparently, the taste caught on. Japan is too mountainous a country to afford the agricultural space for grain to feed cattle, and whale meat is said to have much the same flavor and quality as beef. During the 1979-1980 minke whale season in the Antarctic, the Japanese reported that their five-ship fleet brought home, within their IWC quota, enough meat for 100 million meals. In 1981, restricted to lower quotas, the ships brought home enough whale meat for 85 million meals.

Craig Van Note is undazzled by such information. Spokesman for the anti-whalers as executive vice president of Monitor Consortium—a group of thirty-three "conservation, environmental and animal welfare organizations"—he claims that the Japanese government subsidizes its whaling industry to keep it alive. Whether or not he is right (the Japanese deny it), it would be hard to disagree that "the Japanese are the key to the whole problem," now that IWC quota stocks have been reduced essentially to food whales. Japan and the Soviet Union account for about 70 percent of all whaling. Many of the eight other IWC nations that still go whaling hunt primarily for the meat, which they sell to the Japanese for hard currency. If the Japanese stopped buying whale meat, the worldwide whaling industry would lose its biggest customer and would probably end except for small coastal operations.

The Japanese regard whales as a legitimate product of the sea, along with fish, crab, and seaweed. The vehemence of the anti-whaling attacks puzzles them, and they are becoming defensive because they read in it an anti-Asian bias. At several recent IWC conferences in

England, the Japanese were sprayed with red dye and had their flag publicly burned; Japan was the only whaling nation singled out for such abuse. In April of 1980, Japan was the only whaling nation to send representatives to an IWC symposium in Washington entitled "Cetacean Behavior and Intelligence, and the Ethics of Killing Whales." It soon appeared that the symposium had been organized to confirm rather than discuss the high intelligence of cetaceans and the consequent immorality of killing them. During the four days of discussions, the Japanese were treated politely but regarded as villains. The adverse remarks from the floor and the general atmosphere upset the Japanese. Their rebuttals suffered from slow simultaneous translations; their cultural arguments were declared irrelevant by the rest of the audience.

Shigeru Hasui, managing director of the Japan Whaling Association, said: "Our forefathers utilized whales with a deep sense of gratitude toward the whale. . . . At present time also, we conduct religious ceremonies at a Buddhist temple after each whaling season to appease the soul of the whales captured during the season. It has been our moral obligation with regard to whales that we do not waste any part of the captured whales by fully utilizing them." He concluded with the plea "A position of one people should not be forcefully imposed on another people."

Sidney Holt, a British marine scientist now working at the University of California at Santa Cruz, spoke for the majority at the symposium. He described the qualities of whales and dolphins that he felt made them eligible for man's special consideration: "Whatever else they may be, cetaceans are large-brained, sociable, communicating and sensitive mammals with a broad range of emotions, and great differences between individuals of a species and even in their small groups, with long memories and strong tendencies to parental care and other forms of mutual aid. This means, I believe, that the present species are likely, over a far longer period than human history, to have developed a mental culture which we are almost certainly destroying just as surely as colonizers of the new world destroyed local human cultures, even if they did not make the indigenous populations extinct."

A Japanese rebuttal, received with predictable coolness, argued that "social

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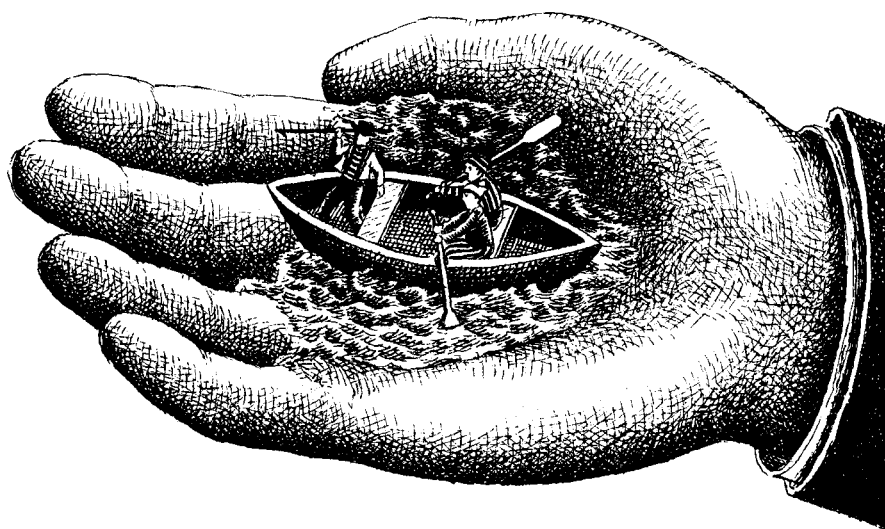
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communication is not confined to cetaceans. . . . Brain size is not linked to potential capabilities of the intelligence. . . . Social solidarity is seen in all wild animals."

AT THE JULY, 1980, meeting of the IWC in Brighton, England, the IWC scientific committee, while admitting the abundance of minke whales off the coast of Japan and in the Antarctic, recommended a zero quota worldwide for sperm whales. The committee's conclusions resulted from a different statistical method of analyzing and projecting whale populations than had been used previously. The Japanese challenged the new projection, saying that the assumptions behind it had not been fully tested and that use of a modified computer model could represent a difference of several thousand whales—the difference between scarcity and abundance. (Any counting method is part guesswork, because submerged creatures cannot be individually tallied.) The IWC majority finally prevailed, and succeeded in reducing the North Pacific sperm-whale quota to 890 from 1,350 the previous year (the quota was 10,000 in 1974).

At the July, 1981, IWC meeting, anti-whaling delegates tried first for a full whaling moratorium, even though they knew that they did not have the votes to swing it. Then they concentrated on a moratorium of sperm whales. The Japanese, however, had during the year examined the disputed statistical projection; confronted with these new figures, the authors of the original projection conceded that a programming error had been made. IWC commissioners de-

clared an "indeterminate status" for the North Pacific sperm whales, pending further study of the statistics, which will be presented at a special meeting March 24–25 of this year. Sperm whaling in other parts of the world was shut down, however. The anti-whalers considered this an important victory even though they were forced to bargain for it, granting a larger quota of minke whales, plus other concessions to individual whaling countries, in exchange for abstentions on the sperm-whale vote.

Passed by consensus (rather than binding vote) was another decision: to ban the cold harpoon by 1983. Essentially this would eliminate minke whaling as it is known, since an exploding harpoon cannot be used on small whales without destroying half the meat. Japanese researchers are working on humane killing methods, and believe that they are close to perfecting one.

The U.S. stand on whaling may result from politics and sensitivity to pressure groups as much as from statistics. The quota of 890 North Pacific sperm whales conceded to the Japanese at the 1980 IWC meeting was significant. As noted approvingly by Dr. Richard Frank, who represented the United States at the meeting by virtue of his position as administrator of the Commerce Department's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), the quota established "a level below the 900 sperm whales which Japan has long claimed to be the minimum necessary to sustain its sperm whale harvest." Dr. William Aron, a recognized and respected expert on whaling who for several years headed the marine mammals division of the

NOAA, says, "In terms of United States law, most of the whale species that the Japanese hunt are listed as endangered. In strictly biological terms, however, I don't think that any biologist would regard the sperm whale of the North Pacific as endangered (that is, threatened with imminent extinction). Eleven years ago, however, Secretary of Interior Walter Hickel, despite the advice of his scientific staff, chose to list the sperm whale as an endangered species. [There is an estimated worldwide population of one million sperm whales.] This action remains in force today."

Dr. Frank, in an appearance before a subcommittee of the U.S. House Foreign Affairs Committee in September of 1980, spoke of "our goal to halt all commercial whaling." He said that the United States "continues to believe that the IWC conservation program is inadequate to manage whales without subjecting them to unacceptable risks," and noted that in the previous eight years the IWC had reduced commercial whaling by 70 percent. "I am convinced that we have reached the point at which commercial whaling will have no economic justification, and its negative aspects will outweigh its benefits to whaling countries," he said. Tom Garrett, recently appointed IWC commissioner for the U.S., has for a decade been one of the world leaders of the anti-whaling movement.

THE U.S. POSITION against whaling is defined by the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972, which declares it our intent to protect and manage marine mammals for the health and stability of the marine ecosystem rather than for commercial exploitation. The legislation set a permanent moratorium on killing ocean mammals in the U.S. and prohibited importation of their products from other countries.

Until 1972, the IWC was a management organization controlled by its whaling-nation members, each of which had the option of refusing to abide by its assigned quotas. Since 1972, the U.S. has worked to change the orientation of the IWC from management to preservation—from killing whales on a "sustained-yield" basis, in order to provide a limited but continuing harvest for human use, to a total ban on hunting whales. In the mid-1970s, it used a 1971 U.S. law to coerce maverick whaling nations into joining the IWC, and member nations into abiding by its quotas. The

law authorized the President to prohibit the importation of fish products from nations that failed to observe international fishery conservation programs. It became apparent, however, that U.S. Presidents were willing to use it as a threat but reluctant to follow through with a ban. In 1979, Congress strengthened the sanctions by passing legislation requiring a cut in quotas on fish taken from U.S. waters for any nation "engaging in trade or taking which diminishes the effectiveness" of IWC regulations. This gave IWC delegates from the U.S. a bludgeon to use against far-seas fishing nations (especially Japan): the U.S. controls a fifth of the world's seafood resources.

The IWC has become intensely political. One of the questionable maneuvers used by those who wish to ban all whaling has been the packing of the IWC with small non-whaling nations such as the Seychelles in order to gain a three-quarters majority. The Soviets could bring all their satellite nations into the organization, but in Japan there is angry pressure to withdraw from the IWC. Withdrawal of the two large whaling nations would essentially nullify the IWC and put an end to the structured preservation effort; with no body through which to negotiate quotas and regulations, whalers would be free to hunt as they pleased.

Meanwhile, the high moral position of the United States is embarrassingly compromised by its commitment to retain for Alaskan Eskimos a small quota of bowhead whales, the most endangered species of them all. The U.S. delegation to the IWC must convince other members of the distinction between native subsistence whaling and commercial whaling; that might be simple were it not for the desperate scarcity of bowheads. The Russians muddy things further with their own aboriginal hunt for gray whales in the northeastern Pacific, since they refuse to report on the catch. The anti-whalers claim that they cheat, sending commercial ships that take many times the natives' quota, to be used as feed for mink and sable farms.

THE RIGHTS AND wrongs of whaling are not easy to determine, nor is the solution to the problem a simple one. The Japanese and some others have food industries they wish to protect, and the remaining whaling nations have at stake a source of hard currency. It is difficult,

however, to harpoon a moving creature in the water and guarantee that each hit will be sure enough to kill instantly without pain. (Nor are the numbers of animals herded through abattoirs to feed our taste for beef, pork, and poultry always killed without fright and pain.) And, although most whale species and stocks are now protected by international agreements, even those few that can still be hunted legally are extraordinary mammals, possibly deserving of a different status from the steer or the chicken—or even the seal, long the darling of animal preservationists.

During the past decade, the work of organized pressure groups for ecology, environment, and animal welfare has brought about impressive changes. These include more careful management of U.S. national forests, about 95 percent fewer porpoises killed in tuna nets (raising the price of canned tuna, which "the American people . . . have demonstrated their willingness to pay," according to a recent statement from one of the pressure groups), a more solidly engineered Alaska pipeline (at several times the original cost, passed on in the price of oil), and conservation management of both Canadian sealing and worldwide whaling.

The result in each of these cases appears to have justified the challenge. Ironically, the changes in most cases were demanded by people whose direct livelihood was not endangered, while the price of the changes was paid by people forced to relinquish work and income. Each successful fight ended in a trade-off at someone else's expense.

If the whale stocks or species being hunted are truly threatened with biological harm, the people who live by whaling (about 10,000 in Japan) should have no excuse to continue their industry. On the other hand, if endangered whales are at last being protected, and other, more abundant stocks are being managed at a level of sustainable yield to provide a renewable sea product, then in this issue, where morality is raised as an ultimate argument, there is another moral question: When is it ethical for a pressure group or pressuring nation that has achieved its major reforms to back off and be satisfied?

—William McCloskey

William McCloskey is the author of Highliners, a documentary novel about Alaskan fishermen.

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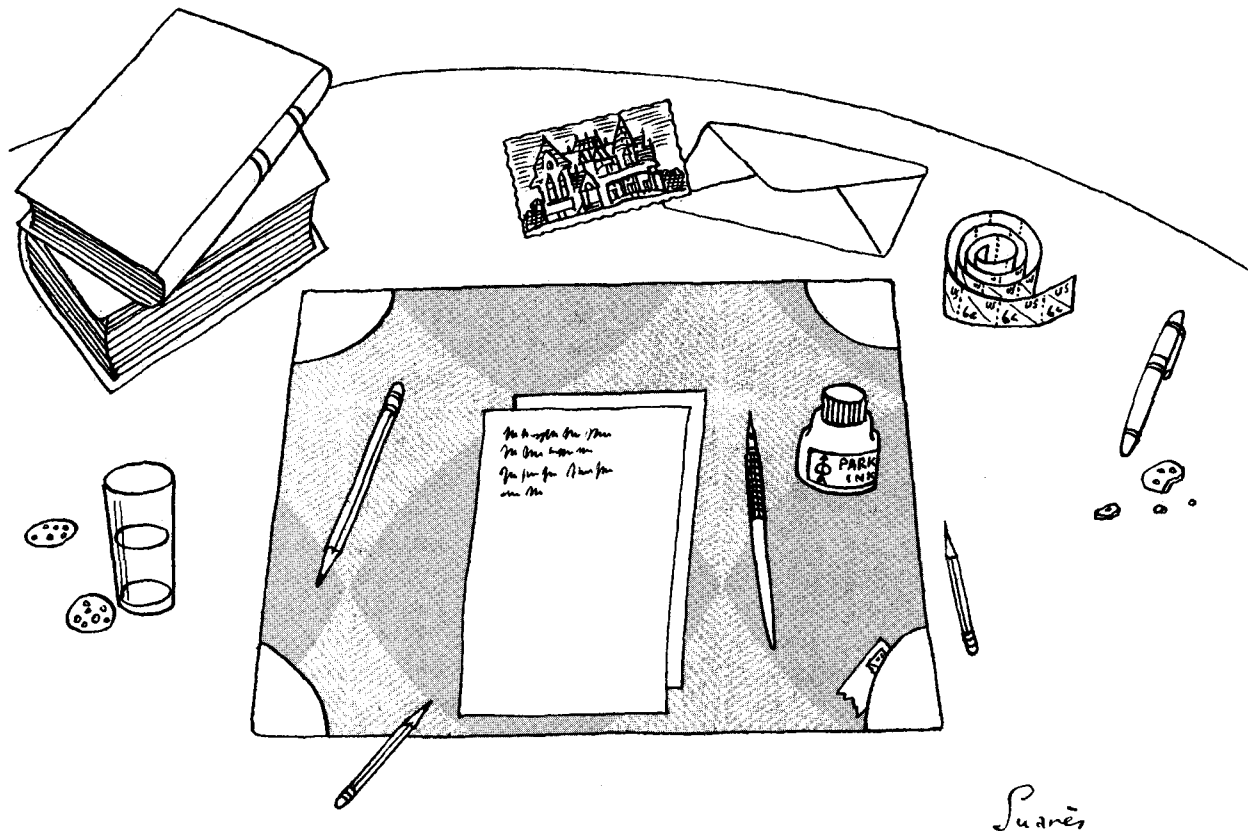
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WALL STREET WEEK

A boyhood in letters

CHICAGO Highbrow

BY JAMES ATLAS



SUN POURED THROUGH THE DOUBLE GLASS DOORS, but the air-conditioned lobby of the Piser Memorial Chapel chilled my skin as I came in out of the heat of a Chicago June. I had flown in the night before, home from a year away at Oxford. The services for my grandmother, I learned from a placard on a wooden easel, would be held in Parlor One. Mourners pushed through the doors: my mother's cousin Minna, dough-faced and heavy, a spinster librarian at the Belmont Avenue branch; Sylvia, my grandmother's niece, who lived in a western suburb and enclosed a mimeographed letter about her children with every Christmas card; Agnes, my surviving grandmother's maid, inconceivably old behind her walker, clutching the bars with tremulous spotted hands like a tottering baby in its crib. Gigantic women folded me in their arms; dry-skinned men with tufts of white hair

that drifted over their heads like snow blown across a road pumped my hand. Since both my parents were only children, I could never figure out why we had so many relatives. But we did, a Homeric catalogue of them. They showed up at weddings, family parties, funerals. "You remember Grisha," said my mother, posted vigilantly at my side. "Your father's uncle; his wife is Grandma Rya's sister. And this is my cousin Rose." A high-bosomed woman with down on her cheeks had come up to us. "Her mother is married to Grandpa's brother." But despite her prompting, I couldn't hide the bafflement on my face.

A man in sunglasses and a seersucker suit hurried in; he had the tanned look of an athletic coach. His cuff links, two gold plaques, glittered in the sunlight. "Leon!" my father cried, embracing him. They had been classmates at Carl Schurz High School, neighbors on the Northwest Side; they had gotten married the same year and gone with their wives to Mackinac Island.

Leon had prospered; his face had the rosy tinge of the

James Atlas, an associate editor of The Atlantic, is at work on a book entitled The Early Years.

rich. With his brothers, he had founded a glassware empire and become a millionaire at forty. He was a figure in Chicago: chairman of the board of Roosevelt University, president of his North Shore synagogue. He had raised millions for a new temple and commissioned a Japanese architect to build it. He read *The New Republic*, subscribed to the classical-music station WFMT, and was a patron of the Chicago Symphony. He had commissioned a painting by Chagall for his wife and had spent an afternoon with the painter in Venice.

My father hated rabbis—we were liberals, free-thinkers—and had prevailed upon his old friend to deliver the eulogy. In the kitchen that morning, he had stood beside the sink in his robe and dictated the details of my grandmother's life over the phone to Leon in his Mercedes. Pacing up and down while his old friend crept through rush-hour traffic on Lake Shore Drive, he tried to remember how old she was, the name of the town where she was born. "Leon, are you there?" he shouted when a light changed and he heard the car move off amid angry horns.

We filed into a wood-paneled auditorium with movie-theater seats and recessed lights in the ceiling. Leon strode up to the podium and adjusted the microphone. He cleared his throat. "We have come here today to mourn the passing of Rya Atlas, beloved mother of Donald, grandmother of James and Stephen," he began. "It is hard for me to be standing here before you mourning the death in old age of a woman I remember from my own childhood. She was a young woman then, preparing lunch for Donald and me in the kitchen of their apartment above the drugstore on Peterson Avenue. I remember her standing at the sink, the light coming in through the window." There was wonder in his voice. "There were always books in Rya's home. They were people of culture. Herman"—my grandfather, long since dead—"was a man of profound learning. When he was a young engineering student in Moscow, he graduated first in his class, and he could read five languages. And Rya"—Leon paused, allowing emotion to collect—"Rya loved opera, literature, art. She loved the finer things in life and passed that love on to her son." He sipped from a glass of water. "It was Rya who wanted Donald to become a doctor. The day he was accepted by Northwestern Medical School was the happiest day of her life."

In the front row, my father wept; my mother, dry-eyed, held his hand. "She was like a mother to me," Leon was saying. I thought of the last time I had seen her, in a North Side nursing home. She had had a stroke and sat oblivious in a wheelchair, her toothless mouth open, hair sprouting from her chin. My father bustled about the room. "Here's James, Mother. Say hello to James." He straightened the flowers in a vase. My grandmother's eyes were like cloudy marbles. I stared at the slack webbed skin between her fingers. There was a sour smell in the room. "Would you like the television on?" my father said in a cheerful voice. Tears started from my eyes. I ran out the door and down the corridor, past old women sitting with their hands in

their laps. Out on the street, it was summer, and the odor of roses in a flower bed on the lawn mingled with a spew of bus exhaust. I pounded down the sidewalk toward the lake, a block away, and collapsed on a bench. There was no one on the beach but a mother and her two children; it was nine in the morning, and the sand was damp, the grass dew-sodden. The air was tropical, moist, like Florida. Out on the water, a sailboat rode against the horizon. I could feel my heart still leaping, but exhilaration swept over me: the pleasure of feeling anything deeply, even death.

"It has been a long journey for Rya Atlas," Leon was saying. "From a Lithuanian village to the shores of New York, and then on to the community our people made here in Chicago. That world is disappearing before my very eyes, in the march of generations, but we remember it in our hearts. Was it T. S. Eliot who said, 'They are all gone into the world of light'?" Donne, I thought to myself. (It was Vaughan.) Leon dabbed his eyes with a linen handkerchief. "So, Rya," he said in a faltering voice, "we'll miss you." Then he said some words in Hebrew and walked away from the podium.

An attendant hurried up and led us to a private room with Kleenex dispensers on the end tables. My father sank down on a sofa, holding a handkerchief to his face as if it were an oxygen mask. "That was fantastic," he murmured. "How could he remember so much?" Sweltering in a brown nubbled suit, he seemed uncomfortable, like a child dressed up in his Sunday best. He blotted his face, and we made our way through the crowd of relatives to the limousine that waited out front for the immediate family: my father and mother, my mother's mother, Liz—my last surviving grandparent—my brother and me.

It was a long drive to Woodlawn Cemetery, on the far West Side. The sun flashed like foil on the hoods of cars as we glided through red lights, past gas stations and used-car lots, bowling alleys and tuxedo-rental outlets, drive-ins and dry cleaners. My grandmother, in sunglasses and a black shawl, was excited; the nearness of death made her talkative. She told me how the Cossacks had lunged on their horses through the snow when she was a girl in Ekaterinoslav, bursting into the kitchen and dragging her brother out into the yard, where they beat him in sight of the family at the window. "He was the smart one," she said. "Always politics, politics, politics. Every other word was revolution."

I had seen a photograph of this brother, standing beside his father and grandfather—my great-great-grandfather—the three of them dressed in soft hats and thick woolen coats, mufflers wound about their necks like swaddling clothes. An ample, Tolstoyan beard flows down from the oldest one's chin like a river dividing his tunic. The Social Register families in Lake Forest weren't the only ones with an ancient lineage.

We were at the cemetery now, winding through the monument-crowded grounds until we came to a plot where men in denim overalls leaned on their shovels beside

an apparatus with pulleys poised over the grave. We put on the gray gloves distributed by a Piser employee and dragged the casket from the hearse: my brother and I, Leon and my father, and two men from Piser. When we reached the plot, the gravediggers lifted it off our shoulders and slid it onto the scaffold. My father had wanted no text; he flung his gloves into the trough, murmured "Good-bye, Mama," and walked away, sobbing, to the limousine. A small engine started up, whirring in the dead heat of the day, and the casket disappeared into the ground.

WE RETRIEVED OUR CAR, AND DROPPED MY brother off at the airport. He worked for Ralph Nader, and had to get back to Washington. He was always going somewhere, I brooded as he unloaded his hanging bag and briefcase. Five years older than I, he had gone off to college when I was thirteen, and had lived in South America for three years after graduation. I hung around with my parents while he traveled the globe; it was no different now from what it had ever been. Handsome in his khaki suit, Steve leaned down and kissed my mother, then vanished inside the terminal.

We drove through the deserted North Side to Ashkenaz's delicatessen on Morse, beneath the elevated tracks. Nothing had changed; there was the same middle-aged cashier, her streaked blonde hair swept up in a hive, crescents of blue mascara beneath her eyes, a cigarette in the ashtray beside the rubber-bristled change pad. Behind the counter were bins crammed with sides of corned beef and slabs of tongue in white-enameled trays. It was the middle of the afternoon, and the restaurant was empty.

My parents looked tired. I noticed the gathered folds of skin beneath my mother's chin, the blue veins in her hands; my father's moist eyes reflected the knowledge that he had no parents left. He picked at his smoked fish and studied the menu while the two women talked.

Death had brought them no closer. "Will you stop cracking chicken bones with your teeth?" my mother said. "And don't lean over your soup like that. Bring the soup to your mouth." My grandmother glanced up from her plate with a sly look; embarrassing my mother was a good game. Remember, her bright shawls and antique jewelry proclaimed, your ancestors were peasants, bohemians, foreigners.

"Oh, Mother, spare us this pushcart-and-peddler talk, will you?" my mother said. My grandmother had been recalling the first time she met my grandfather, who traveled around the Midwest hawking postcards out of a suitcase—"Pos'l cards," he called them."

"Mother, we know from 'pos'l cards' already. You've told the boy about it a hundred times."

But I was curious; I found this lore exotic, vivid. Besides, three of my grandparents were dead; my cousins were in Kew Gardens and Florida; my parents had sold their home in Evanston and moved to California the year

before, during my last semester of college. I felt like an anthropologist among the Nambikwara; if I didn't study these people now, it would be too late. The old generation was virtually gone; whenever I showed up at my grandmother's residential hotel in downtown Evanston, her last surviving friend, an old woman named Jenny, would prop herself up in her chair and grip my hand, uttering my name in a hoarse croak: "Jeemy, how wahnderful to see you." Cradling my chin in her spotted hand, my grandmother would scrutinize my face with the ecstatic zeal of an archaeologist happening on a find—only the artifact was new, its discoverer old.

"Mother, finish your borscht and let's go," my mother was saying. My father leafed through his fat wallet and pulled out a twenty; I wondered if I would ever carry around such a wad of bills. Out on Morse, the mica-speckled sidewalk shone like a riverbed.

I dropped my grandmother off, then my parents—they were staying with my mother's cousin in Winnetka—and drove off in their rented Pinto. I hadn't been back in a year and I was eager to look around.

On County Line Road, I pulled into a gas station and got out of the car; it was something I had seen my father do when I was a child, and for some reason the gesture had impressed me. Perhaps the image of my mother sitting in the car while my father asked the attendant to check the oil in some way explained their marriage. It had taken me years to emulate him; in high school I had stayed in the car and rolled down the window, afraid that I would seem too young—lacking the authority even to buy gasoline. But lately I had found myself pulling up in front of gas pumps and leaping from the car. Thus did heredity assert itself.

I breathed in the fumes, listening to the clang of the bell whenever a car drove up. The attendant came over, a boy about sixteen with a head of bedraggled blond curls. The stitched red signature on his shirt pocket gave his name: Eddie. He pulled the hose over to the tank and cranked up the pump. The numbers whirled. I could feel the warm air against my skin, and sensed the lake a mile away. I left Eddie counting a roll of bills in his grease-blackened hand and headed through town toward Evanston.

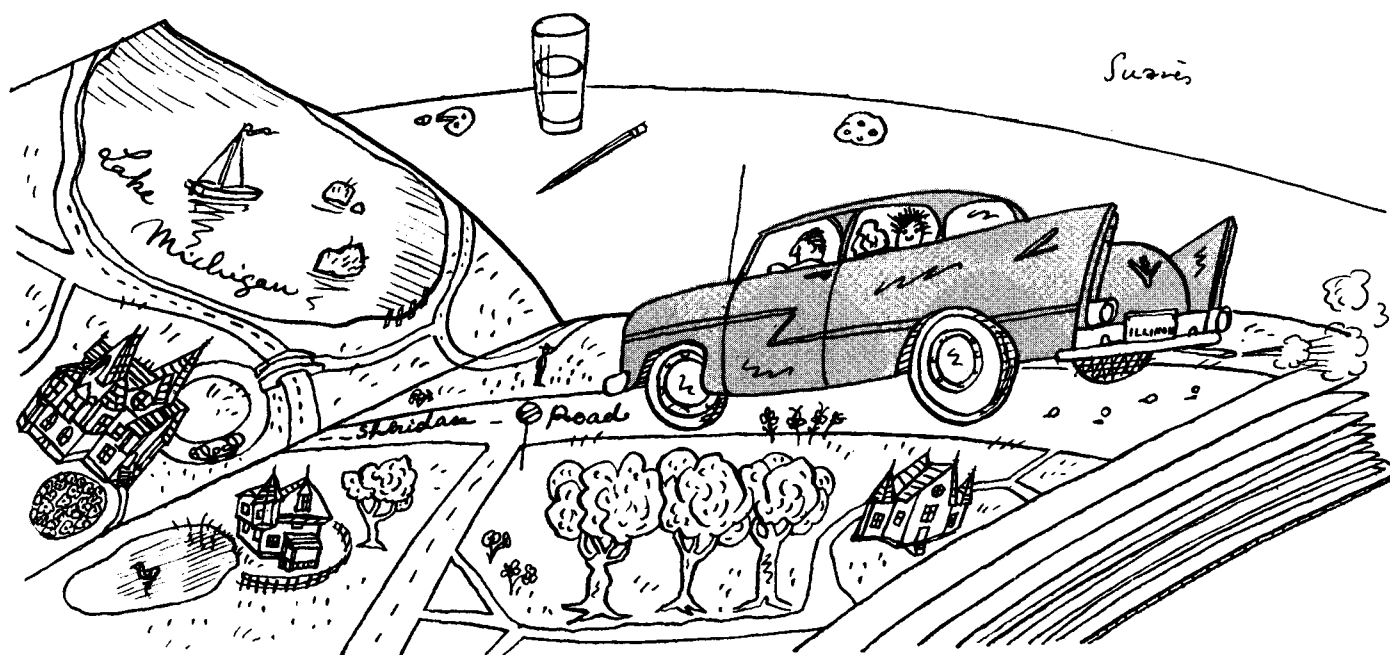
ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE NORTHWESTERN TRACKS the larger homes began: colonial, Tudor, neo-Georgian, they were set back from landscaped lawns and graveled driveways. On Sheridan Road, hidden behind hedges and walls, were estates that fronted on Lake Michigan; I glimpsed a few mansions through wrought-iron gates. Then I was driving past the Wilmette boat basin and the Baha'i temple, a soaring white edifice in the shape of an orange-juice squeezer; just beyond it was Laurel Avenue, where my mother's parents had lived. The houses, built in the prosperous years after World War I, when the middle class moved north from the city, were of burgundy-colored brick and had white sun porches.

Laurel came to a dead end by the golf course. I pulled up before the last house, stunned; it was so small. I had remembered a sprawling estate with french doors thrown open to a lawn that sloped down to the fairway, a long driveway where my grandfather parked his Lincoln, a garden with a latticed gate and beds of tulips. "Are you growing, or is it just that I'm shrinking?" my father had said when he picked me up at the airport the night before. I had the reverse thought as I stood before this bungalow, with its weed-seamed walk and red-brick staircase flanked by giant urns.

At least the blackberry bush seemed no smaller. I had loved to reach up and gather the blackberries off the branch; they were shaped like miniature bunches of

Morris, with a cloud of silken hair, who smoked his cigarette underhanded, the ash pointed toward the palm.

The house was out of another time: in the garage my grandmother's bachelor brother, Benny, made ornate bronze clocks; upstairs, in a sun-warmed attic, Grandma worked at one of her giant looms, weaving rugs and wall hangings. In the living room hung a portrait of my mother by Nikolai Remisoff, a White Russian who had been a satirical artist for *Krokodil* and had known Diaghilev and Mayakovsky. (He was an old man now, sitting by a pool in Palm Springs with a transistor radio in his hands—a gift from Frank Sinatra for his work as a set designer on *Ocean's Eleven*.) Once, returning from a day spent idling by the canal that ran beside the golf course, I had encoun-



grapes, and when I put them in my mouth they left their inky traces on my hands. I recalled the Fourth of July parties: every year my grandparents invited over a crowd of Russians from Chicago and served dinner on the lawn. Japanese paper lamps were strung between the front porch and a giant elm in the front yard. Aluminum tables were hauled upstairs from the basement, slid from their cardboard cartons, and set up on the lawn. My father and I brought up the folding chairs while my grandmother unfolded the heavy linen tablecloths. Agnes, in a white uniform, carried out platters of blintzes and *peroshke*, pastry stuffed with dry shreds of meat.

They were lavish, these grandparents; they served champagne and caviar beneath the gaudy lamps. Tidy and white-haired, the Russians sweltered in their winter suits; their accents were full of soft consonants. "Bozhe moy!" they would cry, squatting down beside me. "Sheyn punim." I fingered their gold ornaments: cuff links, watch fobs, heavy rings. There was one, I remembered, a man named

entered a tall, angular man with a fierce look on his face escorting a woman down the walk: it was Frank Lloyd Wright, I later learned, who had courted his third wife in my grandparents' home.

When it got dark on those summer nights, the older people would sit around card tables on the sun porch and play pinochle or settle down, coffee cups in hand, on the plush old sofas. Sprawled on the carpet with a book, I noticed the women's marbled legs, the way the men hiked up their trousers to reveal bony ankles. Through the screen door I could hear the slap of cards.

Then there were the elaborate rituals of departure. "In this family, you have to start your good-byes an hour before you're ready to leave," my father used to say. The leftovers were wrapped up in casseroles covered with waxed paper and carried out to the cars, where the men sat impatient at the wheel, staring across the lawn at the cluster of women huddled beneath a yellow lamp aswarm with bugs. Finally, Mother slid in beside the platters of hors

d'oeuvres and turned around to make sure I was there.

On the way home, lying on the cool, vinyl-covered seat, I looked up through the rear window at the elms canopied over Sheridan Road and listened to my parents talking. My mother commented on various relatives' health. " Sylvia has aged," she would begin; or, "Don't you think Gladys looked awful? I wonder what's the matter with her." To which my father invariably had the same reply: "Too fat." (Weight was an obsession of his; I was always being told to "maintain a thin edge of hunger" and warned that fat people were "candidates for coronary.") "I've never seen Grisha looking so unhappy," she persisted. "I could see it in his eyes." My father grunted; it was people's waistlines that interested him, not their faces.

In the back seat, I was eager to hear more. I hadn't noticed any unhappiness in Grisha's eyes. How did my mother know this? What was her evidence? Frustrated by my father's indifference to these matters, I spoke up: "What do you mean, Mom?"

She turned and draped her elbow over the back seat; here was an audience. Then a story would unfold: Sylvia's son Joey was threatening to drop out of high school and join the Marines; Gladys had finally been forced to put her mother in a nursing home; Sarah's husband, Harry, a professor of engineering at the University of Wisconsin, had quarreled with the chairman of his department.

In the back seat, beneath the car's dark dome, I brooded on these dramas. Rivalry, betrayal, disappointment: it was hard for me to reconcile the ominous events my mother spoke of with the prim, balding men in their gold-rimmed spectacles and dark suits, the plump women in their flowered-print dresses, their gray hair springy as lichen, who had just been gathered in my grandmother's living room. As we pulled into our driveway and the electric garage door clattered up, I still had many questions; but I was half-asleep, blinking in the harsh garage light and inhaling the sweetish odor of the oil patches on the concrete floor. "Why does Joey want to join the Marines?" I said, desperate to tie up loose ends before it was too late.

"He just does. You're stalling."

"But I have to know why."

"I'll give you why," my mother said, raising a hand to spank me. But I knew she never would, and danced away down the narrow aisle between the two cars, whining, "I have to know *why*."

WHY? WHY? WHY? I STILL HAD TO KNOW. I LEANED against the Pinto's hot metal hood, staring down at the smears of fallen blackberries on the sidewalk. Beyond the house, two women in pleated skirts and golf caps trudged toward the green, wheeling their carts before them. Somehow I could imagine people dying one by one, but it was harder to think of a generation simply vanishing from the earth. Gone. Lowered like my grandmother into the ground, commemorated with as

little ceremony as my father's "Good-bye, Mama" and the gray gloves tossed in the grave.

But could I really say I missed her? "With a mother like that, it's a miracle I'm not in some institution somewhere, drooling in a padded cell," my father used to say. Newly married, he couldn't persuade his wife to come upstairs when he visited on Sundays; she sat in the car and smoked. When he tried to leave, my grandmother would throw herself down in front of the door and lie there weeping. My father had to nudge her with his foot to get by.

Still, he was a dutiful son. After my grandfather died, we drove to Rogers Park every Sunday and had dinner in his mother's apartment. Grandma Rya lived in a new building with cinderblock walls, but otherwise it was the same as above the drugstore on Peterson Avenue: a cut-glass chandelier, a mahogany sideboard where the silver was kept in velvet pouches, a sofa with silk pillows and roped fringe, a glass-topped coffee table cluttered with silver nut bowls and photographs of relatives propped up in easel-like frames. On a corner table stood the samovar, a bronze globe with a spigot.

The drugstore had been sold and my grandmother had money now, but according to her it wasn't enough. She was suspicious of her broker—"that Mr. Klein who's always telling me to buy Stanford."

"Standard, Mother. And his name is Cohen."

"A *goniff*, that Klein. I haven't had a dividend in months."

Stocks, bonds, dividends: these discussions infuriated my mother, who sat picking at her boiled chicken while I went off to watch *The Ed Sullivan Show* in the "library"—so called because of the row of paperbacks on a shelf above the television set. There was nothing for me to read; they were mostly blue Penguin editions of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Rousseau. My grandmother had enrolled in the same introductory philosophy course at the YMCA night school downtown for eleven years, until the harried instructor begged, "Please, Mrs. Atlas, not again!"

I got back in the car and drove off down Laurel, but the tears that came to my eyes weren't for the dead; they were for the living—for my parents, getting older, and for me, the somber face in the rearview mirror. It had been easier to be a child in the back seat listening to my mother go over the evening while my silent father drove.

I turned the dial to WFMT, the fine-arts station. The voice of Ray Nordstrand—or was it Norman Pellegrini?—spoke in the familiar, lucid tones I had been hearing for a decade. Their identical voices reminded me of T. S. Eliot reciting *The Waste Land* on the Caedmon album I had been given for my twelfth birthday. They were so reasonable; they managed to read even advertising copy as if they were delivering a lecture on art history. "The Gregorian Brothers have been in business since 1948," the precise voice said. "They have traveled the world, from the deserts of Baluchistan to the markets of Kabul, in search of fine rugs. Why not stop in to examine these lovely

wares? The showroom is open from noon until eight every day of the week." Bertolli's Wine Shop; Kroch's & Brentano's; the Scandinavian Furniture Mart; Toad Hall, for the finest in stereo equipment: a familiar, civilized litany more moving to me than the Beethoven piano concerto that followed it.

I was in Evanston now, driving past the clay-colored neo-Gothic buildings of Northwestern and the Garrett Theological Seminary, where my father had boarded as an undergraduate. "Your grandmother couldn't stand it that I moved away from home," he had once told me. "She used to drive over on Sundays with a dinner of boiled chicken and a bowl of soup on the front seat of the car."

"She came alone?"

"My father had to mind the store."

Not that there was much to mind. The store had an abandoned look: dusty placards advertising Sealtest and Squibb in the window, grime-coated beach balls in metal bins, and a rack of curling, faded Classic Comics. It was dark in the back; no one ever sat in the booths.

My grandfather liked it that way; he wanted no customers. He sat by the cash register leafing through pharmaceutical journals or cleaning his old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles with a handkerchief. "He was brilliant," my father was always reminding me, "a physics wizard. He had a diploma from the czar. When he came to this country, he got a job right away, building the Chicago Bridge." (During the Depression he was laid off, acquired the drug-store cheap, and got by during the leanest years selling grain alcohol to bootleggers.) By the time I came to know him he had already had a stroke, and shuffled around the apartment above the store in a bathrobe and slippers, the leather seamed and cracked. On Saturday afternoons he sat in a bristly armchair beside the radio, a wooden Magnavox with a speaker in the shape of a cathedral arch, and listened to the live broadcast from New York of the Metropolitan Opera, sponsored by Texaco and narrated by Milton J. Cross.

His favorite was *La Traviata*. When Cross's baritone voice, dropping low in murmurous sorrow, came to the final scene, my grandfather's eyes shone with tears. "Violetta tries to rise from her bed," Cross would announce with agonizing deliberation, "but it is too late." At this disclosure, my grandfather would grimace and stare out the window, as if silently denouncing the injustice of a world in which such a travesty could occur. "Comforted by the presence of Alfredo, she sings," and then, in the wooden, inflectionless Italian of a tourist in Rome, "*Ah! io ritorno a vivere!*"—"I shall live after all!"—only to fall back lifeless on her couch." After an ominous pause, broken by the sound of a pot simmering on the kitchen stove or a car accelerating up the street, Milton J. Cross would declare: "A moment later, she is dead."

What a catastrophe! One more disquieting for my grandfather, I imagine, than whatever events had conspired to erode the promise of his youth. Applause came through the

speaker like static, the curtain descended, and Cross renewed his grim narrative: "And now Renata Tebaldi emerges for a second curtain call while the orchestra stands to applaud. She beckons to the conductor, Fausto Cleva, who bows; and now she summons the whole supporting cast from the wings." With an abrupt surge of energy, my grandfather would rise from his chair and switch off the radio, then lapse back in his chair. Beside him on the carpet, I was fascinated by a wooden doll—a Russian peasant woman in the shape of an egg—that unscrewed to reveal identical, ever smaller dolls within.

He nudged me playfully with his soft old slipper; my father had felt a sharper prod. Doing his homework at the dining-room table as a high school boy, he was reprimanded for using a slide rule. "You should be able to do it in your head," my grandfather insisted.

"But he *wants* us to use a slide rule."

"What does he know? If he had any brains, he wouldn't be teaching physics in a school."

I WAS IN MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD NOW, COASTING DOWN streets that hadn't changed since my father was a student; there were the same turreted, bay-windowed Victorian homes encircled by porches, the same elm-lined boulevards. Beside the lake were parks separated from the beach by a seawall of bleached boulders. Idling at a light, I heard a click inside the aluminum post on the curb; five blocks away, an elevated train clattered by. An ice-cream truck's metallic nursery rhyme played over and over as I turned down the street where I had lived for eleven years.

We had moved here when I was twelve, from Highland Park, a rich suburb an hour north of Chicago. In the 1950s one lived in the suburbs, so that was where my parents had gone to live—until the day my father arrived home from work after an hour's drive through rush-hour traffic and stood out on the back porch, briefcase in hand, surveying the yard. It needed mowing, and the hedge was overgrown. I had forgotten to move the sprinkler; the lawn was as sodden as a rice paddy. My father's collar was damp with sweat. "We're moving," he said. "I didn't go to medical school to become a gardener."

A week later, he bought a plot of land in Evanston, just north of Chicago and only a few yards from Lake Michigan, across from a row of wine-colored-brick apartment houses that curved around the crescent shape of Sheridan Square. A local architect was commissioned to design and build a house, a split-level with walls of purple brick and a sloping pebbled roof. Instead of a front yard, my parents installed a Japanese garden: bonsai, an Oriental lamp, a bamboo gate, and boulders strewn about. The living room was beige nubbled couches, teakwood coffee tables, a Herman Miller chair beside the slate fireplace. There were skylights in the stippled ceiling, and the floor was parquet. Everything was neutral, barren, spare—from the gaunt sculpture of Joseph clutching seven thin stalks in one hand

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and seven fat stalks in the other to the collages of rubble-strewn cities done by my mother's cousin Si, who had escaped from Germany during World War II.

Our house was like a Bennington dorm: in the basement, my brother practiced *Für Elise* on the piano; in the dining room, my mother sat with a French primer open in front of her, muttering, "*Dis donc, Paul, où est la bibliothèque?*" In the laundry room behind the garage, my father crouched over a Formica counter among the sheets and towels hung out to dry, a pair of magnifying glasses strapped to his head, making oboe reeds. Knives and thread, minute cylinders of cork, and strips of fish skin were scattered about among the socks and underwear. He pared away at wedges of bamboo for hours; upstairs in my room at the other end of the house, I could hear a high, shrill whine as he put a reed to his lips and tested it.

Music dominated my father's life. He had lost interest in

medicine by then, and spent most of his time playing along with Music Minus One albums—recordings by an orchestra lacking one instrument. I would come home from school to find him planted before a metal music stand in the living room, earphones on his head, his face scarlet, swaying like a snake charmer as he struggled to keep up with a Telemann concerto. "What is it about this music?" he would cry, pulling the earphones off his head. "It lifts up the soul. It has the power to intoxicate."

My father considered himself one of Stendhal's "happy few," that ardent band of outcasts who made their way alone, who lived and felt on a more exalted plane than ordinary people. Not that they were so happy; prominent among their number were Dostoevsky, Proust, and above all, Kafka, whose sense of imprisonment, of thwartedness, was so familiar to my father. When I came home bitter over some childish disappointment, a poor grade or a bruised knee, he would reassure me: "You're a sensitive boy; you'll suffer your whole life. Look at Kafka."

He found his own experience "Kafkaesque"—one of his favorite adjectives until *Time* magazine began to use it—and marveled at Kafka's *Letter to His Father*. "This is me," he would gloat nervously, reading aloud the passage where Kafka complains that his father controlled him by means of "abuse, threats, irony, spiteful laughter, and . . . self-pity." And when *Irrational Man*, William Barrett's popular introduction to existentialism, appeared in the late fifties, he was so enthralled by its theme of brooding anguish that he even brought it along to a baseball game in Comiskey Park, absorbing disquisitions on Heidegger and Sartre as I sat beside him filling out my scorecard.

Like Kafka, my father awaited punishment for some unknown sin—which must have been why his favorite album was Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra in a live rehearsal. Walter, a histrionic German, stormed at his musicians like a teacher faced with a room full of unruly children. Bullying and pleading, unctuous and severe, he could change moods in mid-sentence; he had an actor's sense of timing. My father was fascinated by the conductor's imperious manner, especially when he rebuked the lagging oboist. "Please," (pronounced to rhyme with *fleece*) "Mr. Bloom," Walter would cajole, "*can't* you come in just a little sooner?" Then, decisively—"Again."

I think my father must have identified with Mr. Bloom; he was, after all, a persecuted man himself. He felt embattled, a guardian of high culture during the barbaric Eisenhower years. Philistinism was rampant in the land. My father raged against the bland décor of restaurants, gigantic American cars, those who read best sellers. He was contemptuous of his colleagues at Mount Sinai Hospital who had never heard of Rilke. He couldn't bear Muzak, and derided people who whistled in elevators as "empty-headed." He was furious when Arthur Miller married Marilyn Monroe; "He has a responsibility to the intellectuals in this country," my father stormed. "We'll lose credibility." When Dwight Macdonald's famous essay "Masscult



PROMISING THE AIR

A woman I loved talked in her sleep to children.
She would start her half of the conversation,
her half of asking, of answering the need to bring
the boy up the path from some dream-lake, some

wandering source, water, a river, or a road along
the tree-line of a river, she would say his small name,
then silence, privacy, the drift back to the center.
The child was the tenderness in her voice.

I can remember waking myself up talking, saying nothing
that mattered but loud enough for someone else to hear.
No one was there. It was like coming alive, suddenly,
in a body. I was afraid, as in the dark we are each time

new. I was afraid, word of mouth, out of breath.
Waking is the first loneliness—
but sleep can be anything you want, the path
to the summerhouse, silence, or a call across water.

I am taught, and believe, that even in light the mind
wanders, speaks before thinking. This piece of a poem
is for her who wept without waking, who, word for word,
kept her promise to the air. And for the boy.

—Stanley Plumly

and Midcult" was published in *Partisan Review*, he exclaimed over it for days, reading it aloud, gloating over Macdonald's assault on the pretensions of those contemptible middlebrows Thornton Wilder and Archibald MacLeish.

In our house, though, learning would go on; ignorance would be kept at bay. I had to be prepared to answer difficult questions at any moment—even while picking at the meat loaf or pot roast my mother had slaved over in the kitchen all afternoon. "What's wrong with this?" my father said one night, waving a form letter from a pharmaceutical company in front of my nose.

"Donald, let the boy eat," my mother objected.

"It'll just take a minute. This is important." I studied the letter. "Well?" my father said.

"Dinner is getting cold." There was an edge of nervous anger in my mother's voice.

I glanced down at the lima beans I had tried to hide beneath a lettuce leaf, and scanned the cheerful sales pitch again, hunting for a mistake.

"It's near the top," my father hinted.

"I give up," I said at last, hungry for the brownies my mother was removing from the oven.

"Come on," my father prompted, then snatched away the letter. "Listen to this: 'No physician can afford to be disinterested in the therapeutic benefits of Tylenol . . . ' *Disinterested* means objective, impartial; the word they want here is *uninterested*." He wiped his plate with a slice of rye bread. "That is known as a *catathresis*, otherwise a *solecism*—a grammatical lapse."

"Why do you need two words for the same thing?" I asked.

"Well, they're not *exactly* the same," my father said. "Let's look 'em up." He pushed aside his chair and beckoned me to follow.

"Donald!" My mother's voice rang out in a sharp reprimand. "Why can't you finish dinner before rushing off to the dictionary?"

But he was already out of his seat and heading for the living room, where the one-volume *OED* stood open on a metal stand, exhibited as proudly as if it were the Book of Kells. I fled my mother's reproachful gaze and hurried off to join my father. We stood side by side, feeding at the trough of knowledge. "Let's see," he muttered, running his finger down the page. "Ca-ta-chre-sis. Here." He read the definition aloud: "Improper use of words; application of a term to a thing which it does not properly denote; abuse of a trope or metaphor." And a so-le-cism," he said, drawing out the word while he searched for it, "is . . . 'impropriety or irregularity in speech or diction.'" He slammed the volume shut. "So there is a subtle difference," he said. "Words are like snowflakes: no two are exactly alike." We trotted back to the kitchen, where my mother, in a furious mood, had started to clear the dishes.

"Do you have to leap up from the table like that?" she said tearfully, bending over the sink and scraping dishes

into the disposal. "You're just showing off for the boy." And she hurried out of the room, her shoes clacking on the parquet floor.

"Mom's not an intellectual like us," I volunteered.

My father blew on his instant coffee, wrinkling the surface. "Being an intellectual isn't everything," he said.

No, but my mother's failure to measure up to our high scholarly standards troubled me all the same. For a woman who had a degree from the Medill School of Journalism, she was surprisingly unlettered; she hadn't read *Ulysses*, she hadn't read *Death in Venice*, she failed to identify lines from *The Waste Land* that I recited at the dinner table. "'Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata,'" I chanted while she hurried back and forth with steaming plates of food. "Come on, Mom. What's it from?"

"I really haven't the faintest idea, dear." She dipped down to straighten my knife and spoon. "Would you please take your elbows off the table?"

My elbows! I was quoting T. S. Eliot—and in a foreign language, yet! "Just guess, Mom. It has to be modern, right? I'll give you a hint," I nagged. "It's twentieth-century. That ought to narrow it down."

"I told you, dear," she said, a hint of impatience in her voice. "I really don't know."

My father knew. He gave me a sly smile. "It's Eliot, Mom," I announced. "*The Waste Land*."

"I grow old, I grow old," my father said in a sonorous voice. "'I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.'"

I was puzzled. "Is that from *The Waste Land*?"

"It's from *Prufrock*. 'Do I dare to eat a peach?'" In his late forties then, my father adored this poem of old age; it evoked a time in life that I think he looked forward to, a time when he could walk along the beach himself and not have to think about getting old because he would *be* old.

Why couldn't my mother quote Eliot? I fumed. It never occurred to me to imagine what my life would have been like if she *had* been an intellectual. What if I had come home from school every afternoon to find her, in faded jeans and a flannel work shirt, a Gauloise smoldering beside her, reading *Being and Nothingness* at the kitchen table? Who would have driven me to the Varsity Shop to pick out my back-to-school wardrobe? Who would have sorted out my laundry and left it in tidy stacks on the bed, the socks piled up like cannonballs on a New England green? But I was oblivious of the impeccable service at 647 Sheridan Square, the meals on the table and such minor amenities as the "after-school snack"—a glass of milk, already poured, that stood in the refrigerator beside a plate of Oreos cream cookies. I was oppressed by my mother's trivial demands. "What do you mean, my nails are dirty? Come on, Mom. Did Verlaine's mother complain that his nails were dirty?"

"Who?"

"Verlaine, Mom, Verlaine. The great French *symboliste*." (I gave it the French pronunciation: *sambo-least*.)

And finally, on a day when I refused to tuck in my shirt:

"You're just a housewife, Mom"—upon which she fled to her bedroom in tears and slammed the door. I sat at my desk reading H. G. Wells's *The Outline of History*, but some primal fear gathered within me. Had I gone too far?

Too nervous to concentrate, I slammed my book shut and ran to her room. "Mom?" I called, pressing my ear against the door. "Mom, I'm sorry about what I said." Silence. "Mom?" The house was so still I could hear the refrigerator hum in the kitchen below. I had never known such terror. "Mom, please answer."

On the other side of the door, she blew her nose. "What?" Her voice seemed cold, remote. "What is it?"

"Forgive me, Mom. I know you go to French class and everything. And you liked *The Stranger*, right?" There was no reply. How could I have said that? I felt as if an evil spirit had spoken through me: The debbil made me do it! Oh, Mother, please come out; please say something. Please!

"It's all right, dear," she said through the door in a shaky voice. "It doesn't matter."

"Mom, come out. I want to see you." A sob rose in my throat.

"Go away now. I'll be all right."

In my room, I could hardly read for the tears that streamed down my face.

AFTER THAT, I CONCENTRATED MY DEMAND FOR intellectual rigor on my eighth-grade teacher, Mr. Sensenig, a thin, sallow, fortyish man with a head of tight curls, a Prussian tenseness of posture, and small, furious eyes that darted about behind thick glasses. Proud of his ability to keep a roomful of defiant thirteen-year-olds at bay, he strode among our desks, tapping them with a ruler while he discoursed in a grim voice on the principles of grammar. When he asked us to subscribe to *Reader's Digest*, I raised my hand. "But Mr. Sensenig, isn't *Reader's Digest* a mediocre magazine for ignorant people?" I enumerated its failings: the trite, optimistic "Life in These United States" feature; the banality of the "Toward More Picturesque Speech" column; the pathetic efforts at self-improvement catered to by their vocabulary lists. "Why don't we subscribe to something more stimulating?" I proposed. "Like *The Nation* or *The Christian Science Monitor*?"

Mr. Sensenig blinked in annoyance, like an owl disturbed in daylight. When I reported the episode over dinner that night, my father was proud.

I tried to keep up; I played the flute until it became evident that despite the private lessons, despite practicing two hours a day, I had no promise. For my fourteenth birthday, I was given a set of expensive oil paints, fine brushes, an easel, and enough canvas for *Guernica*. I set up shop down in the basement, and within a week had completed my first work, a gaudy web of blotted shapes, the paint squeezed on so thick it refused to dry—and in the center, a white square. What this enigmatic composition

represented I wasn't sure; but it was rushed off to the framers and hung in the front hall.

I soon tired of painting and put away my tubes and brushes among old board games and athletic equipment in a downstairs closet. It was poetry that absorbed me now. I subscribed to *Writer's Digest* and studied the poetry markets. *Lucifer's Lamp*, a journal in Los Angeles, advertised a "national poetry contest," so I sent off three poems, and was informed a week later that all three had been accepted. I was ecstatic—even though the editors informed me that no free copies could be given out; I would have to order them, at \$12.95 apiece. Eager to present copies to my grandmothers and my parents, I ordered three.

A month later, I arrived home from school to find a parcel from *Lucifer's Lamp*. I rushed upstairs and tore it open; my first appearance in print! The magazine had a curious format, though; instead of a compact, book-size periodical like *Partisan Review*, I held in my hands an assemblage as thick as a telephone book, loosely bound by plastic rings. The cover consisted of a sheet of blue paper with the legend *Lucifer's Lamp: A Magazine of Verse* typed across it. There was no index, but the poems were arranged alphabetically by author, and I quickly found mine—just after the work of Leonard Atkinson, of Butte, Montana, and before poems by Melissa Atwater, of Baltimore, Maryland, and R. W. Auty, of Eureka, California. There were nine poems on the page, in minuscule print—or rather, typed out on a typewriter with minuscule characters. The page was smudged, as if it were a faint mimeographed copy. I put my three copies of *Lucifer's Lamp* on a shelf in the closet, beside my baseball glove.

But I persisted in my "work," and when my poems were returned by *Poetry* and *The New Yorker* with printed rejection slips, I wondered what was wrong with them. One day I came across an advertisement in *Writer's Digest* from a "Poetry Consultant" in Nacogdoches, Texas, and wrote soliciting his services. A few weeks later, I received a mimeographed manifesto for *Cyclops*, "Songs of the Last Frontier." "Commercialism, propaganda, and ignorance roil the waters of literature," it began. "Only gradually are men being enjoined away from provincial pride—Abaddon—The Destroyer. Will they depart the abyss in time?" Hunched over my desk, a Tensor lamp trained on the page, I pursed my lips. This manifesto was heavy going; who was Abaddon? He wasn't listed in my *Dictionary of Mythology*. My eye drifted up to the built-in bookshelves—a row of Freddy the Pig books; *Charlotte's Web*; *The Phantom Tollbooth*. I tried again to focus on the fierce argument of Raymond Winkley, *Cyclops's* editor-publisher: "Poetry can find hope in an age that seems hopeless, can begin the reconstruction before the ruin is visited. Today, especially, those monolithic axioms that have been thought to be Truth Absolute are scaling and crumbling to reveal the shapes of more enduring cores." It was that enduring core I was after, and I was glad to find enclosed a "checklist of common errors." "Check your own poems for these er-

rors," read the directions, "and if you want us to aid you, submit one poem for a detailed criticism, plus \$1.00 for a consultant's time and years of training, writing, publishing, and personal interest in all sincere poets." Eagerly, I submitted a poem with my dollar.

Within a week, I had a reply:

Mr. Jim Atlas, your poem will be held 10 days pending the arrival of a SSAE for its return. The ethic of sending return postage with a submitted manuscript is so well established that it would seem unnecessary to remind anyone of this.

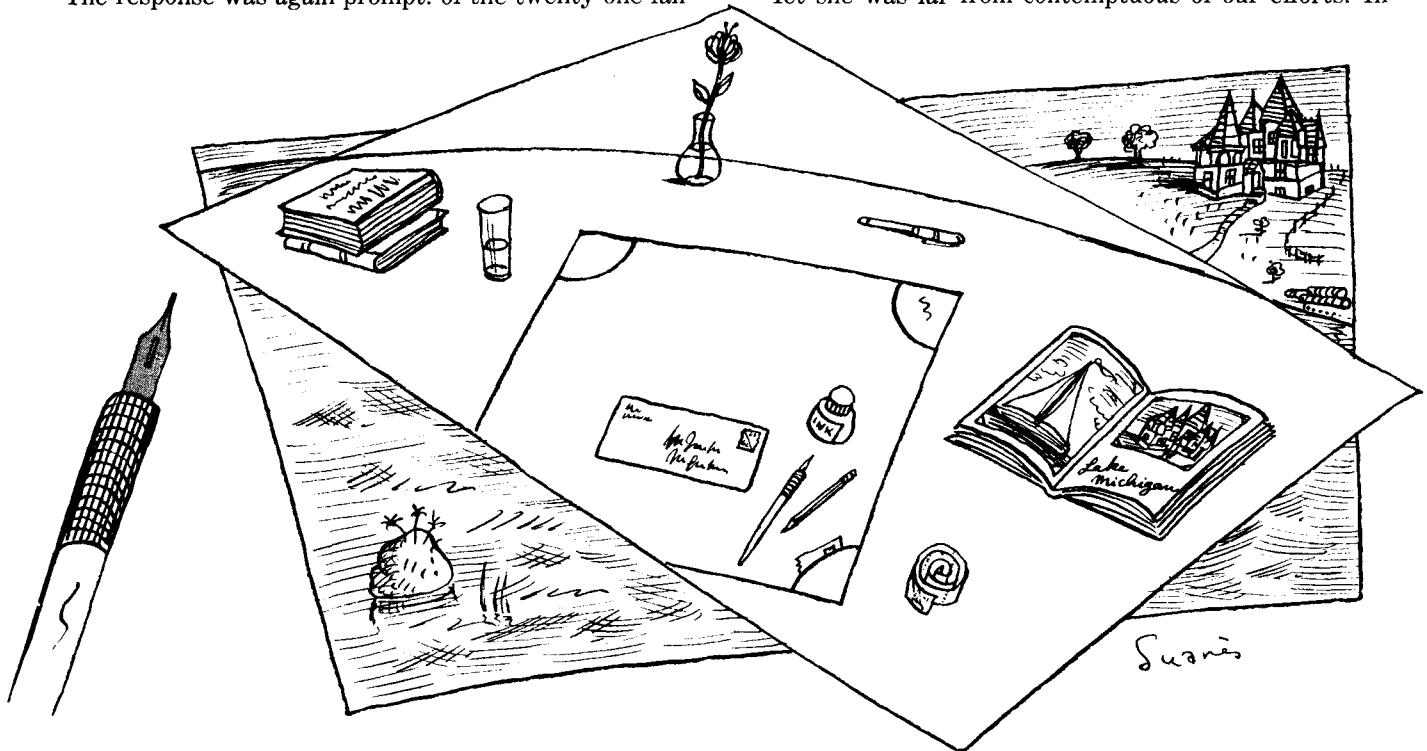
Humiliated, I sent Mr. Winkley a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and waited.

The response was again prompt: of the twenty-one fail-

more force—like 'Captured Awareness,' 'The Senses Bound,' or other."

But I never heard from Miss Lorraine—apparently she was unimpressed with 'A Painting'—and by the time the stipulated sixty days had passed, I had found another mentor: Marie Claire Davis, the creative-writing teacher at Evanston Township High School. A gaunt, hectic woman with a big blade of a nose, she would read aloud from *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and fix us with a glad stare. "That is art," she would declare, slamming the book down on the table. "Read 'em and weep." Not only were these poets great, her command implied, but they had somehow trumped us; their greatness was our defeat.

Yet she was far from contemptuous of our efforts. In-



ings listed under the category "Avoid," only one had been checked off, but there was a terse comment in the margin: "A good start in 'Summer in Maine' ends up in landscape rambling. Poetry asks 'So What, So Why, So Whither.'" I was wounded by Mr. Winkley's rebuke, but at least my work had been read. I submitted another poem—too soon, as it happened. Under the category "How to Submit a Manuscript," Mr. Winkley had checked off "Wait sixty days after a poem is rejected or published to resubmit"—and in the margin of my second evaluation sheet he scrawled: "Sir, we are busy." The size of the envelope ("approximately 4" x 10" ") was underlined; "Note how *stuffed* your small one is," scolded the consultant. Under "Avoid," two errors were noted: "Ideas not fresh or original, far removed from our own age"; and "Literalism, not imagery, the soul of poetry." A disheartening indictment. There was, however, a hopeful message from Mr. Winkley: "Although she would be more critical of craftsmanship in a sonnet, I would like to have Miss Lorraine see 'A Painting.' Try to give the title

deed, her expectations were unrealistic. In our private conferences, she addressed us as if we had a high literary calling. "Your greatest enemy is intellectualization," she once advised me. "You need to work to your own internal music and word-joy." She sat up straight at her desk, staring across the room and drumming her bony fingers on my manuscript. "Find that spontaneous well of emotion, and use it."

One afternoon Mrs. Davis turned off the fluorescent lights, flicked on a projector, and showed us a documentary about Theodore Roethke. A fat, sweating man with a sorrowful face, he muttered his poems with tense, incantatory fervor, standing awkwardly before the camera in a rumpled suit. When he spoke about his life in response to the questions of an invisible interlocutor, he was shy, morose, inaudible; his mouth worked nervously, his eyes were full of pain. And when he recited the poem that begins "I knew a woman, lovely in her bones," he seemed on the verge of tears. He was the only poet I had ever seen.

ONE SATURDAY IN MY JUNIOR YEAR, MRS. DAVIS drove me down to the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois, in a decaying Greek neighborhood on the near West Side, for the statewide poetry contest. As we walked across the new concrete-paved campus, windswept and deserted beneath an iron sky, she coached me. "Now, remember, if they ask for a Petrarchan sonnet, it's ABBAABBA, then a six-line coda. And you know what a sestina is." In the classroom, while Mrs. Davis hovered in the hall, a nun scrawled our assignment on the blackboard: "A sonnet on the theme of seasons." We had one hour.

The other contestants—seventeen girls and a wild-haired boy in a lumber jacket—opened their notebooks and started to write, while I sat there without a thought in my head. I could see Mrs. Davis through the door, pacing up and down in her worn fur coat. Finally, a line occurred to me, then another:

As a November day, desolate calm,
My own irretrievable, missing loves
Are preserved, impenetrable, embalmed—
Eternal as rhythms of flying doves,
That remain immortal in memory,
Enhanced by the fact that they ne'er shall be.

When the hour was up, I glanced over my lines; I had gotten the rhyme scheme wrong! I rushed from the room and buried my head in Mrs. Davis's musky lapel. "You are a poet," she assured me when I had blurted out my tale of failure, "but you must remember what Joyce says about going forth to forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race. No one said it would be easy." And we walked back to the car in silence, wrapped up in our separate perceptions of my destiny.

I needn't have despaired, for I placed second in the poetry contest, and thus acquired another certificate to affix to what my father called "the honor board"—a cork bulletin board covered with memorabilia of my accomplishments: a yellow ribbon commemorating the occasion when I came in fourth in the 100-yard dash at the Ravinia School Field Day in 1958; a crumbled photograph from the *Evansston Review* that showed me doing push-ups at a tennis clinic when I was twelve; a medal from Camp Shewahmagon in Drummond, Wisconsin, for second place in Arts & Crafts; a letter from Senator Everett Dirksen congratulating me for an editorial on school spirit that had appeared in the *Nichols School Newsletter*; and a photostat of my high school aptitude tests.

My room was a museum of self-improvement. On the shelves, lodged among my collection of paperbacks—*The Sun Also Rises*, *Tortilla Flat*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Rhinoceros*, *Long Day's*

Journey into Night, *Heart of Darkness*, *On the Road*—stood my tennis trophies. On the wall above my bed was a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence on crisp imitation parchment, brought back from a field trip to the nation's capital in seventh grade, and a reproduction of *The Old Guitarist*. From the ceiling dangled a mobile I had purchased at the Old Town Art Fair. In the record rack were my albums: Miles Davis, Herbie Mann, Pete Seeger, the Kingston Trio, Joan Baez, Odetta.

Yet why was it, I often wondered as I lay on my bed and listened to Mozart or Vivaldi through the wall, that all this striving, this accumulation of culture, this rage for self-expression, made me so melancholy? Taken by my parents downtown to the Goodman Theatre to see Morris Carnovsky in *King Lear*, I shifted in my seat, bored by the old man's long-winded speeches; with his lavish mannerisms and madly waving arms, he seemed like a vaudeville actor. *Crime and Punishment*, which I had first come across in a Classic Comics edition in my grandfather's drugstore, I put down after I had read a hundred pages; I could make nothing of Raskolnikov's guilt, and the style seemed overwrought.

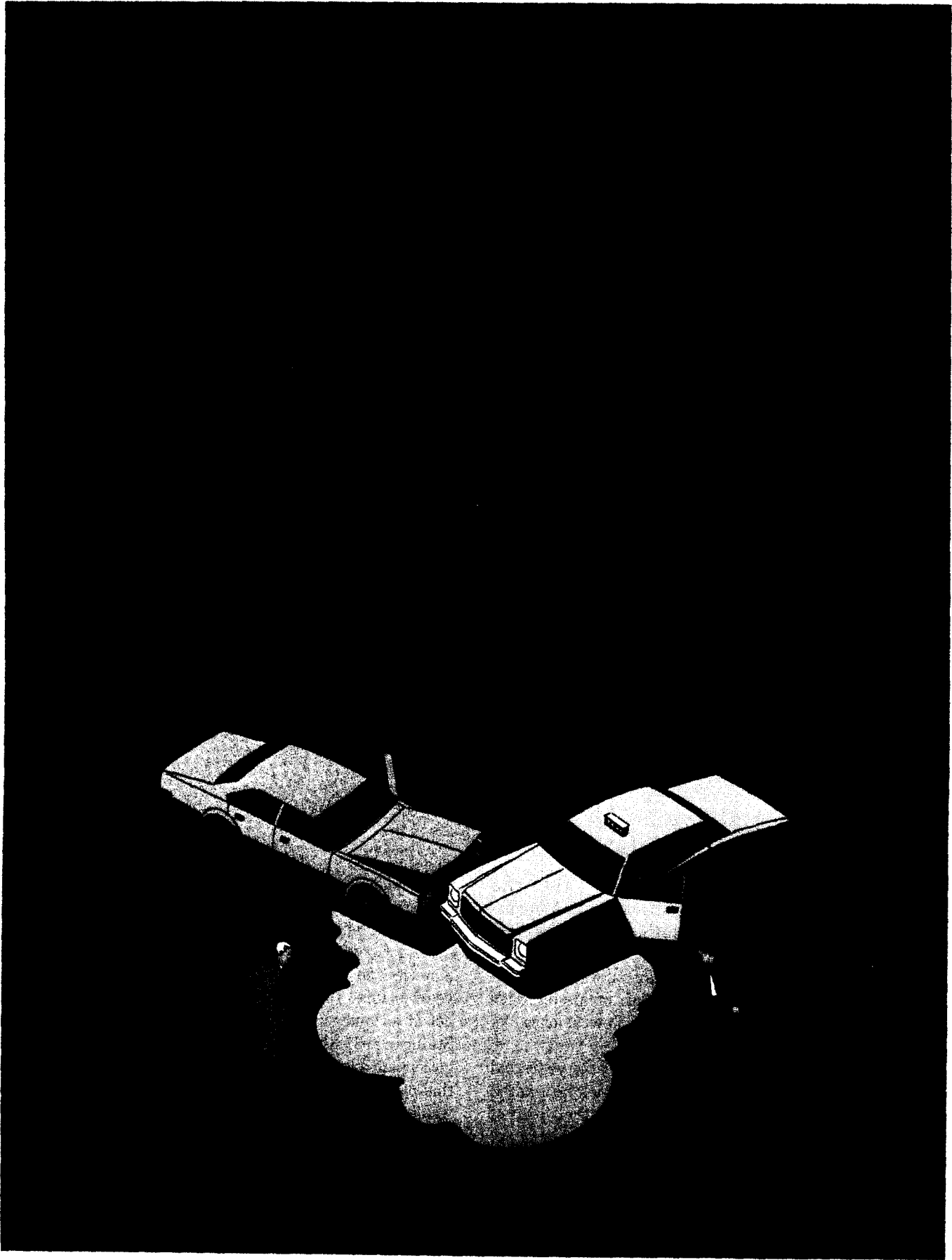
Loitering in the Art Institute one winter afternoon when I should have been in school, I stood in front of the huge Impressionist canvases for hours, unmoved. Contemplating Seurat's *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, I was impatient with the placid scene, stirred only by the boats offshore, their white sails mirrored on the pointillist surface—and then only because they reminded me of summers on Lake Michigan. I was more conscious of a vast emptiness, an ache of solitude touched off by the echo of my own footsteps in the vast, empty halls.

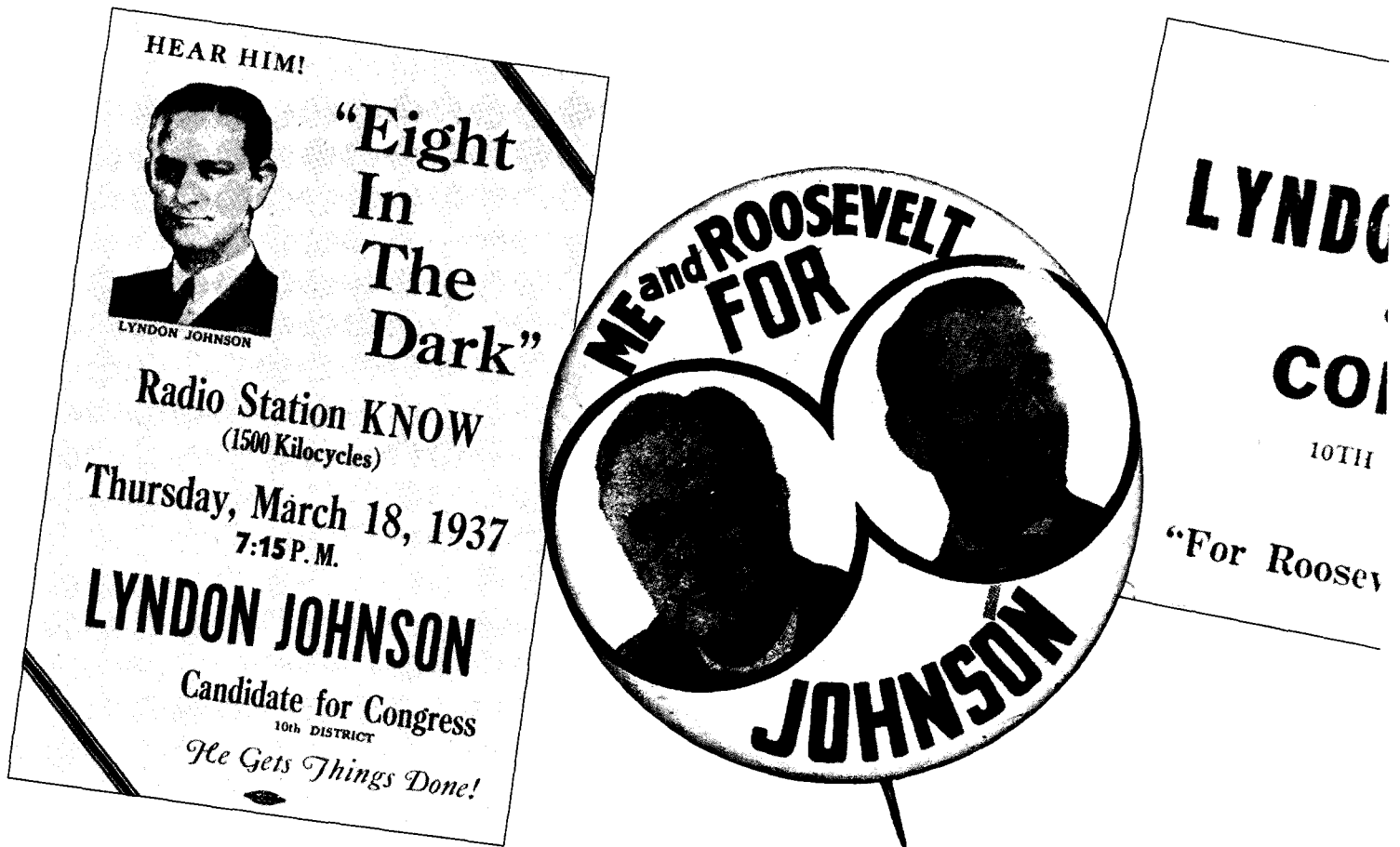
On the way home, I wandered through the slush-filled streets of the Loop beneath the elevated tracks. Trains trundled overhead, showering sparks through the dusk; a Salvation Army band played "Good King Wenceslas." I was looking for the sort of cafeteria I had read about somewhere—in *The Adventures of Augie March*? Anyway, some place where intellectuals gathered and had animated conversations, scraping their chairs back and pounding the table, smoking and gesturing with frantic hands. A place where Roquentin, the hero of Sartre's *La Nausée* (as I called it, though I had read a translation), might have whiled away dull afternoons.

In DeMar's Coffeeshop I glanced up from an article by Lionel Trilling on literature and neurosis, and I looked around at the topcoated derelicts and pensioners warming their hands against their coffee cups. The windows were fogged over, the counter exuded a sudsy damp. It occurred to me: I hated art. □

INTERSECTION

BY GUY BILLOUT





THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON

BY ROBERT A. CARO

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN

ON FEBRUARY 23, 1937, LYNDON JOHNSON, THEN THE Texas state director of the National Youth Administration, was in Houston escorting the Kansas state director on a tour of NYA projects in that city when he suddenly saw, on a park bench, a copy of a newspaper with a banner headline announcing the death of his district's congressman, James P. Buchanan. He knew at once, he was to recall, that "this was my chance."

His chance—quite possibly his only chance for years and years to come. The ladder that he had decided he wanted to climb contained only three rungs: a seat in the House of Representatives, a seat in the Senate, and that last rung, of which he never spoke. The first rung was indispensable; until he was on it, the others would be out of reach. He had to win a House seat. And only one seat was a realistic possibility: that of Buchanan's Tenth Congressional District, of which, living in Austin, he was a resident. That seat

was, suddenly, vacant, but once it had been filled (through a special election called by Governor James V. Allred), it might well remain filled for many years. Once Texas sent a man to Congress, Texas kept him there. Buchanan had himself won the seat in a special election—twenty-four years before. Impressive though that tenure was, it was not at all unusual for a congressman from the Lone Star State. In 1937, the twenty-one-member Texas House delegation had a longer average tenure—fourteen years—than that of any other state. The man who won Buchanan's seat would be in that seat to stay. To the astonishment of the visitor from Kansas, his tour was abruptly canceled; he was unceremoniously bundled into Johnson's big brown Pontiac sedan, which sped the 166 miles back to Austin, roaring across level, far-flung pastures dotted with grazing cattle, and through the town of Brenham, where Buck Buchanan's house was being draped in black.

VOTE FOR
LYNDON JOHNSON
CANDIDATE FOR
CONGRESS
TEXAS DISTRICT
3
"St and Progress"



Lyndon Johnson

WILL SPEAK AT
Lockhart
IN DISTRICT COURT ROOM

TUESDAY
Night at 8:00

MARCH 30

In behalf of his Candidacy
for

Congressman

10th Congressional District
To Succeed Hon. James P. Buchanan Deceased

If, as he drove, Lyndon Johnson thought about his chance—his main chance, perhaps his only chance—that chance must have seemed very slim.

In the immediate flush of sentiment over Buchanan's sudden death, the first candidate thought of as his successor was his wife—shy, unassuming, and retiring though she was. Should Buchanan's wife choose not to run, his logical successor would be his longtime campaign manager and friend, C.N. Avery. Not only had Avery been Buchanan's man in the district, his liaison with constituents, for twenty-four years but, a successful businessman himself (his quarry supplied the stone for the post offices with which Buchanan had dotted the district), he was well connected with district businessmen, as well as politicians, and thus was assured of ample campaign funds. And Avery was universally popular. "He liked to sit back and smoke and talk," recalls one district politician. "He was a good ol' boy." There were, moreover, other logical candidates: the district's state senator; Austin's mayor, Tom Miller, the district's single most powerful political figure; an ambitious thirty-nine-year-old former district attorney who had been busily working barbecues in hope of one day succeeding Buchanan.

Lyndon Johnson's candidacy would not be logical at all. His age—twenty-eight—was a drawback (only two members of the 435-member House were that young), particularly in a farm district, because farmers, conservative, placed a high premium on "experience." And age was only

one drawback. As an aide to Congressman Richard Kleberg, Johnson had spent four years developing an acquaintance with voters, working, with boundless energy and initiative, to obtain them pensions, to save their homes, to provide them with a multitude of federal services. But those voters had been residents not of the Tenth District but of the Fourteenth (in which Kleberg's seat was unassailable, thanks to his family's domination of that district). The voters of the Tenth District—the district that held his fate—did not know what he had done, or what he was capable of doing.

They did not know *him*. He had been raised in Blanco County, but Blanco was not only the most isolated and remote corner of this huge, sprawling district but the smallest of its ten counties; with a population of 3,800, less than 2 percent of the district's 264,000 residents, it was all but ignored in district politics. As for the rest of the district, he had scarcely ever visited it during the five years prior to his NYA appointment, which he had spent in Houston and Washington and Corpus Christi. State officials on Austin's Congress Avenue might smile and greet him; on Main Streets in most of the district's scores of small towns, he would be hard put to find a single familiar face. In contrast to Avery, who was a familiar figure throughout the entire district, or to Mayor Miller, who boasted that he could greet every passerby in Austin by his first name, Lyndon Johnson was not known at all.

Many of the district's political leaders had never heard of

him. Johnson had spent almost four years assiduously cultivating rural leaders and county-courthouse politicians, but they were in the Fourteenth District, not the Tenth. This acquaintance couldn't help him now. Even those Tenth District leaders whom he had met (and who were, having talked with him, impressed with him) had no reason to support him. They had been working with Avery or with other potential candidates for years. They had never worked with Lyndon Johnson.

Johnson's position was somewhat stronger with a few Austin business leaders and lobbyists—the sources of campaign funds—thanks to his policy of cultivating, as Kleberg's aide, “important persons” from outside Kleberg's district; in this respect, at least, those four years of effort had not been entirely wasted. But most of their support would go to their fellow businessman and longtime friend Avery, who had been obtaining lucrative government contracts for them for years, or to other familiar, trusted faces. They would not support Lyndon Johnson. If these pessimistic conclusions needed documentation, moreover, it had been provided that day by the district's leading newspaper, the *Austin American-Statesman*. The paper had listed possible candidates to succeed Buchanan. The list had included not only the favorites but long shots as well. Lyndon Johnson had not even been mentioned.

OF ALL THE MEN INFLUENTIAL IN TENTH DISTRICT politics, Lyndon Johnson was close to only one. Reaching Austin at the end of his 166-mile drive from Houston, he turned not toward his home but onto Congress Avenue, and pulled up in front of the building that housed the offices of Alvin J. Wirtz, a former state senator who was now an immensely influential lawyer and lobbyist. And he asked Wirtz for his support.

Wirtz had become acquainted with Lyndon Johnson on his trips to Washington in 1935, when, as Kleberg's aide, Johnson had guided him through the bureaucratic maze and secured him entrée to key federal officials. Johnson had employed on Wirtz the qualities that had made older, powerful men paternally fond of him, the qualities that made some peers call him a “professional son.” And Wirtz had responded. Wirtz's secretary, Mary Rather, had been astonished at her boss's behavior when, one day in 1935, a lanky young man—“just as tall as he could be, and just as thin as he could be”—whom she had never seen before “came dashing in” to Wirtz's office; her boss, usually so calm and deliberate and carefully unemotional, “rushed out and grabbed him and hugged him.” During Johnson's nineteen months as NYA director, the acquaintance had ripened. When Johnson entered Wirtz's reception room,

Wirtz would say, “Here comes m'boy, Lyndon.” Wirtz liked to tell Miss Rather how quickly Johnson had caught on to a complicated problem: “I just can't get over the young man grasping these things so quickly,” he would say. His attitude toward Johnson, Miss Rather says, was striking. “He was ambitious for him. And he thought he had the ability. And he loved him. Senator Wirtz had a wife, and daughter—he was fond of them . . . but . . . he would have loved to have had a son. And he loved him [Lyndon] like a son.” (Wirtz was to inscribe a picture of himself: “To Lyndon Johnson, whom I admire and love with the same affection as if he were in fact my own son.”)

Nonetheless, had it not been for the Marshall Ford Dam, Alvin Wirtz's paternal affection for Lyndon Johnson might have found forms of expression other than support for Johnson's congressional candidacy. To a businessman-politician like Wirtz, his congressman's friendship was all-important; he would not ordinarily risk antagonizing the probable winner of the congressional race by backing an opponent; he would want to be with the winner, not with a long-shot candidate.

Now, however, the dam was all-important. The \$27 million project, centerpiece of the Lower Colorado River Authority, the body Wirtz had been painstakingly putting together for years, embodied his dreams both for power and for personal wealth, as well as the dreams of the Wirtz client who was building the dam—Herman Brown, of the Brown & Root contracting firm. The dam's construction had seemed assured by the enthusiastic backing of the project by Buchanan, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. Now, with Buchanan gone, the situation had changed. The dam lay at the point of death; the congressional session would adjourn within a few weeks after Buchanan's successor was elected. If the necessary legislation was not rushed through before adjournment, the dam would be effectively dead—and so would Wirtz's dream. It could not be rushed through by Buchanan's shy, politically unsophisticated widow. And, Wirtz felt, it was unlikely to be revived by Buchanan's campaign manager. Friendly C.N. Avery may have been, forceful he was not. In Wirtz's opinion, he was rather weak and lazy. Moreover, popular and well-known though he was in the district, during Wirtz's trips to Washington, Wirtz had observed that congressmen and bureaucrats, effusive in their greetings when they passed the powerful Buchanan in the halls of the Capitol, tendered only perfunctory courtesies to his aide. Welly Hopkins, a former state senator who was familiar with Wirtz's thinking on the subject, says, “He [Avery] didn't have the drive. And he didn't know his way to first base in Washington.”

Such drawbacks would not normally be decisive considerations in the selection of a Texas congressman. He could be expected to remain in Congress long enough to learn his way around all the bases, and to acquire enough seniority to offset lack of drive; he would eventually be a committee chairman himself, a power like Buchanan. Had it not been

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for the Marshall Ford Dam, Wirtz's support might well have gone to Avery. It would probably not have gone to Lyndon Johnson.

Because of the dam, however, the normal course of events would not help Alvin Wirtz or his client Herman Brown. What the dam needed in Washington was a champion already knowledgeable enough and possessed of sufficient entrée to find, swiftly, bypasses of the bureaucracy; a champion able, for example, to cut through the endless red tape at the Department of the Interior by obtaining the personal interest of Interior Secretary Harold Ickes—or, perhaps, of the congressman of whom Ickes was particularly fond, Maury Maverick. What the dam needed in Washington was a champion with entrée to congressmen powerful enough to roll over those bureaucratic obstacles that could not be bypassed—congressmen such as Sam Rayburn, for example. What the dam needed in Washington was a champion with entrée to the chairman of the committee with jurisdiction over the dam, Rivers and Harbors' Joseph Jefferson Mansfield—or, if not to Mansfield himself, then to the man whose advice Mansfield followed slavishly: the lobbyist Roy Miller. And because of his trips to Washington in 1935, Alvin Wirtz knew that Lyndon Johnson had entrée to these very men. The young man sitting across his desk from him now was the champion he needed. When Johnson asked for his support, he agreed at once.



HE ALSO PROVIDED JOHNSON WITH A STRATEGY. IT could be summed up in three words: Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Roosevelt's Supreme Court-packing plan—announced just two weeks before—had promptly been denounced by a Texas Senate subservient to the state's reactionary monied interests, but when, on February 20, Harold Ickes, addressing the legislature during a trip to Texas, had defended the President's proposal, the audience in the packed galleries had leaped to its feet, wildly cheering, providing a broad hint that the state's people did not agree with their representatives. Nowhere in the state was support for the President more firm than in the Tenth District, whose Hill Country counties had been a stronghold in decades past of the populist People's Party. (An *Austin American* poll of the district would shortly reveal a majority of ten to one in support of the President's plan.) Johnson should support Roosevelt's proposal, Wirtz said—should, in fact, make support of the Supreme Court plan

the main plank in his platform. He should support all Roosevelt's programs. His campaign should be based on all-out, "one hundred percent" support for the President, for all the programs the President had instituted in the past—and for any program the President might decide to initiate in the future.

Behind that strategy lay only pragmatism. Wirtz was not in favor of the Supreme Court plan. He had been telling intimates that he was a "constitutional lawyer," and therefore opposed to it. In private, his phrases describing the proposal were pungent. His views—not only on Court-packing but on the New Deal as a whole—were the views of the reactionary, Roosevelt-hating businessmen of whom he was both legal representative and confidant. Pragmatically, however, the strategy was Johnson's best chance to win. It would offset his greatest weakness—the fact that he was unknown to the voters—by giving him an instant, popular identification: "Roosevelt's man." It would give him an instant leg up on several potential candidates who were anti-Roosevelt. It might obtain for him the support of two passionate New Dealers, Governor Allred and the *American-Statesman's* publisher, Charles Marsh.

Most of the candidates would be pro-Roosevelt, Wirtz said. Therefore, Johnson would have to be more pro-Roosevelt than they. If he was, he would obtain the support of district voters eager to show their support for the President. L.E. Jones, then clerking for Wirtz's firm, was taking dictation from Wirtz when Johnson walked in. He remained during the conversation, and says he recalls it vividly. Wirtz repeated his views at Johnson's home that evening, before other witnesses, and their recollections of his views tally with Jones's. All of them recall Wirtz's saying that Johnson's only chance to win was "to get an issue," and that the issue should be the Court-packing plan. "The discussion," Jones says, "was that the Court-packing plan might be a pretty lousy thing, but the hell with it, that's the way to win. Wirtz said, 'Now, Lyndon, of course it's a bunch of bullshit, this plan, but if you'll flow with it, Roosevelt's friends will support you.'"

Jones, of course, was aware that Johnson himself was less than enthusiastic about the New Deal. He never heard Johnson express a private opinion on the Supreme Court proposal, but, he says, "It didn't make a rat's ass [of difference] to him one way or the other."

The strategy was accepted in the same spirit in which it was offered.

WIRTZ'S SUPPORT CARRIED WITH IT CASH. AS ATTORNEY for Magnolia and Humble, he could tap their lobbying funds; although Johnson would not, of course, announce his candidacy until after Buchanan's funeral, that very day Wirtz picked up the telephone, called the headquarters of the two oil giants, and obtained the first contributions for the Johnson campaign fund. Then Lady Bird obtained \$10,000 from her father.

With his campaign made viable, Johnson was able to bring to it the resource he had created with such care: the organization already in place and at work at the NYA. For years, he had been caching men in federal jobs, sowing his dragon seeds; now he called them, and they came. Jesse Kellam, the loyal Johnson subordinate who had been appointed acting director when Johnson resigned to run, let the top NYA staffers know they could campaign for Johnson; to a man they flocked to his banner.

Willard Deason, his first follower, who had begun following him in college, was in San Antonio when he heard the news of Buchanan's death. "I didn't have to ask anyone what was going to happen," he was to recall. "Within a few hours after his death, Lyndon called me. . . . He didn't mention running. He didn't mention the death. He just said, 'You know what's happened?' I said yes, and he said, 'You'd better come on over here' . . . So I got into my car and drove to Austin."

The car was Deason's most precious possession: a gleaming, spotless new Chevrolet, which he kept polished to a high gloss. He was proud, moreover, not only of the car but of the fact that he didn't owe any money on it; he had saved for more than two years so that he could buy it free and clear. When he heard that Johnson was running, he realized the campaign would need a car, one with a loudspeaker attached to its roof; he donated the car to the campaign. Before Deason donated the car, he drove it down to his home town of Stockdale, where they knew him at the bank, and borrowed \$500 on it—and when he gave Lyndon Johnson his car, he gave him the \$500, too. He gave him another \$500 as well—all that he had in his savings account.

Some drove from farther away than San Antonio. Gene Latimer, who had been one of Johnson's assistants in Kleberg's office, was at his desk in the Federal Housing Administration in Washington when he heard that "the Chief" might run. "I called him long distance to ask if he could use any help, and he told me he wished I was there." Two days later, he was. He had hung up the telephone, got up from his desk, walked into his supervisor's office, arranged for a leave (the supervisor, he explains, "was an admirer of Mr. Johnson's"), run out to his car, and left on the 1,600-mile trip to Austin—and, except to fill the car with gas, he had not stopped driving until he got there.

Like the Chief, his men were unfamiliar with the district. Unlike Avery's organization, or Mayor Miller's, they had no contacts, no friends. But they had the enthusiasm of the young—and faith in their leader. In part, this faith was based on experience. "No matter what anyone said, we felt he had a chance, because we knew he would work harder than anyone else," Latimer says. In part, it was blind confidence. Deason says he never had "a doubt in the world" that Johnson would win any contest he entered. "We just assumed if he went into it, he would win."

A STRATEGY; MONEY; AN ORGANIZATION—THESE would give this unknown candidate a slim chance of victory against every opponent but one. Against that one opponent, nothing could give him a chance. Nothing could offset the sentimental appeal of a vote for Old Buck's widow. If Mrs. Buchanan decided to run, Wirtz told Johnson frankly—and Johnson knew Wirtz was right—she would win.

And it began to appear that she was going to run. Buchanan's funeral was held on Friday, February 26. On Saturday, the district's most prominent politicians returned to the black-draped house in Brenham to pledge the sixty-two-year-old Mrs. Buchanan their unanimous support for her late husband's seat. Among them was Avery, who not only said he would not run if she did but also volunteered to serve as her campaign manager, as he had served as her husband's. Avery's sentiments were echoed by the other leading candidates, all of whom, the *Austin American* reported, would "stay out of the race" if she entered it. In this article, Johnson's name was included in the list of potential candidates; his candidacy, too, was "subject to Mrs. Buchanan's remaining out."

All day Saturday, Johnson waited anxiously in his Happy Hollow Lane apartment as speculation mounted that the widow would run, and then, late Saturday night, one of Johnson's friends, who had been waiting at the *American's* printing plant, ran into the apartment with an early copy of the Sunday paper, which contained an article that seemed to confirm the speculation. Although the article said only that Avery had emerged from a meeting with Mrs. Buchanan's son to promise that an announcement on her candidacy would be made shortly, farther down in the story—near the very end—was a paragraph that indicated what the announcement was going to be: "Family associates of Mrs. Buchanan said that Mrs. Buchanan has kept closely familiar with all legislative matters affecting the district. . . . They said she is thoroughly conversant with the district's interests in Congress, to carry through the unfinished portions of Cong. Buchanan's program."

Lyndon Johnson's friends would remember his face when he read that paragraph. "You could see the color just drain out of it," says one. "He went white as a sheet." Going into his bedroom with Wirtz, he conferred with him behind a closed door, but with this problem even Wirtz couldn't help him.

So Lyndon Johnson went to see a man who could—the man who was the smartest politician he had ever known. That night, central Texas was hit by a sudden freeze; when Johnson awoke early Sunday morning, the temperature had dropped to twenty-nine degrees in Austin, and was much lower in the Hill Country; roads were sheeted in ice. But he climbed into his car and drove the fifty-five miles to Johnson City, pulled up in front of the little white house with the "gingerbread" scrollwork and the wisteria, went into the shabby front parlor, and asked his father's advice.

Sam Johnson didn't even have to think before giving it. Lyndon's brother says—and the recollection is confirmed by other family members—"Lyndon started saying he was thinking of waiting to see what she [Mrs. Buchanan] does, and Daddy says, 'Goddammit, Lyndon, you never learn anything about politics.' Lyndon says, 'What do you mean?' And Daddy says, 'She's an old woman. She's too old for a fight. If she knows she's going to have a fight, she won't run. Announce now—before she announces. If you do, she won't run.'"

Mrs. Buchanan had not yet made her announcement. After driving back to Austin on Sunday afternoon, Johnson quickly called in reporters and told them that he was in the race to stay—whether or not Mrs. Buchanan entered it. When Johnson's decision appeared in newspapers, Mrs. Buchanan's son telephoned reporters. "Mother has just reached the decision not to run," he said.



AFTER JOHNSON HAD LEFT TO RETURN TO AUSTIN, Sam Johnson walked over to the home of Reverdy Gliddon, publisher of the *Johnson City Record-Courier*. Gliddon was eating Sunday dinner with his family when Sam came to the door and shouted in, "Gliddon, I want to talk to you." After the Gliddons had invited him in, he said, as Stella Gliddon recalls: "Gliddon, do you know what this silly boy of mine wants to do? He wants to run for Congress against ten seasoned politicians." He said, "Lyndon just thinks he can conquer the clouds—how can a boy run against ten men?" For some time Sam went on, listing all the arguments against Lyndon's running—until Gliddon was moved to come to Lyndon's defense, and point out that his youthfulness was offset by his Washington experience. Steering the conversation, Sam made the Gliddons work out for themselves the reasons why his son should be supported, let them thereby convince themselves more firmly than he could have convinced them. Evidence of the success of his strategy was the headline over Gliddon's editorial in the *Record-Courier*'s next issue: JOHNSON FOR CONGRESS.

We do not wish to praise Mr. Johnson merely because he is a native-born citizen of Blanco County. For the past eight or ten years, the home folks have seen but little of Mr. Johnson, [because] during his absence from this city he has been a very busy man [as a congressional aide and NYA administrator]—what an admirable background for a young man. . . . he has "made good" in all of his undertakings. . . . he enters his political career with "clean

hands." No one ever heard of Lyndon Johnson doing anything that was not honorable and straight forward.

Sam also introduced his son before his first campaign speech, which was delivered from the front porch of the Johnson home. Despite unpleasant memories of the "native-born citizen's" boyhood personality, Blanco was predisposed to support him. In the rural counties of Texas—counties in which frontier privations and dangers were so fresh a memory and neighborliness therefore so prized a virtue—it was rare indeed for a county *not* to support its "home man" in a congressional race. Reinforcing this predisposition in Blanco County was the unusual depth of the county's poverty and isolation. Because its residents not only were poor but *felt* poor—felt poor and utterly isolated from the rest of the world—the success of a Blanco boy in that world was unusually important to them; it gave them a reason for self-respect. Johnson was at the time the only local boy who they felt had made good in the outside world, the only proof that someone from "our isolated corner," "away up here on the Pedernales River," *could* make good in that world. The crowd standing in front of the Johnson home that day was more than willing to support the young man who had grown up there.

Sam turned this predisposition into something more. There was little trace of the old Sam Johnson in the man who stood before them now. The last traces of the "Johnson strut" had vanished as heart attack followed heart attack; the eyes that had once been so piercing were dim now, and sad, and had been sad for many years; he was stooped and gray-faced. So many years had passed since he had been "cut off" by Johnson City merchants that his debts had long since ceased to be news; no one any longer resented a man, old and ill before his time, so obviously to be pitied. As he stood before them, asking them to vote for his son, some of his listeners may even have recalled debts not owed but owing—for pensions the old man had once arranged for them, for loans he had given them, for the highway he had gotten built. And listening to him speak—this man who once had been so great a speaker—they may have recalled also the ideals for which the Hon. S. E. Johnson had stood, for he talked about President Roosevelt and Sam Rayburn, and about how, with men like them in Washington, the farmer at last had allies to fight for the causes in which farmers had so long believed, and about how his boy would help them fight, for his boy believed in the same causes.

He hit the right note in the Hill Country, which had been the birthplace (in 1877) of the Farmers Alliance, the precursor of the People's Party—the Populists. The causes for which Roosevelt was fighting were causes for which the Hill Country had been fighting for decades.

Sam Johnson had not made a speech for many years, but he had never made a better speech than the one he made now for his son. Describing it, Lyndon Johnson was to say that while making it, "My father became a young man

again. He looked out into all those faces that he knew so well and then he looked at me and I saw tears in his eyes as he told the crowd how terribly proud he was of me and how much hope he had for his country if only his son could be up there in the nation's capital with Roosevelt and Rayburn and all those good Democrats. There was something in his voice and in his face that day that completely captured the emotions of the crowd. When he finally sat down, they began applauding and they kept applauding for almost ten minutes. I looked over at my mother and saw that she, too, was clapping and smiling. It was a proud moment for the Johnson family."

And if it was Sam Johnson the great speechmaker who stirred his county into support for his son, it was Sam Johnson the master politician who mobilized that support. Lyndon Johnson's first major campaign rally would be Friday, March 5, in San Marcos, in Old Main Hall, at his alma mater, Southwest Texas State Teachers' College. Sam Johnson organized a "Blanco County Caravan" to go to the rally.

Early that Friday afternoon, Model A's and Model T's and an occasional Hudson or Packard began to pull into the square in front of the courthouse in Johnson City. So many came that the square was filled, and cars began to line the dusty streets of the little town. Most were crammed with people—whole farm families, or two families riding together—who, as they waited, got out and chatted with friends.

Sam had recruited young boys to put big posters bearing Lyndon's picture on each car, in the window or tied to the radiator grille in front. As evening drew on, Sam got into his battered Model A and helped his wife, Rebekah, in beside him, and led the caravan out, down Route 66 for sixteen miles before turning onto a bumpy, unpaved road that ran fourteen miles through the hills to San Marcos. And that evening, as San Marcos students and townspeople began to troop toward Old Main, they heard a honking of horns from the hills above the town, and the face of Lyndon Johnson came down out of the Hill Country on a long, long line of rattling old cars.

THAT RALLY WAS, HOWEVER, THE LONE BRIGHT SPOT in Johnson's candidacy for some time to come.

Seven other candidates had entered the campaign, and Governor Allred had set the election for April 10. (He ruled that it would not be a party primary, in which a two-man runoff would be held if no candidate received a majority, but rather a special election, in which the high man would be congressman with or without a majority.) Two of the candidates were, like Johnson, not taken seriously. But the others included a handsome young Austin attorney, Polk Shelton, an idealistic conservative (he, like Wirtz, identified himself as a "constitutional lawyer"), who had decided to run because he wanted to go to Washington and fight the Supreme Court-packing plan, but who was also a

former star athlete at San Marcos, well known and popular throughout the district. And they included four seasoned politicians—not only longtime Williamson County Judge Sam Stone, who could expect the solid support of his county, with its 45,000 residents, but three politicians who each had a broader base: the district's state senator, Houghton Brownlee; Merton Harris, the aggressive thirty-nine-year-old former district attorney who was now an assistant state attorney general, who had been working the district for years in preparation for the chance that had now presented itself; and, of course, C.N. Avery. Avery was already the heavy favorite because of his district-wide connections, and during the campaign's first week Mayor Miller, who had decided not to run, announced that he and his Austin machine would support Avery. "When Miller came out for Avery," recalls a Johnson supporter, Dan Quill, "why, we thought the race was over. Austin . . . was the largest city in the district. And Miller—he sure was a power . . . it hardly seemed worthwhile to go on." Political observers were all but unanimous in conceding the election to Avery. And those few who thought he might be challenged thought the challenge would come from Stone or Brownlee or Harris. The candidacy of Lyndon Johnson, "home man" of the district's smallest county, all but unknown in the others, was not taken seriously.

Johnson's limited residence in the district was, moreover, proving to be a major handicap in an area in which the word "carpetbagger" had a distasteful ring. His hometown paper's line—"For the past eight or ten years, the home folks have seen but little of Mr. Johnson"—was quoted out of context by opponents who also noted that, as Avery put it, "He has never voted in the district." And his age was turning out to be even more of a handicap than had been expected. He had attempted to minimize this handicap by confusing reporters and voters about it. The press release announcing his candidacy said, "He will soon be thirty years old." Subsequently, the line adopted was that he was "almost thirty." In the many articles in which a specific age was mentioned, it was twenty-nine; not once during the entire campaign, so far as the author can determine, did his actual age—twenty-eight—appear in print. But whatever they believed his age to be, his opponents emphasized it. "This Johnson is a young, young man," Stone's campaign manager told a Georgetown audience. "Don't let him take off the baby robe and put on the toga." If Johnson had any illusions about the effectiveness of this line of attack, they were dispelled the first time he shared a platform with Avery, at a meeting of the Austin Trades Council. "Now I believe," Avery said, "that every boy by the time he reaches the age of seven develops a burning desire to be a policeman, a fireman. . . . But before we entrust them with such tasks we demand that they gain a considerable amount of experience. We just can't picture a youngster with a popgun chasing bandits." And, as Johnson sat listening on stage, this sally evoked not merely smiles but a roar of laughter.



JOHNSON WITH A GROUP OF SUPPORTERS

BUT JOHNSON HAD MEN—AND HE KNEW HOW TO USE men. Divided into teams, they were assigned to towns, and told whom to see in each town and what to say. “We’d go into a little town,” Ernest Morgan recalls. “We’d have lists of people to see, and we’d nail up posters. He wanted posters with his picture on them up *everywhere*. And the first thing we’d do was to go to the local newspaper. He would tell us: ‘That’s the first thing you do—get my picture in the paper. I want it so you can’t wipe your ass on a piece of paper that hasn’t got my picture on it.’” Governor Allred did not announce the special election until March 5. But Johnson had announced that he was running in the election on February 28. And the very next morning, cars crowded with Johnson’s young men were fanning out across the district, racing across the district.

And Johnson had a strategy—and he knew how to use a strategy. The young men were told to concentrate on a single simple point. “When we asked what we should tell people,” one recalls, “they told us that the campaign would have many slogans, but that there was only one slogan that mattered: ‘Roosevelt. Roosevelt. Roosevelt. One hun-

dred percent for Roosevelt.’” That slogan was the entire content of the posters that, on the day following Johnson’s announcement, blossomed on trees and fenceposts throughout the district: A VOTE FOR JOHNSON IS A VOTE FOR ROOSEVELT’S PROGRAM. It was the sole theme of the calling cards, printed the same day, that were distributed by the tens of thousands. A vote for Johnson, the cards said, was a vote “*For Roosevelt and Progress*.” It was the message emphasized in the letters that began pouring out of his campaign headquarters. “Dear Mr. Carson: Mr. O.E. Crain has suggested that I send you some literature about my campaign for Congress. I stand wholeheartedly with the President on his program, and I invite the people who favor the Roosevelt program to support me. Yours Sincerely, Lyndon Johnson.”

In his initial announcement, Johnson not only stated the theme but gave it a particular emphasis, one especially appealing to voters grateful to the President for the help he had given them. “The paramount issue of this campaign . . . is whether the President shall be sustained in his program for readjustment of the judicial system,” he

said. "The voters of the Tenth Congressional District, due to the untimely death of Congressman Buchanan, are the first to have a chance to speak on this vital issue and to have an opportunity to speak . . . with such unanimous voice that there will be no doubt throughout the country as to how our people stand on this question." The way to speak, he said, was to vote for him. "I have always been a supporter of President Roosevelt and I am wholeheartedly in favor of his present plan."

This emphasis placed two of his opponents at an immediate disadvantage. Polk Shelton was not a man to compromise his principles. "Roosevelt was Jesus Christ in this area," says his brother and campaign manager, Emmett, "but Polk was Polk—nobody could make him say something he didn't believe in." To a reporter's question about his feelings on the Supreme Court fight, the young attorney replied (in a statement taken as a sneer at Wirtz's about-face), "I am opposed to the court reorganization. I was against it before this election, and I'm no hypocrite." Senator Brownlee tried to compromise, but couldn't—since his vote for the legislative resolution condemning the Court plan was a matter of record.

As Wirtz and Johnson had hoped, moreover, the strategy tied in with the editorial stand of the *American-Statesman* that "the best interest of the community [is] in support of the Roosevelt judicial reforms." As for Governor Allred, he was personally fond of Johnson. Nonetheless, the Governor had originally decided to remain neutral in the congressional race—in part because he believed that Johnson had no chance to win, and he didn't want to antagonize the next congressman. But Allred was a true liberal and, tough politician though he was, he idolized the President. Publicly he reiterated his neutrality, but privately he put at Johnson's disposal two of his key associates: his own campaign manager, the veteran Texas political string-puller Claud Wild, Sr., and Edward A. Clark, the young secretary of state, who was already winning a reputation as one of Texas's shrewdest politicians (and who had, watching Johnson's work, already decided to "buy a ticket on him" when he ran for office). Allred could not resist one semi-public gesture. As Johnson was leaving his office after a visit, the Governor impulsively snatched his big white Stetson off a hat rack, and gave it to the young man—who wore it, and let it be known whose it was, at every rally.

And Johnson had money—and if, campaigning over unfamiliar terrain, he didn't know how to make the most of it, Alvin Wirtz knew. Was Johnson unknown to the district's voters? Money could make him known, fast. The printing of posters and calling cards for the average candidate has to wait on the raising of cash to pay the printer; thanks to the instant cash provided by Wirtz and the \$10,000 loan from Johnson's father-in-law, Johnson's printings were ready the day the campaign began. The only source of political news for most voters was the twenty-five small weekly newspapers struggling to survive in sparsely popu-

lated areas whose residents were so impoverished that many of them paid their dollar and a half for a yearly subscription with a chicken or a cord of wood. Few of their publishers were professional journalists, as prevailing practices revealed. Short both of cash and of news to fill their pages, some of them were willing to print verbatim not only a candidate's advertisements but "articles" prepared by the candidate's staff—if the articles were accompanied by money. The individual amounts involved were small, but they had to be multiplied by perhaps twenty newspapers (some publishers refused to go along with this practice), and the money had to be paid each week. Johnson had the money to pay it. The envelopes with the announcement of his candidacy—an announcement written in the form of a news story—arrived at newspaper offices containing both his picture and, although no advertising was being bought, a check for ten dollars. A covering note from a Johnson aide read: "I am enclosing a check for ten dollars which we want you to credit to our account. We shall want to use some advertising space later in the campaign. Here also is Mr. Johnson's statement announcing for Congress. We hope that you will be able to use this statement this week." Many papers used the statement—in the form in which Johnson wanted it used—and a few days later the aide sent a follow-up note: "We appreciate your kind and generous editorial treatment. You will hear from us from time to time."

The times came fast—and with them promises that they would continue; Johnson himself wrote to one editor, "Here are a . . . ad for your paper this week, a check for ten dollars for credit against our account, and a news item about one of [my] speeches. I hope you will be able to handle all three. We are planning to have an ad in your paper each week during the campaign, and would like for you to keep us advised how we stand on your books." Some of the checks grew substantially larger—and publishers were not discouraged from asking for more checks; a typical Lee line was, "If this is not sufficient to cover the amount due, please render us a bill immediately." This approach paid off for the Johnson campaign. A campaign worker, Willie Riggs, reported, "I called on the *Marble Falls Messenger* and found that we owe them another \$5 . . . he said that he would not add 'paid advertisement' at the end [of a news item written by Johnson's staff] because it would carry more weight this way." Not only did the amount of Johnson's paid advertising dwarf that of his opponents, so did the amount of "news coverage"—in the form of articles favorable to him written by his aides—that he received.

Was Johnson unknown to the district's political leaders? Money could help solve that problem, too. First, it bought him Claud Wild. The leaders knew this canny old pol, liked him, had worked with him for years. Wild's first reaction to the Governor's suggestion that he manage Lyndon Johnson's campaign was: "Who the hell is Lyndon Johnson?" After sounding out the leaders he was convinced that Johnson had absolutely no chance to win, and that

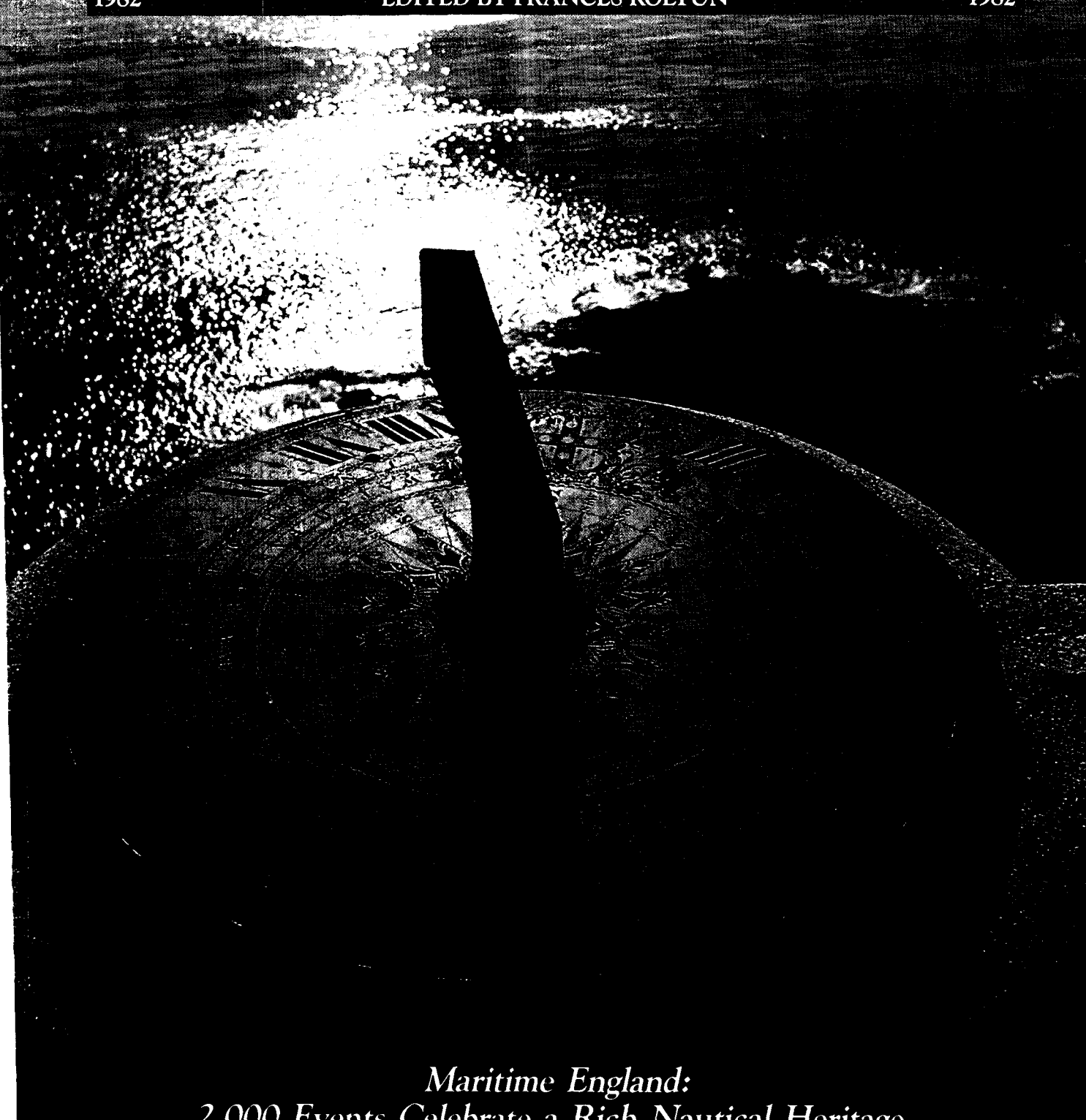
continued on page 75

THE Atlantic INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

1982

EDITED BY FRANCES KOLTUN

1982



*Maritime England:
2,000 Events Celebrate a Rich Nautical Heritage*



Fly KLM to Holland for the best blooming values in Europe this year.

Floriade 1982. Greatest Flower Show on Earth.

Holland always blooms with values. But this year, Holland outdoes herself. From April 8 to October 10, there's Floriade, a once-in-a-decade garden wonderland of tulips, roses, hyacinths, orchids, every imaginable exotic flower abloom on 135 acres, only 18 minutes from the center of Amsterdam.

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Holland is the only country with this unique card. For only \$5, it entitles you to walk into many museums, get as much as 50% off first class train travel, and reserve hard-to-get

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Fly from New York, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, or Atlanta and take advantage of KLM's special low fares. You can also strike another bargain with KLM—a Happy Holland Bargain. And get your first night's stay in Amsterdam or The Hague—plus a hearty Dutch breakfast and more—for only \$22.00 to \$52.00 per person.

This year, more than any other, Holland has everything you go to Europe for.

For more information, call KLM or your travel agent or clip this coupon.



1982 The Netherlands-America Bicentennial, a celebration of 200 years of friendship.



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Please send your kit on Holland, The Best Blooming Value in Europe This Year, including information on Floriade, the Holland Culture Card™ and KLM tours and special low fares.

Name _____

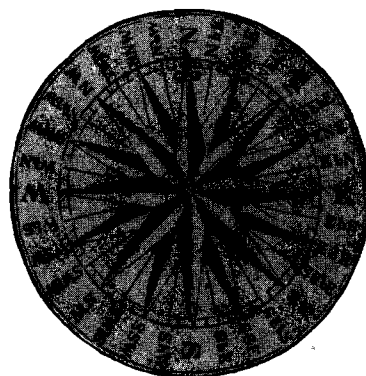
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KLM/HOLLAND
Royal Dutch Airlines ATL

THE Atlantic INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

1982



Celebration: A Universal Word

In every nation of the world, man celebrates. Sometimes he rejoices in an ancient holiday, tied to the changes in the sun, the moon, and the seasons. Some festivals can trace their lineage directly back to medieval or even biblical times; others are newly minted events, carefully planned to draw together a galaxy of contemporary talent. Some celebrations are rooted in the calendar and recur every year; others are unique to 1982 and can be enjoyed only in the coming months.

The world's celebrations are as varied and wonderful as its people. In Muslim countries, believers look forward to Eid-al-Fitr which marks the end of the long fast of Ramadan. In Korea, a festival honoring children is a national holiday. In Scandinavia, the longest day of the year is a cause for midsummer festivities and bonfires that light up the countryside.

Whatever their expression, celebrations and special events have become important to knowing

travelers. We are no longer content to move about the world as passive sightseers. Our urge is to participate, to enjoy, to understand, and we plan our trips to include events that interest us.

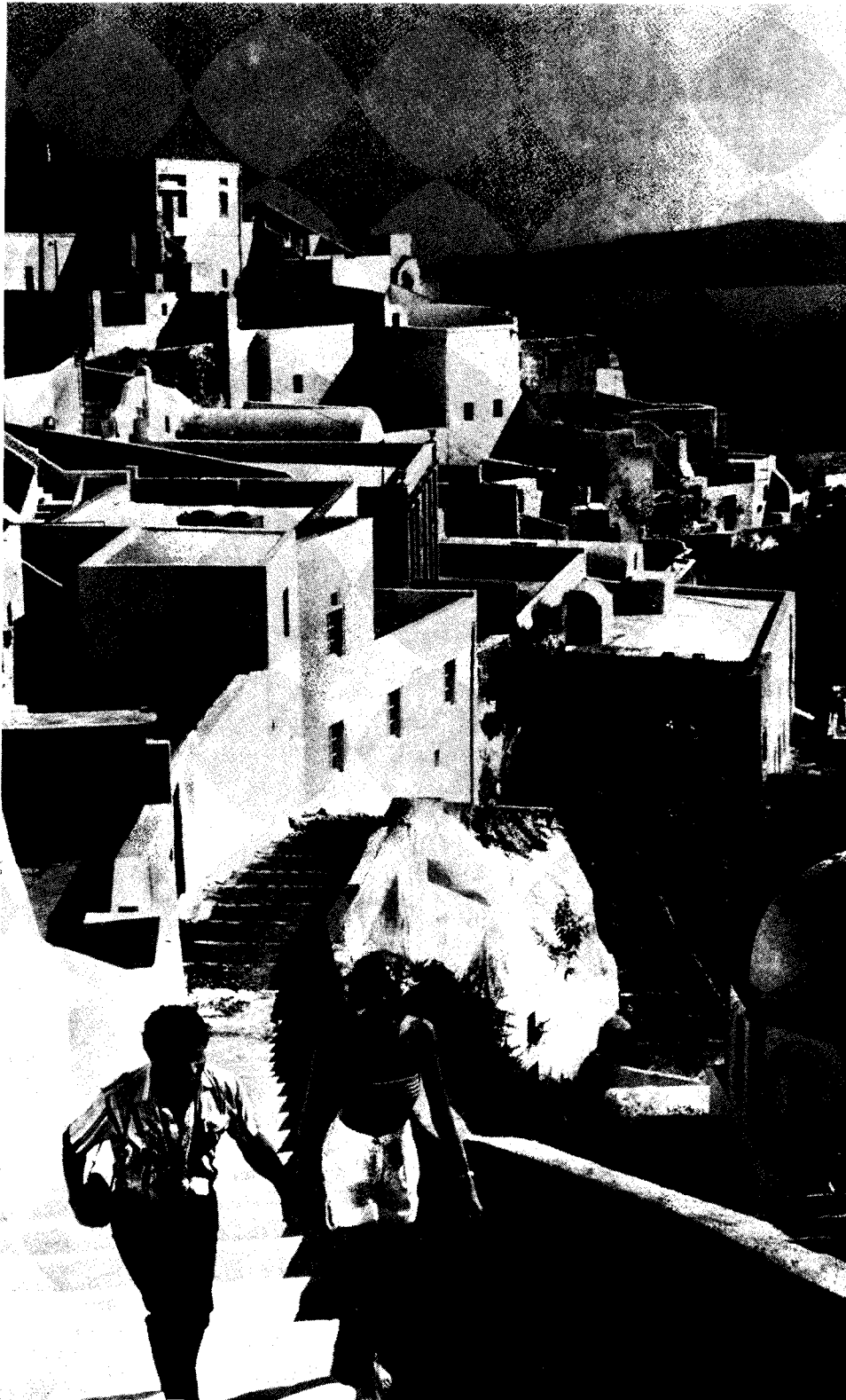
This year's International Travel Planner is richer with holidays, festivals, and celebrations than ever. We hope that you will use it often. Our aim has been to create a traveler's world-wide calendar of events.

To help you further, we have included reader service cards at pages 9 and 25. Just fill them in and send them along to us. They will bring you, free of charge, marvelous, detailed information about the countries, events, and services mentioned in these pages.

The essence of a country can often be found in its celebrations. We hope that *The Atlantic International Travel Planner* will lead you to those celebrations that will add greater pleasure and meaning to your travels.

James Kolten
EDITOR

"We never thought we could afford Greece."



The cost of most European vacations has gone sky high.

On the other hand, what's gone sky high in Greece is the value of the U.S. dollar.

It's now worth 35% more than it was just two years ago.

Which means you and your money go a whole lot farther.

Hotel for 2: \$24 a Night

Lunch for 2: \$6

Cruise to 3 Isles: \$24

Wool Sweater: \$20

Tour packages are a heftier bargain than any time in recent history.

And special low-cost airfares are also available this year.

Of course, the classic way to see the Greek Isles is still on a luxurious cruise ship.

You can sail from beautiful Athens on an itinerary that reads like a who's who of the world's most desirable ports of call: Santorini, Crete, Rhodes, Mykonos and Delos.

Seven-day cruises also call at other eastern Mediterranean ports.

Ask your travel agent today about a classic vacation in Greece.

It's still one of the least expensive vacations in Europe.

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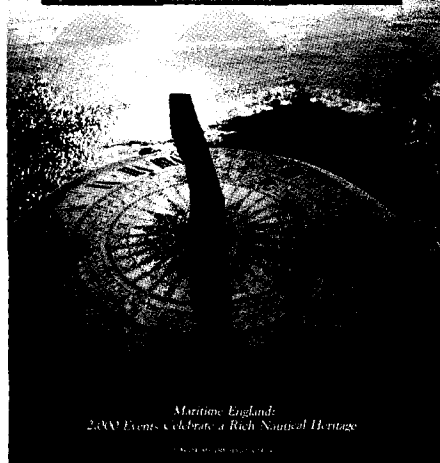
Please send details on vacations in Greece.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER



Maritime England:
2,000 Years Celebrate a Rich Nautical Heritage

Cornwall, the southwest tip of Britain, is ringed by spectacular coastline, wide beaches, and a sprinkling of islands. From the heights of St. Michael's Mount, across an old sundial, there is a stunning view of the sea. Photograph by James Lester/Photo Researchers

Editor: Frances Koltun
Art Director: Walter Bernard
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Reader service cards on pages 9 and 25.

We are thankful for the assistance given to us by the many government tourist offices, a number of consulates, the European Travel Commission, the Pacific Area Travel Association, and the Caribbean Tourism Association in the preparation of this edition of *The Atlantic International Travel Planner*.

Since much of our information must be gathered in advance, we urge you to verify dates, events, and places. Where events do not specify a city, they are generally celebrated nationwide.

The Atlantic, 420 Lexington Avenue,
New York, New York 10017 212-687-2424

EUROPE

From now through the end of '82, Europe will be alive with special events—celebrations and sports competitions, fairs and festivals. There will be dazzling music in unexpected places, exciting world cup sports finals, and events that come along only once in a long while. In Europe '82, there will seldom be a time or place where something wonderful isn't within a traveler's reach.

ANDORRA

- July 18–19: Canillo. FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. Performers wear area costumes.
- July 25–27: Les Escaldes Village. FOLKLORIC CELEBRATION. Country fair with singing, dancing, and regional foods.
- August 7–9: Andorra La Vella. SONG AND DANCE COMPETITION.
- August 15–17: La Massana. ENCAMPMENT.

AUSTRIA



HIGHLIGHT '82

This is *Haydn Year*, the 250th anniversary of Joseph Haydn's birth. To celebrate the occasion, Austria's major music festivals, such as those held in Salzburg and Vienna, will feature both familiar and rarely played Haydn music; and at Eisenstadt in Burgenland, there will be an International Haydn Festival from May to July, and a special Haydn Exhibition from May to October.

- April–October: Salzburg. MARIONETTE THEATER.
- April 1–June 30, September 1–December 31: Vienna, Graz. OPERA SEASON.
- April 3–12: Salzburg. EASTER FESTIVAL. Wagner's "Parsifal," Haydn's oratorio "The Creation."
- May–October: Salzburg. PALACE CONCERTS.
- May 8–June 13: Vienna. VIENNA FESTIVAL. Citywide concerts. Majority are free.
- May 23–October 3: Thiersee. THE THIERSEE PASSION PLAY. Depicts Passion of Christ as well as other major biblical events. Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Held every six years.
- May 29–31: Krems. AUSTRIAN WINE FAIR.
- June 10: Traunkirchen, Hallstatt, Upper Austria. CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. Boat processions on lakes.
- June 18–28: Hohenems, Vorarlberg. SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Concerts and recitals.
- June 28–August 29: Ossiach, Villach. CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Opera and concerts.
- June 29–September 20: Vienna. MUSICAL SUMMER PROGRAM. Concerts.
- July 3–15: Vienna. WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND PERFORMING ARTS.
- July 11–September 4: Bad Ischl, Upper Austria. OPERETTA WEEKS.
- Mid-July–mid-August: Innsbruck. TYROLEAN SUMMER FESTIVAL.
- July 21–August 22: Bregenz. BREGENZ FESTIVAL. Ballet, drama, music.
- July 25–August 30: Salzburg. SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Drama, ballet, music, opera with world-famous performers and conductors.
- September 5–October 3: Linz, Upper Austria. BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. Music.

- September 11–19: Vienna. INTERNATIONAL FALL TRADE FAIR.
- October 17–end of November: Graz. STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.
- November 3–15: Vienna. "VIENNALE." Film festival.
- November 19–28: Vienna. ANTIQUES FAIR.
- Early December–December 24: Vienna. CHRISTMAS MARKET.
- December 24: Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain. "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS. Recalls composition of world-famous Christmas carol.
- December 31: Vienna. NEW YEAR'S EVE FANFARES. City Hall.
- December 31: Vienna. IMPERIAL BALL.

BELGIUM

- Through April 18: Brussels. THE TREASURES OF CHINA. Palace of Fine Arts. Final foreign exhibit.
- April–October: Several cities in Flanders. FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. Ballet, music, drama.
- April 24–June 30: Tournai. 1,500TH ANNIVERSARY OF CHILDERIC-CLOVIS. Many treasures on display, including the works of goldsmiths and silversmiths of the Merovingian dynasty.
- Weekends in May: Brussels. ROYAL GREENHOUSE DISPLAYS. Six acres of 300-year-old orange trees and Azalea House at Palace of Laeken.
- May–November: Various cities in Wallonia. FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. Orchestra, ballet, theater.
- May 20: Brugge. PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. 800-year-old relic honored by local citizens in medieval costume.
- June 6: Mons. PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT AND LEGENDARY BATTLE OF THE DRAGON. Celebration over 100 years old.
- July 1: Brussels. OMMEGANG PAGEANT. Medieval pageantry in the illuminated Grand' Place. Historic festival recreates the entertainment given in honor of Charles V and his court.
- July 21: Belgian National Day.
- August 22–30: Overijse. 31ST GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL.
- August 28–29: Lochristi. BEGONIA FESTIVAL. Exhibits of Belgium's famous begonias in floats and flower carpets.
- September 4–5: St. Niklaas. 35TH INTERNATIONAL BALLOON COMPETITION. Annual precision landing contest.
- September 5: Dendermonde. INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL.
- September 24–October 10: Weize. ANNUAL OKTOBERFEESTEN. Beer festival's twenty-seventh year.
- December 3–7: Brussels. INTERNATIONAL JUMPING EVENTS.
- December 20–January 5, 1983: All major city centers. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ILLUMINATIONS.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

BRITAIN



HIGHLIGHT '82
Maritime England is the theme of a year-long festival. From Cornwall to the Scottish border, regattas, pageants, exhibitions, and races will be among the 2,000 colorful events commemorating England's early and continuing love affair with the sea.

Through November 3: Wells. 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF WELLS CATHEDRAL. Services, lectures, medieval banquets, concerts.

April–January 1983: Stratford-upon-Avon. SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND THEATER SEASON. Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

April 3: Aintree, Merseyside. GRAND NATIONAL STEEPCHASE.

April 8–13: Harrogate. INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL.

April 15–18: Avon. BADMINTON HORSE TRIALS.

May–September: Chichester. CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON.

May 1–16: Brighton. FESTIVAL OF ARTS.

May 11–October 16: Pitlochry. PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON.

May 16–24: London. BACH FESTIVAL. South Bank.

May 17–29: Malvern. FIFTH MALVERN FESTIVAL. Highlights works of George Bernard Shaw and Sir Edward Elgar.

May 18–21: London. CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.

May 21–June 6: Bath. BATH FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, fireworks.

May 24–August 12: Glyndebourne. GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON.

June 1–September 30: York. VIKINGS IN ENGLAND.

June 1–October: London. FESTIVAL OF INDIA. Throughout city.

June 2: Epsom. DERBY.

June 11–27: Aldeburgh. ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL. Benjamin Britten's music.

June 12: London. TROOPING THE COLOR: THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY.

June 12–20: Ayr, Kilmarnock, Largs, Scotland. ROBERT BURNS FESTIVAL.

June 15–18: Berkshire. ROYAL ASCOT. Internationally famous horse race.

June 21–July 13: London. WIMBLEDON TENNIS.

June 23–July 4: Isle of Man. MANANNAN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS.

June 26–July 4: Harrogate. FESTIVAL OF CYCLING.

July 1–4: Henley-on-Thames. HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

July 2–18: Cheltenham. CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL. International music festival.

July 4–17: London. 1982 FESTIVAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON. New annual festival. Music, theater, dance, poetry.

July 4–25: Oxford. OXFORD INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL.

July 6–11: Llangollen, Clwyd, Wales. INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD.

July 14–31: London. ROYAL TOURNAMENT. Military display.

July 15–18: Troon, Strathclyde, Scotland. BRITISH OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT.

July 28–August 11: Harrogate. HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama.

July 31–August 7: Swansea, Wales. ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD. Welsh literary and singing contests.

August 1–8: Cowes, Isle of Wight. COWES WEEK OF SAILING.

August 18–September 11: Edinburgh. EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO.

August 22–27: Hereford. THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL. Since 1720s held alternately in cathedrals of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester.

August 22–September 11: Edinburgh. EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, ballet.

September 1–18: Chartwell, Kent. CHURCHILL SON ET LUMIERE.

September 4: Braemar, Scotland. ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING.

September 6–12: Farnborough. FARNBOROUGH INTERNATIONAL SPACE EXHIBITION.

September 14–25: London. CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR. Old Town Hall, Chelsea.

October 1–16: Norwich, Norfolk. NORWICH AND NORFOLK TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

October 4–9: London. HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW. Wembley Arena.

October 7–9: Nottingham. GOOSE FAIR. Forest Recreation Ground.

October 20–February 13, 1983: London. PORTRAIT MINIATURES. Victoria and Albert Museum.

November 4–20: Belfast, Northern Ireland. FESTIVAL OF ARTS. Queen's University.

November 7: Hyde Park, London to Brighton. VETERAN CAR RUN.

November 13: London. LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION SHOW.

December 1–12: Cardiff, Wales. FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Modern and traditional.

December 26: Nationwide. BOXING DAY. Holiday pantomimes.

BULGARIA

May 1: LABOR DAY.

May 24–June 20: Sofia. MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL.

June–July: Varna. SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, OPERA, AND CHAMBER MUSIC.

First week of June: Karlovo and Kasiluk. FESTIVAL OF ROSES. Pageantry in the Valley of the Roses.

June 3–6: Sunny Beach. GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. International popular music competition.

June 7–11: Sophia. ANNUAL UNICEF ASSEMBLY.

July 1–30: Black Sea resort areas. NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL.

September 9–10: NATIONAL DAY.

Late September: Plovdiv. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC.

Late October: Gabrovo. REVIEW OF CARTOONS AND GRAPHICS.

CYPRUS

April 10: Larnaca. THE PROCESSION OF THE ICON OF ST. LAZARUS.

April 16–19: EASTER HOLIDAYS. Festivities include procession of the Epitaphios on Good Friday. (April 24)

First two weeks of May: Nicosia. NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

May 22–June 6: Nicosia. INTERNATIONAL STATE FAIR.

June–July: Paphos. ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA. Performed in moonlight.

June 7: Kataklysmos. CELEBRATION OF THE "FLOOD." Sea games, dancing, singing.

June 15–30: CURIUM FESTIVAL. Performances of Shakespeare and ancient Greek drama.

June 15–30: Nicosia. NICOSIA FESTIVAL. Folk art, drama, music.

July 1–15: Limassol. INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL. Municipal Gardens.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

August 14–15: Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykko. THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. Abbots dress in traditional gowns to attend church services. Villagers sell local wares to pilgrims from all over Cyprus.

September 15–30: Limassol. WINE FESTIVAL. Free wine at open-air restaurants, folk songs, dances.

October 1–15: Nicosia. INTERNATIONAL CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. Open to both amateurs and professionals.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

May 12–June 4: Prague. INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL.

June: Kolín. BRASS BAND FESTIVAL.

June 25–27: Straznice. INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL.

July–August: Prague. STATE ENSEMBLE OF SONGS AND DANCES. Folk dances.

July–August: Bratislava. MUSIC SUMMER. Classical and promenade music.

July: Chrudim. FESTIVAL OF PUPPET THEATERS.

Early July: Východná. FESTIVAL OF FOLK SONGS AND DANCES.

July 1–30: Litomysl. SMETANA MUSIC FESTIVAL.

July 4–5: Brno. INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

July 27–28: Straznice. INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL.

August: Mariánské Lázně. CHOPIN FESTIVAL.

August 8: Milotice. ETHNOGRAPHIC FESTIVAL. Parade of folklore ensembles from Kyjov area.

August 14–15: Domazlice. CHODSKO FESTIVITIES. Folk songs and dances of the South and West Bohemian borderland.

September 1–30: Karlovy Vary. DVORAK'S AUTUMN. Music.

September 30–October 10: Brno. INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL.

October 1–15: Bratislava. MUSIC FESTIVAL.

DENMARK

April 16: QUEEN MARGRETHE'S BIRTHDAY.

April 27–29: Copenhagen. SCANDINAVIAN GOLD AND SILVER DAYS. Bella Center. Fortunes in gold and silver to be displayed and traded.

May 1–September 19: Copenhagen. TIVOLI SEASON. Outstanding amusement park features variety of rides, attractions, concert hall, flower gardens, fireworks, and restaurants.

May 2–30: Helsingør. Five concerts mark 400th anniversary of Kronborg Chapel.

May 12–16: Copenhagen. SCANDINAVIAN FURNITURE FAIR. Bella Center. Furniture designs from all over the world.

June–early July: Frederikssund. VIKING FESTIVAL. Viking pageantry.

June: Skagen. SKAGEN SONG FESTIVAL.

June: Helsingør. BOAT RACE.

June 5–6: Hjøllerup. HJALLERUP FAIR. Scandinavia's biggest horse fair.

June 23: Nationwide. MIDSUMMER EVE. Bonfires and celebrations through the night.

Early July: Copenhagen. FOOLS 3. Experimental theater presentations.

July 1–mid-August: Copenhagen. COPENHAGEN SUMMER FESTIVAL.

July 4: Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg. REBILD FESTIVAL. Salutes American Independence Day.

Mid-July–mid-August: Odense. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FESTIVAL.

July 27: Roskilde. 11TH ROSKILDE FESTIVAL. Pop and jazz.

August: Odense. FAIRY-TALE FILM FESTIVAL.

September 1–December 31: Copenhagen. ROYAL DANISH BALLET AND ROYAL OPERA SEASON.

September 4–12: Aarhus. AARHUS FESTIVAL.



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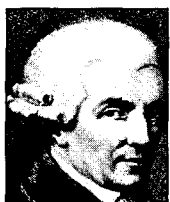
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THE YEAR OF JOSEPH HAYDN



In the last three decades, the music of Joseph Haydn has been enjoying a renaissance. Once seen as merely prolific, he is now recognized as a composer who was perhaps the first master of the Viennese classical period. This year is the 250th anniversary of Haydn's birth and Eisenstadt, the site of the Esterházy Palace where Haydn lived and worked, will mount a major International Haydn Festival with concerts to be held in the palace and in the Bergkirche (above). Eisenstadt will also hold the largest exhibition ever assembled on Haydn, "Joseph Haydn in the Context of His Times."

FINLAND

- April 15–29: Helsinki and Tampere. WORLD ICE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIPS.
 April 30: Nationwide. MAY DAY EVE. Celebration of Spring with all-night parties.
 May 29: Jyväskylä. FINLANDIA MARATHON.
 Early June: Ilmajoki. ILMAJOKI MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 June 1–6: Tampere. PISPALA SCHOTTIS. International folk dance festival, held every other year.
 June 7–13: Kuopio. KUOPIO DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 June 12–August 21: Hameenlinna. WETTERHOFF'S HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION.
 June 15–24: Ivalo-Rovaniemi. "GOLDEN" ROWING EVENT.
 June 18–30: Naantali. NAANTALI MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 June 25: Nationwide. MIDSUMMER EVE. Celebration of the longest day of the year; bonfires and open-air dancing.
 June 29–July 8: Jyväskylä. JYVASKYLA ARTS FESTIVAL. Concerts, exhibitions, seminars.
 July 4–25: Savonlinna. SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL.
 July 15–18: Pori. PORI JAZZ FESTIVAL.
 July 18–August 1: Kuhmo. KUHMO CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 July 19–25: Kaustinen. KAUSTINEN FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 July 25–27: Naantali and Hango. SLEEPY HEAD CARNIVAL. Festivities culminate on July 27 in Hango when the laziest person in town is thrown into the sea.

- August 5–8: Jyväskylä. ALVAR AALTO SYMPOSIUM. Architectural congress, convened every three years.
 August 9–15: Lahti. LAHTI ORGAN FESTIVAL.
 August 14–20: Turku. TURKU MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 August 17–22: Tampere. TAMPERE THEATER SUMMER. Drama in open-air theater.
 August 26–September 10: Helsinki. HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, ballet, theater, jazz, pop, exhibitions.
 December 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Lighted candles in windows, students' processions.
 December 13: LUCIA FESTIVAL. Festival of Light.

FRANCE

- April–May: Paris. FOIRE DE PARIS. Food displays and the arts at the Porte de Versailles.
 April–June: Paris. PARIS OPERA.
 April 30–May 16: Bordeaux. BORDEAUX FESTIVAL. Music, drama, ballet with international stars.
 May 13–27: Cannes. INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL.
 Mid-May: Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. ANNUAL GYPSY PILGRIMAGE. Three-day event honoring gypsies' patron saint, Sarah.
 May 19–20: Le Mans. LE MANS AUTO RACE. Twenty-four hour world famous race.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

- June: Lyon. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THEATER, MUSIC, AND DANCE.
 June–July: Arles. FESTIVAL. Guitar concerts, bullfights.
 June 5–6: Normandy. D-DAY LANDING ANNIVERSARY.
 June 9–July 3: Paris. MARAIS FESTIVAL.
 Mid-June: Strasbourg. 44TH STRASBOURG FESTIVAL. Features music of Bach, Schumann, Strauss.
 June 15–30: FESTIVAL OF VERSAILLES. Ballets, theater, concerts, spectacles.
 July–August: Avignon. AVIGNON FESTIVAL. Ballet, drama, music.
 July–August: Aix-en-Provence. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA AND MUSIC.
 July 2–25: 69TH ANNUAL TOUR DE FRANCE. Bicycle race covering 3,900 kilometers during twenty-two laps, starting from Basel and ending on the Champs-Élysées in Paris.
 July 10–October 10: Paris. FESTIVAL DE SCAUX. Chamber music in Orangerie of Château de Sceaux.
 July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
 Mid-July–September: Paris. FESTIVAL ESTIVAL DE PARIS. Various cultural events throughout the city include concerts, opera, dance.
 July 16–23: Lourdes. INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.
 July 26–August 12: Prades. PABLO CASALS FESTIVAL.
 September: Besançon. INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 September 8: Lourdes. FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN.
 Late September–early December: Paris. AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Dance, ballet, theater, music, and art exhibits.
 Early October: Lourdes. ROSARY PILGRIMAGE.
 October 30–November 14: Dijon. GASTRONOMIC FAIR.
 November: Metz. 11TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.
 November 20–22: Clos Vingeot, Beaune, Meursault. "LES TROIS GLORIEUSES" (Three Days of Glory). Most important wine festival in France. Folk dancing, banquets, wine sale. Attracts wine merchants and connoisseurs from all over the world.

GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC

- May 7–18: Vogtland. MUSIC DAYS. Folk festival.
 May 22–June 6: Dresden. MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 June 3–12: Zwickau. SCHUMANN FESTIVAL.
 June 11–14: Halle. HANDEL FESTIVAL.

WEST GERMANY

- April 4–May 9: Stuttgart. SPRING FESTIVAL.
 April 15–18: Heidenheim, Brenz. EUROPEAN FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS.
 April 21–28: Hanover. TRADE FAIR.
 April 24–May 4: Munich. TRADITIONAL ANTIQUES FAIR.
 April 30–May 3: Koblenz. CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS AND PROCESSION.
 May: Wiesbaden. MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET, OPERA, MODERN DANCE, AND MUSIC.
 June–July: Augsburg. MOZART DAYS.
 June 19–September 28: Kassel. "DOCUMENTA 7." International exhibit of contemporary art.
 July 1–August 1: Munich. SUMMER CONCERTS IN SCHLEISSHEIM CASTLE.
 July 8–August 3: Munich. OPERA FESTIVAL.
 July 25–August 28: Bayreuth. WAGNER FESTIVAL. Devoted solely to Richard Wagner's operas.

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August–October: Rhine River region. WINE FESTIVALS.
 September 5–26: Berlin. FESTIVAL WEEKS.
 September 18–October 3: Munich. OKTOBERFEST.
 October 6–11: Frankfurt. BOOK FAIR.
 Late November–December 23: Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Berlin, Cologne. CHRISTKINDLESMARKT (Christmas Market).

GREECE

April: Athens. OPEN INTERNATIONAL MARATHON RACE. For amateur runners.
 April 1–October 31: Athens, Rhodes, Corfu. SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES.
 April 18: EASTER SUNDAY FAIRS. Easter Sunday celebrated throughout Greece as great festival of Greek Orthodox Church.
 May–September: Athens. GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES. Nightly at open-air theater on Philapappou Hill.
 May 1: Athens, Karies, Mt. Pelion. LABOR DAY AND FLOWER FESTIVAL.
 May 29–June 4: Athens. ACROPOLIS CAR RALLY.
 June–October: Rhodes. REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCES. Old City Theater.
 June: Corfu. MUSIC AND THEATER FESTIVAL.
 July–mid-August: Epidaurus. EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL. Ancient Greek tragedy and comedy at Theater of Epidaurus, third-century B.C. amphitheater.
 July–September: Athens. ATHENS FESTIVAL. Internationally established art festival held in second-century amphitheater at foot of Acropolis.
 July 4: Various coastal towns. NAVY WEEK AND FISHERMEN'S FESTIVALS.
 July 9–19: AEGEAN SAILING REGATTA WEEK.
 August 15: THE DORMITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Religious rites, processions.
 Early September: Thessaloniki. 46TH INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR AND FILM FESTIVAL.
 September 6–12: Athens. 13TH EUROPEAN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.
 October: Athens. PROFESSIONAL RUNNERS INTERNATIONAL MARATHON.
 October: Thessaloniki. DEMETRIA FESTIVAL OF BYZANTINE MUSIC AND DANCE.
 October 28: NATIONAL DAY. Parades.

HUNGARY

May: Budapest. INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR.
 May–August: HAYDN CONCERTS.
 June–August: Martonvasar. BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.
 June–August: Kaposvar. ST. JACOB'S SUMMER NIGHT. Music and drama in ruins of Benedictine Abbey.
 July–August: Budapest. OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL. Margaret Island.
 August: Esztergom. GUITAR FESTIVAL PROGRAM. Citadel Museum.
 September–October: Budapest. MUSICAL WEEKS.

ICELAND

April–June: Reykjavik. ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PROGRAMS. Thursday concerts.
 April 22: Nationwide. FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. National holiday unique to Iceland. Celebrated mainly for and by children with processions and entertainment.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 Early June: SEAMAN'S DAY.
 June 5–20: Reykjavik. ARTS FESTIVAL.
 June 17: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, speeches, entertainment.



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July 25: Skálholt. SKÁLHOLTSHÁTIÓ CELEBRATION.
 July 29–31: Heimaey. WESTMAN ISLANDS FESTIVAL. Sports competitions, entertainment.
 September–December: Reykjavik. NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES.
 October 9: Nationwide. LEIF ERICSON DAY. Marks the discovery of America in A.D. 1000.
 December 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

IRELAND



HIGHLIGHT '82
 James Joyce was born 100 years ago. To celebrate his centenary, the *Eighth International Joyce Symposium*, in Dublin from June 14 to 19, will have a wide range of exhibitions, readings, and theatrical presentations. On *Bloomsday*, June 16, scenes from the "Wandering Rocks" episode of *Ulysses* will be re-enacted at points across Dublin.

April 12–May 1: Dublin. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA.
 April 28–May 2: Cork. INTERNATIONAL CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. Leading choirs from Europe and Ireland compete.
 May 4–8: Dublin. SPRING SHOW AND INDUSTRIES FAIR. Showcase of Irish agriculture and industry.
 May 8–16: Killarney. PAN CELTIC WEEK.
 May 20–30: Dundalk. THEATER FESTIVAL.
 May 28–30: Ennis. "FLEADH NUA"—SPRING FESTIVAL. Traditional Entertainment, carnival, parades, and concerts.



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JAMES JOYCE AND DUBLIN



James Joyce was born in Dublin in 1882 and left the city, a voluntary exile, when he was 22. The first stirrings of *Ulysses* were already in his head, and, though he lived in other places, Dublin was always the landscape of his work. He celebrated the city and its people in all his writing, especially in *Ulysses*. He wrote: "I want to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day disappeared from the earth, it could be reconstructed out of my book."

The streets, pubs, trams, shops, and houses of *Ulysses* are forever immortalized, though most of Joyce's physical Dublin has disappeared with time. Here and there a few places remain, such as the drugstore where Leopold Bloom bought the cake of lemon soap (the soap is still sold today).

The Martello Tower at Sandycove just outside Dublin where the opening of *Ulysses* is set and where Joyce lived for a while is now the James Joyce Museum. Throughout the coming months, Ireland will commemorate Joyce's centenary, and the city that Joyce described so vividly will celebrate its greatest writer.

June 10–20: Nationwide. FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES. International soloists and orchestras play in some of Ireland's most beautiful eighteenth-century mansions.

June 18–20: Letterkenny. DONEGAL INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY.

June 18–27: Ballybunion. INTERNATIONAL BACHELOR FESTIVAL.

June 27–July 4: Dublin. DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL.

June 29–July 4: Listowel. WRITERS WEEK. Lectures, drama, workshops, and exhibitions.

July 2–4: Killarney. BACH FESTIVAL. Orchestral, choral, and chamber music, organ recitals. Also lectures and fringe events.

July 11–18: Cobh. INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL.

July 13–17: Dublin. INTERNATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL.

August 2–7: Dublin. IRISH ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR.

August 3–7: Dublin. HORSE SHOW. Major sporting and social event of the year. Attracts visitors from all parts of the world. Jumping competitions each day.

August 7–21: Sligo. YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL. Lectures and seminars on Yeats's poetry, prose, and plays.

August 19: Clifden. CONNEMARA PONY SHOW.

August 28–September 2: Tralee. ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Concerts, horse racing, parade, free street entertainment. Highlight is Rose of Tralee contest.

August 28–September 5: Kilkenny. KILKENNY ARTS WEEK.

September: Galway. OYSTER FESTIVAL. Banquet marks opening of first oyster of the season.

September 16: Ballyshannon. HARVEST FAIR FESTIVAL. Old established festival. Road races, swimming, contests, children's games.

September 18–October 3: Waterford. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA. Attracts leading amateur companies.

September 27–October 2: Castlebar. INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST. One of Europe's major song contests.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

Late September–early October: Dublin.

THEATER FESTIVAL.

October 2–9: Cork. INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL.

October 3–10: Ballinasloe. GREAT OCTOBER FAIR.

October 7–10: Kinsale. GOURMET FESTIVAL.

October 20–31: Wesford. OPERA FESTIVAL. Known for presentation of rare operatic masterpieces of eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

November 10–14: Dublin. INDOOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW. Leading names in show jumping.

ITALY

April 9: Trapani, Sicily. THE PROCESSION OF THE MYSTERIES. Passion procession of twenty groups of life-sized figures in carved wood and canvas.

April 11: Florence. EXPLOSION OF CART. Easter Sunday fireworks.

April 14–23: Milan. 60TH TRADE FAIR.

April 25: Venice. ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY. Start of gondola regatta season.

May–June: Bergamo. INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

May–mid-June: Lucca. SACRA MUSICALE.

May–June 30: Florence. MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL.

May 1–4: Cagliari. FESTIVAL OF ST. EFISIO.

May 15: Gubbio. RACE OF THE CANDLES. Costumed bearers carry huge shrines to church atop Mount Ingino.

May 23: Sassari. SARDINIAN CAVALCADE.

May 30: Locarno. FLOWER PARADE. Traditional Italian parade to the city's piazza.

June–July: Spoleto. TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL. Opera, drama, art, ballet.

June–September: Verona. SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. Roman Theater.

June: Ravello. WAGNER FESTIVAL.

June 2: Rome. FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC.

June 10: Genzano. FLOWER FESTIVAL. Religious procession on streets carpeted with flowers in beautiful designs.

June 24, 28: Florence. SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH.

July–August: Rome. SUMMER OPERA SEASON. Baths of Caracalla.

July: Nervi. INTERNATIONAL BALLET FESTIVAL.

July 2, August 16: Siena. PALIO. Medieval costume pageant, flag-throwing skills, bareback horse race, and competition for the "palio," or banner.

Mid-July–mid-August: Verona. OPERA FESTIVAL. Open-air opera in Roman amphitheater.

July 17–18: Venice. REDENTORE FESTIVAL. Celebrates city's delivery from plague in 1575. Folklore show in St. Mark's Square, concert on floating barge, fireworks, and regatta.

August–September: Stresa. MUSICAL WEEKS.

August 1: Ascoli, Piceno. JOUST OF THE QUINTAIN.

August 8: La Spezia. PALIO OF THE GULF. Famous rowing contest.

September 5: Arezzo. JOUST OF THE SARACEN. Tilting contest of thirteenth century with knights in armor.

September 5: Venice. REGATTA. On the Grand Canal.

October: Alba. TRUFFLE FAIR. Rare white truffles.

October: Perugia, Terni, Assisi, Todi, Sangemini, Gubbio, Narni, Foligno, Cascia, Passignano, Trasimeno, Castiglione del Lago, Magione, Deruta. PERUGIA MUSIC FESTIVAL.

October 3: Lugano. VINTAGE FESTIVAL PARADE. Flag throwers, folk dancers, colorful floats.

December 7–June 1983: Milan. OPERA AND BALLET SEASON. La Scala Opera House.

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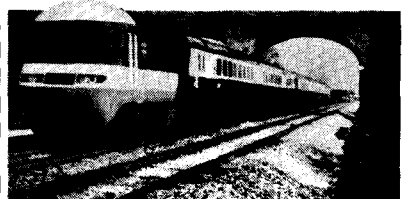
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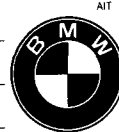
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LUXEMBOURG

April 8-10: Holy Week Celebrations.

April 10-15: Grevenmacher. EASTER

EXHIBITION AND WINE FAIR. Wine tastings.

April 12: Old Luxembourg. "EMAISCHEN"

FESTIVAL AND MARKET. Popular traditional festival. Folklore dances, children's games.

May 2-16: Luxembourg City. "OCTAVE"—ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF LUXEMBOURG.

May 15-23: Luxembourg City.

INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR.

May 31: Wiltz. 34TH "GENZEFEST" BROOM FLOWER FESTIVAL.

June 1: Echternach. DANCING PROCESSION HONORING ST. WILLIBROD.

June 15-July 15: Echternach. INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL.

June 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

June 27: Ettelbruck. REMEMBRANCE DAY.

Honors U.S. General George Patton, Jr. with a military parade.

July-August: Wiltz. INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL.

Early July: Trintange. CHERRY FESTIVAL.

August 8: Ettelbruck. INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS—GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG.

August 22-September 6: Luxembourg City. SCHUEBERFOER—SHEPHERD'S FAIR. Capital's major fair.

September 11-12: Grevenmacher. GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. Free wine, fireworks, concerts, parades.

October 3: Vianden. NUTS MARKET. Nuts, nut cakes, nut liquor sold. Band parades through narrow streets of medieval town.

Early November: Vianden. MERTCHEN. Ancient custom celebrates end of harvest.

MALTA

April 11: EASTER SUNDAY. Religious services and early morning processions with statue of the risen Christ.

May 7-9: Valletta. CARNIVAL. Since 1535.

June-August: Nationwide. WEEKEND FESTAS.

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June 27-28: Valletta. MNARJA FOLK HARVEST FESTIVAL. Evening programs in Buskett Gardens.

July 1-15: Naxxar. INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

September 12: Grand Harbour, Valletta. REGATTA.

December 13: REPUBLIC DAY.

December 31: INTERNATIONAL DAY OF MALTA.

MONACO

April 1-11: Monte Carlo. INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

April 8, 10-12: Monte Carlo. EASTER BALLETS. Three major performances in Salle Garnier.

May 5-6: Monte Carlo. 45TH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. Casino Terraces.

May 8-9: Monte Carlo. 15TH INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPETITION. Exhibits at Centenary Hall.

May 23: Monte Carlo. GRAND PRIX. Internationally famous car races in local streets.

June 23-24: Old Monaco. ST. JOHN'S FEAST.

July-August: Monte Carlo. 17TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS. Tuesday nights.

July 30: Monte Carlo. RED CROSS GALA.

November 18-20: Monte Carlo. MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL DAY.

December 9-13: Monte Carlo. INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL. Fontvieille.

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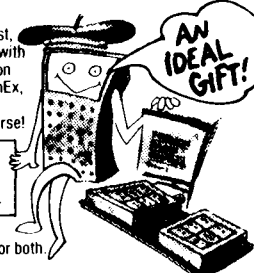
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NETHERLANDS



HIGHLIGHT '82

Three major events are happening this year:

- **Floriade '82**, from April 8 to October 10, a World's Fair of Horticulture held only once each decade.
- **The 200th anniversary** of unbroken, friendly diplomatic and trade relations with the United States.
- **Holland Waterland**, a celebration commemorating, among other hydro-engineering achievements, the fiftieth anniversary of the great dike which closed off the Zuider Zee from the North Sea.

- Through mid-May: Between Haarlem and Leiden. BULB FIELDS IN BLOOM.
- Through May 23: Lisse. KEUKENHOF—NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWER SHOW.
- April 1–October 17: The Hague. MADURODAM. Display of famous miniature Dutch city.
- April 1–October 31: Arnhem. DEMONSTRATIONS OF OLD CRAFTS. Open-Air Museum.
- April 2–12: Breda. DUTCH ART AND ANTIQUE FAIR. At Turfschip.
- April 12–15: Katwijk aan Zee. INTERNATIONAL TULIP MUSIC FESTIVAL.
- April 16–September 17: Alkmaar. ALKMAAR CHEESE MARKET. Fridays.
- May–September: The Hague. ANTIQUE MARKET. Thursdays.
- May 5: LIBERATION DAY.
- May 8: NATIONAL WINDMILL DAY AND NATIONAL CYCLING DAY.
- June 1–23: Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen. HOLLAND FESTIVAL. World-famous performers and orchestras. Concerts, operas, chamber music, ballet, plays, exhibitions.
- June 9–August 11: Hoorn. OLD DUTCH MARKET. Demonstrations of old crafts and folk dance groups.
- July–September: The Hague. INTERNATIONAL ROSE EXHIBITION. Westbroek Park.
- July 3–August 28: Kinderdijk, southeast of Rotterdam. WINDMILL DAYS. Saturdays.
- July 16–18: The Hague. NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL.
- August 29: Zandvoort. GRAND PRIX. International car races.
- September 21: The Hague. "PRINSJESDAG" (Prince's Day). Queen rides in golden coach to open Parliament.
- October 15–November 3: Delft. OLD ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. Prinsenhof Museum.
- November 3–7: Aalsmeer. NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR.
- December 5: SAINT NICHOLAS DAY. Traditional festivities include giving of gifts, poetry.
- December 14: Gouda. "GOUDA BY CANDLELIGHT." Town Hall and Market Square illuminated by candlelight; carols, lighting of Christmas tree, carillon concert.

NORWAY

- May–June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. Best blooms: May 20–June 10.
- May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. Round-the-clock sunshine to July 30.

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May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 May 20: Lillehammer. SIGRID UNDSET'S 100TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.
 May 26-June 9: Bergen. 30TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, FOLKLORE. Norway's chief cultural event.
 June 15: Lofthus. GRIEG'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Concert and folk dancing.
 June 19-27: Harstad. NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL. Open-air theater, folklore.
 June 23: Nationwide. MIDSUMMER NIGHT. Bonfires, fireworks, dancing.
 June 30-July 4: Kongsberg. INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL.
 July 16-17: Harstad. INTERNATIONAL OCEAN FISHING FESTIVAL. Competitions.
 July 26-31: Molde. INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Star performers.
 July 29-31: Stiklestad near Trondheim. ST. OLAV FESTIVAL. Honors King Olav who died in Viking battle at Stiklestad on July 29, 1030. Historic pageant, folklore, bonfires.
 August 1-8: Vinstra. PER GYNT FESTIVAL. Folklore, drama, pageantry.
 October 1-31: Oslo. STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT. Annual art presentation.
 December 10: Oslo. PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. By invitation.

POLAND

May-September: Warsaw. CHOPIN CONCERTS. Sundays at Lazienki Park.
 May 7: Warsaw. INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR.
 June-July: Szczecin. FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS.
 June: Poznan. INTERNATIONAL FAIR.
 August: Duszyniki. CHOPIN FESTIVAL.
 September: Warsaw. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—"THE WARSAW AUTUMN."
 October: Warsaw. INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL.

PORTUGAL

April 8-9: Braga. HOLY WEEK RITES. Streets transformed by flowered altars, lights, parades. Good Friday procession features costumed figures.
 April 10: Constancia. FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA VIAGEM.
 April 11-25: Loulé. FOLK PILGRIMAGE OF THE SENHORA DA PIADE. Main procession on Easter Sunday, largest folk pilgrimage in Algarve.
 April 30: Alta. PONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL. Equestrian program.
 May-June: Lisbon. GULBENKIAN CONCERTS.
 May-July: Estoril. CONCERTS.
 May 1-4: Barcelos. FESTIVAL OF THE CROSSES. Processions, fair, concerts, exhibitions, sporting events, fireworks.
 May 12-13: Fátima. ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE.
 May 16: São Miguel Island, Azores. FESTIVAL OF THE LORD HOLY CHRIST OF MIRACLES. Cultural and sporting events as well as splendid procession.
 June 3-5: Amarante. FESTIVAL OF ST. GONÇALO. Folk dances, songs, flower battles.
 June 6-15: Santarém. GRAND INTERNATIONAL FAIR.
 June 10: CAMOES DAY. National holiday celebrates poet/hero.
 June 10-24: Funchal. MADEIRA BACH FESTIVAL. Concerts in great cathedral.
 June 12: Lisbon. ST. ANTHONY'S EVE. Dancing, lights, high festivities in Old Lisbon.
 July-August: Estoril, Queluz, Sintra. ESTORIL MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 July-August. Faro. ALGARVE SUMMER FESTIVAL.
 July 2-August 29: Estoril. HANDICRAFTS FAIR.
 July 3-4: Vila Franca de Xira. RUNNING OF THE BULLS.

July 31-August 1: Praia do Rocha. FESTIVAL OF SANTA CATARINA. River procession; mass celebrated on the beach.
 August 2: Guimarães. FESTAS GUALTERIANAS. Markets, parades.
 August 7-8: Alcochete. FESTIVAL OF GREEN CAP AND SALT PANS.
 August 19-21: Viana do Castelo. FEAST OF THE AGONY.
 September: Palmela. WINE FESTIVAL.
 September 7-12: Nazaré. SENHORA DA NAZARÉ FOLK PILGRIMAGE. Parades, folk dancing, fireworks.
 October 12-13: Fátima. ANNUAL FALL PILGRIMAGE.
 November 7-14: Golega. TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST. MARTIN.
 December 31: Funchal, Madeira. GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST. SYLVESTER. Midnight fireworks in harbor.

ROMANIA

May: Iasi. FESTIVAL OF ROMANIAN MUSIC.
 May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.
 June: Brasov. CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 July-August: Romanian Riviera resorts. SEA FESTIVALS.
 July-August: Durau. "CEAHLAU" MOUNTAIN FESTIVITY.
 July: Avram Iancu. MAIDENS FAIR. At Mount Gaina.
 August: Pasul Prislop. FOLK FESTIVAL.
 August: Bucharest. NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF SONGS AND DANCES. Costume parade.

FOR OENOLOGISTS AND OTHER TRAVELERS

For many years, the third week in November has meant to oenologists, merchants, growers, tasters, and anyone interested in splendid food and wine a very special event: the three-day festival of tasting and feasting in Burgundy, France called the *Trois Glorieuses*. For seventy-two hours, there are marvelous lunches and dinners, a wine auction for the benefit of the Hospice de Beaune, a fifteenth-century hospital, and as a finale, the splendid *Trois Glorieuses* banquet of Beaune.

This year, these festivities can be combined with a barge trip that begins in Lyon and ends in Beaune. The *Trois Glorieuses* trip, which was held successfully last year for the first time, is one of the tours of Floating Through Europe, a company that has pioneered elegant barge travel. In addition to its popular seven-day trips, Floating Through Europe now offers three-day cruises in Britain and France for travelers who want to fit a few days of canal life into their itineraries. These short trips will go between Windsor and Oxford on England's Thames River and through Shakespeare country on the Avon River. In France, they will go into the vineyard country of the Côte d'Or and the Côte de Nuits.

Floating Through Europe's barge trips make their way through the canals and countryside of Belgium, Holland, Britain, and France, from March through November.

August 1: Black Sea resort areas. FESTIVAL OF SEAS.

August 23: NATIONAL LIBERATION DAY.

September: Bucharest. 10TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL GEORGE ENESCU.

September: At the foot of hill of Castle of Bran. TRADITIONAL SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL.

SPAIN



HIGHLIGHT '82

Thousands of pilgrims will make their way to Santiago de Compostela for Spain's Holy Year Jubilee to share in celebrations that date back to the Middle Ages.

April 4-11: Seville, Malaga, Cartagena, Cuenca, Granada, Ronda. HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS.

April 22-24: Alcoy in Alicante. THE FAIR OF THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS. Costumed re-enactment of medieval battle.

April 27-May 2: Seville. APRIL FAIR.

May 1-12: Córdoba. FESTIVAL OF THE PATIOS.

May 10-24: Madrid. FESTIVAL OF SAN ISIDRO.

City's patron saint is honored. Bullfights.

May 12-16: Jerez de la Frontera. HORSE FAIR.

June 10: Granada, Toledo, Seville. CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL. Since 1230.

June 20-July 5: Granada. INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL.

June 23-24: San Pedro Manrique. FIRE WALK AND MÓNDIDAS FESTIVAL.

July 6-15: Pamplona. FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMÍN. Running of the bulls.

End of July-end of August: Santander.

INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL.

September 8-12: Jerez de la Frontera. JEREZ GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

September 24: Barcelona. FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF MERCY.

October 31: Consuegra. SAFFRON FESTIVAL. Honors the Saffron Rose with dancing and singing.

SWEDEN

April 14-18: Gothenburg. HORSE SHOW AND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING.

April 30: Lund, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Umea. WALPURGIS NIGHT. Bonfires and nighttime revelry welcome Spring.

May 4-9: Uppsala. MUSIC WEEK. Concerts, religious services at Uppsala Cathedral.

Early June-mid-September: Stockholm. BALLET AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY OPERA. Drottningholm Court Theater.

June 5: STOCKHOLM MARATHON.

June 25-27: Nationwide. MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS.

July 1-31: Stockholm. "JULIADEN." Concerts, entertainment, other events in parks.

July 4: Leksand. BOAT RACE. Longboats race over Lake Siljan to Sunday services.

July 10-18: Bastad. SWEDISH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Mid-July-mid-August: Visby, Gotland. PETRUS DE DACIA. Pageant performances.

August 12-14: Varberg. FLADEN FISHING FESTIVAL. Sea angling competition.

November 28, December 5, 12: Stockholm. SKANSSEN CHRISTMAS SALE.

December 10: Stockholm. NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY. By invitation.

December 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. Queen of Light and her court wear candle crowns for festive processions.

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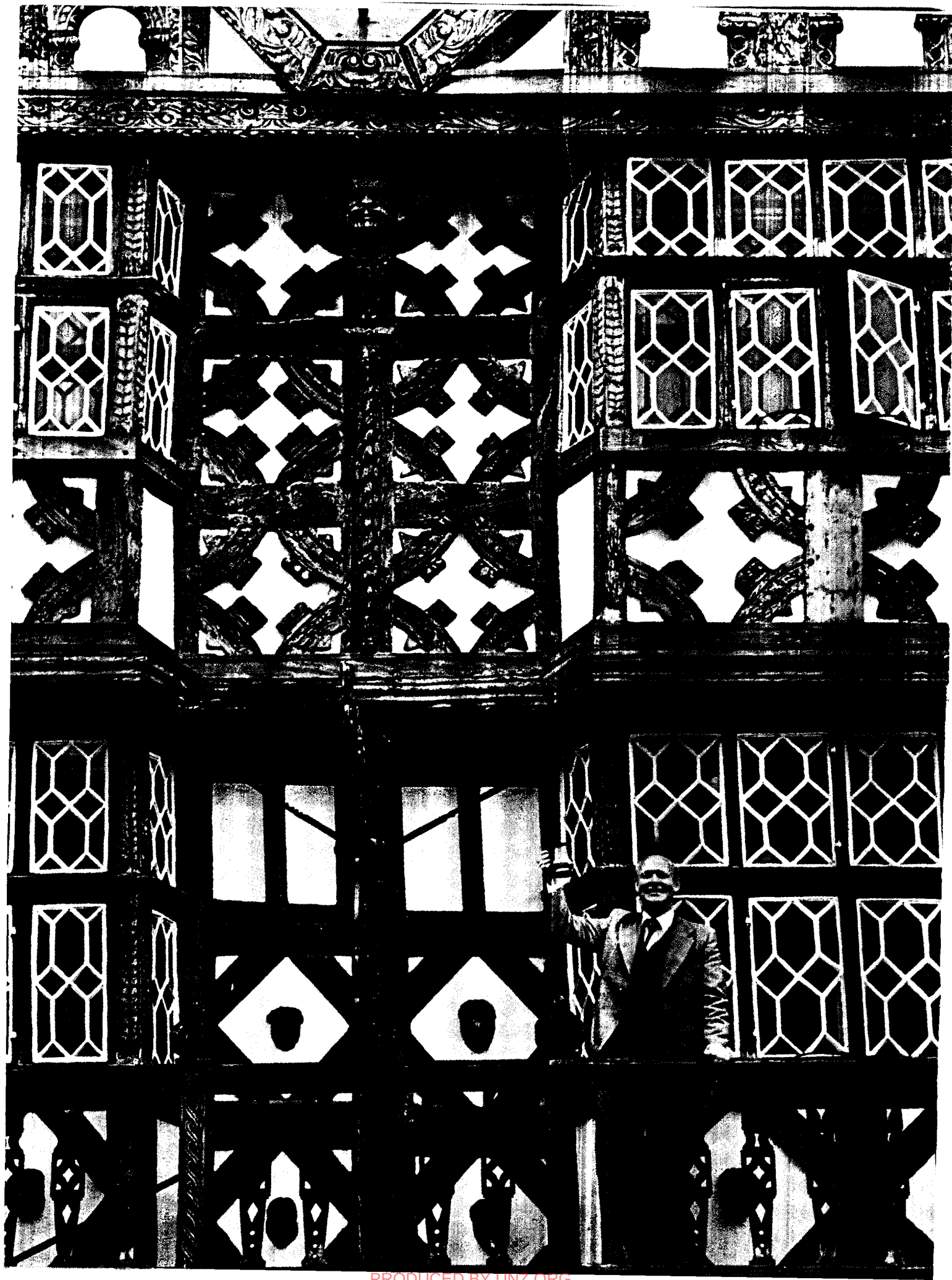
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Peter Nash, landlord of “The Feathers,” Ludlow

England

For close to 400 years, the half-timbered facade of “The Feathers” Inn has been a welcome sight to weary travellers. The Inn’s name commemorates a 1616 visit of Prince Charles to the castle in the town of Ludlow. When he travelled, Charles always wore white feathers in his hat.

The Inn was at that time a center of the hectic social season. The gentry of the surrounding countryside would gather here after the races or the theatre.

“The Feathers” still welcomes you to one of the world’s longest traditions of hospitality.

TWA Getaway Vacations— this year, a special value

With inns, shops, cobbled roads, and whole towns much the same over hundreds of years, history is literally around every corner through England, Scotland and Wales. And there’s no better way to see it than with TWA Getaway Vacations. These vacations into the past have always offered variety and value. But this year’s Britain vacations include something especially inviting. Prices that are even *less* than last year’s. Making this the perfect year to go.

TWA’s Getaway Britain vacations are arranged in different “styles” of travel, for every style of traveller. You might choose a “Freestyle” vacation, which lets you go where you like but still benefit from low group-rate travel. You’ll get conve-

niences like airport transfers, sight-seeing, and comfortable hotels, all with private bath or shower. A ten-day trip, including four days in the countryside, costs just \$438 to \$569.

If escorted vacations are more to your liking, TWA offers them First Class. The lavish “Regency,” for instance, is a 17-day grand tour through the British Isles—with Deluxe and First Class accommodations, and most meals included, for \$1148-\$1248.

Besides their Getaway program, TWA has “Super Saver” vacations for the economy-minded. Two weeks in Britain are as low as \$568-\$598, and include London, York, Cambridge, Edinburgh, the Cotswolds, and many more of the places you’ve wanted to see. (All

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Vacations in Britain offer unique ease in shopping and getting around, with the help of friendly people who—after all—speak English.

And Britain in 1982 has an added attraction. It’s Maritime England Year—with over 2000 events on and around England’s rivers and seas.

Among TWA’s wide range of eleven Britain vacations, one is sure to be perfect for you. To learn all about these vacations, send for the color brochures, “TWA Getaway Britain” and BTA’s 44-page “Britain.” They’re yours free, with the coupon below.

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PAUL VAN RIEL/IMAGE BANK



THE GREAT FLOWER SPECTACULAR



On April 8, Floriade 82 opens in a large, newly built park just outside Amsterdam. Billed as a "World's Fair of Horticulture," the last such event took place ten years ago and was such a smashing success that it paved the way for this repeat performance.

Floriade 82 will run until October 10, 1982, spanning three flowering seasons. It will include a series of thirteen indoor exhibitions, a vast hall, a freshly built lake, restaurants, and a train to whisk visitors around the spacious grounds.

There will be something green and growing for everyone's interest: from rose gardens to bamboo, dune plants to ferns, vegetables under glass to historical plants. The Dutch have always been master flower growers and their Floriade 82 is expected to draw not only professional horticulturists from around the world, but gardeners and non-gardeners who enjoy beautiful trees and flowers.

SWITZERLAND

April 17-26: Basel. SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR.
 April 23-May 2: Zurich. ANTIC '82.
 International art and antiques fair.
 April 25: Appenzell, Sarnen, Stans, Trogen.
 OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT. Constitutional gathering of citizens entitled to vote.
 May 5-July 4: Lausanne. 27TH INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL. Music.
 May 28-30: Basel. SWISS SONG AND CHORAL FESTIVAL.
 June: Zurich. INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL.
 June 17-September 4: Interlaken. OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCES OF "WILLIAM TELL."
 June 21-July 3: Mürren. 21ST INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS.
 July 6-10: Lausanne. WORLD CONGRESS OF MAGICIANS.
 July 9-25: Montreux. 16TH INTERNATIONAL MONTEUX JAZZ FESTIVAL.
 July 13-17: Zurich. WORLD FESTIVAL OF GYMNASTICS.
 July 16-18: Zurich. GRAND LAKE FESTIVAL.
 August 4-29: Gstaad. YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL.
 August 14-September 7: Lucerne. INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 August 27-October 3: Montreux, Vevey. 37TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 September 11-26: Lausanne. COMPTOIR SUISSE.
 September 25-26: Neuchâtel. WINE HARVEST.

October 30-November 17: Lucerne. 25TH CHESS OLYMPIAD.
 November 22: Berne. TRADITIONAL ONION MARKET.

TURKEY

April-May: Istanbul. TULIP FESTIVAL.
 Thousands of blooms in parks and gardens.
 April 23: NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND CHILDREN'S DAY. Children's parades, entertainment, junior sports.
 May: Ephesus. FESTIVAL OF EPHEBUS. Drama in Roman amphitheater.
 May: Pergamum. FESTIVAL OF PERGAMUM.
 Ancient and modern dance and folk music performances in ancient amphitheater.
 May 3-19: Istanbul. FIRST INTERNATIONAL ATATURK PIANO COMPETITION.
 May 19: YOUTH AND SPORTS DAY. Student parades, athletics, gymnastics.
 June: Edirne. OILED WRESTLING MATCHES OF KIRKPINAR. Free-style, 600-year-old Turkish wrestling.
 Early June: Izmir. MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL.
 Arts and crafts, folklore, and cooking competitions.

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July-August: Istanbul. FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS. International performing arts event with classical music, opera, ballet, traditional shadow-and-puppet theater.
 August-September: Izmir. INTERNATIONAL FAIR.
 August 30: VICTORY DAY. Celebration with military parades, band concerts, fireworks.
 October 29: ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC.
 December: Konya. FESTIVAL OF "MEVLANA." (Whirling Dervishes). Ritual dances and Seljuk art exhibits.

USSR

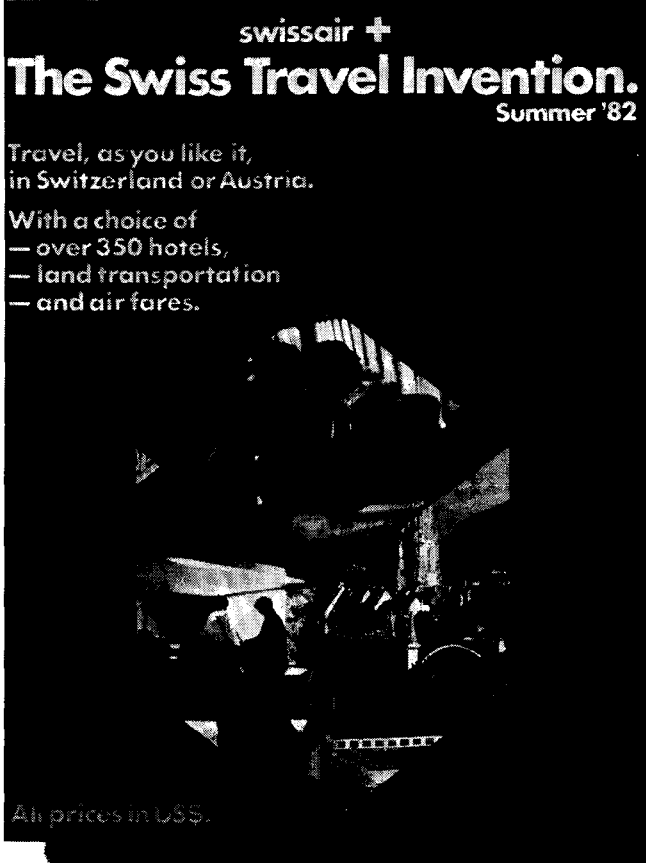
May 1-2: DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY OF WORKING PEOPLE. Official May Day celebrations.
 May 5-13: Moscow. MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. Ballet, art, music.
 May 9: VICTORY DAY. Public holiday. Honors veterans and commemorates World War II.
 May 21-31: Kiev. KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL.
 June 15-August 15: Riga. RIGA MUSIC SUMMER FESTIVAL.
 June 21-29: Leningrad. WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL. The arts under the midnight sun.
 August: Riga. SYMPHONIC MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 August: Yalta. CRIMEAN DAWN SOVIET SONG FESTIVAL.
 September: Tashkent. ARTS FESTIVAL.
 October: Tbilisi, Erevan, Baku. MELODIES OF SOVIET TRANS-CAUCASIA. Arts festival.
 November 7-8: ANNIVERSARY OF THE OCTOBER SOCIALIST REVOLUTION. Public holiday.
 November 20-30: Minsk. BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN. Arts festival.
 December 25-January 5, 1983: Moscow. RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL. Sports, arts.

YUGOSLAVIA

April-September: Cilipe. FOLKLORE PERFORMANCES. Every Sunday.
 May-September: Korcula. "MORESKA SWORD DANCE." Medieval pageant. Thursdays.
 May-October: Bled. SUMMER FESTIVAL.
 May-December: Belgrade. SKADARLIJA EVENINGS. Folk and gypsy music, theater, art exhibits.
 May: Zagreb. BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.
 May 25: Plitvice. LAKES WEDDING. Ten couples from different European countries are married in native costume.
 June-September: Belgrade. BELGRADE SUMMER '82. Youth festival of performing arts and art exhibitions.
 June-October: Opatija. SUMMER FESTIVAL. Open-air drama, shows, folklore.
 June 23-27: Ljubljana. "KMECKA OH CET." Country wedding festivities.
 July-August: Ljubljana. LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL. Chamber music, pantomime, folklore.
 July 1-10: ZAGREB EVENINGS. Classical and pop music, folklore, international dance performances.
 July 12-August 20: Dubrovnik. SUMMER FESTIVAL. Drama, music, folklore take place in the city's squares, palaces, and churches.
 July 15-August 15: Split. SUMMER FESTIVAL. Performing arts.
 Late July: Zagreb. INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE.
 Late July: Sibenick. FESTIVAL OF THE CHILD. International festival celebrating children's theater, music, dance, art.
 September: Belgrade. INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. Contemporary works.
 September 14-22: Zagreb. INTERNATIONAL GRAND FAIR.
 October: Belgrade. FESTIVAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC.

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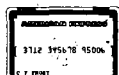
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CANADA

April 9–17: Toronto. NATIONAL HOME SHOW.
 April 20–25: Quebec City. INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR.
 April 30–May 16: Guelph. SPRING FESTIVAL.
 May 1–24: Niagara Falls. NIAGARA BLOSSOM FESTIVAL.
 May 6–September 26: Niagara-on-the-Lake. SHAW FESTIVAL. Theater.
 May 25–September 19: Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. FRANTIC FOLLIES. Melodrama.
 May 27–31: Nova Scotia. APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL.
 Late May–August: Banff. FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS.
 June–October: Stratford. STRATFORD FESTIVAL. Shakespeare and contemporary drama in repertory.
 June 23–August 29: Montreal. MAN AND HIS WORLD EXHIBITION.
 June 25–July 4: Windsor. INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM FESTIVAL.
 June 25–September 4: Prince Edward Island. CHARLOTTETOWN FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama.

July 1: Nova Scotia. GATHERING OF THE CLAN AND FISHERMAN'S REGATTA.
 July 3–29: Ottawa. FESTIVAL OTTAWA. Opera and chamber music at National Center of Arts Theater.
 July 9–18: Calgary. CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE. Thrilling rodeo, fair, and horsemanship exhibitions.
 July 14–18: Vancouver. SEA FESTIVAL.
 July 16–18: Nova Scotia. HIGHLAND GAMES.
 July 21–31: Edmonton. KLONDIKE DAYS EXHIBITION. Gold Rush Days pageantry. Early days of gold panning and settlement are remembered.
 July 24–August 2: Toronto. "CARIBANA"—FOLK FESTIVAL. Food, crafts and culture of many participating nations are displayed.
 July 29–August 1: Dauphin. NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL.
 July 31–August 2: Edmonton. HERITAGE FESTIVAL. Hawrelak Park.
 Early August: Nova Scotia. ANNUAL ACADIAN FESTIVAL.

Early August: Abbotsford. INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW.
 Early August: Edmonton. ANNUAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. Gold Bar Park.
 August 1–8: Regina. REGINA BUFFALO DAYS AND EXHIBITION. Fair, rodeo.
 August 1–8: Mistassini. LAC SAINT-JEAN BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL.
 August 4: St. John's. REGATTA.
 August 6–7, 13–14, 20–21: Brantford. SIX NATIONS INDIAN PAGEANT.
 August 13–16: Dawson City, Yukon Territory. DISCOVERY DAY OBSERVANCE.
 August 18–September 6: Toronto. CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.
 August 21–September 4: Vancouver. PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION.
 September 3–5: Trois-Rivières. TROIS-RIVIÈRES "MOLSON" GRAND PRIX. Auto racing.
 September 10–19: St. Tite. 107TH WESTERN FESTIVAL. Rodeo, fair.
 September 17–26: St. Catharines. NIAGARA GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL.
 October 8–16: Kitchener-Waterloo. OKTOBERFEST. Spirited traditional beer festival.
 November 10–14: Edmonton. CANADIAN FINALS RODEO.
 November 23–28: Montreal. BOOK FAIR. Exhibition Hall.

BERMUDA & THE BAHAMAS

BERMUDA

Through April 17: BERMUDA COLLEGE WEEKS. Various events for visiting college students.
 April–May: BERMUDA HOME AND GARDEN TOURS. Wednesdays.
 April 9: GOOD FRIDAY. Kite-flying traditional.
 April 11: EASTER SUNDAY SUNRISE SERVICES.
 April 21: St. George's. PEPPERCORN CEREMONY. Town Square.
 April 22–24: Paget. AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION. Botanical Gardens.
 April 28: BEATING OF RETREAT CEREMONY.
 May 1–November 30: 40TH ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT.
 May 1–8: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK. Yachtsmen from many countries compete.

May 17–24: BERMUDA HERITAGE WEEK. Cultural events, sports, and parade on Bermuda Day, May 24.
 June 14: Hamilton. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Public holiday.
 June 18: NEWPORT-BERMUDA YACHT RACE. Famous sailing event.
 July 29–30: Sandy's Parish. ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL.
 November 5: Hamilton. GUY FAWKES DAY. Fireworks in harbor.
 November 10, 11, 13, 14: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW. Well-known event among dog fanciers.
 December–March 15, 1983: St. George's. BERMUDA RENDEZVOUS TIME. Various cultural and sports events for visitors held throughout island.
 December 6–11: 30TH GOODWILL GOLF TOURNAMENT.

THE BAHAMAS

April 7: Nassau. SUPREME COURT OPENING. Colorful ceremony opens second quarterly session.
 April 23–25: Georgetown, Exuma. FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA. Bahamian work sloops compete for prizes.
 Late April–early May: Walkers Cay. BILLFISH TOURNAMENT.
 June: Cat Cay. TUNA TOURNAMENT.
 June: Bimini. BIG GAME BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT.
 July: Chub Cay. BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.
 July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 August 10: Fox Hill, five miles from Nassau. FOX HILL DAY. Old-fashioned carnival, Bahamian cuisine.
 October 12: DISCOVERY DAY. Columbus landed here in 1492.
 November: Nassau. ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL PRO-AM GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.
 December 26: BOXING DAY. Junkanoo Parade. Festivities on all islands.

THE CARIBBEAN

ANTIGUA

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 April 25–May 1: 16TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Yachtsmen gather for week's sailing activity, parties, and gala ball.
 May 31: WHITMONDAY.
 July 24–August 3: MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL. Eleven-day festival highlights cultural aspects of island. Includes beauty pageants, calypso, and steel band shows.
 November 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

ARUBA

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 April 20–December 14: WATAPANA FESTIVAL. Arts and crafts, food and drinks, local entertainment. Tuesday nights.

May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 20: ASCENSION DAY.
 June: St. John's. ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD.
 June 24: Oranjestad. ST. JOHN'S DAY. Authentic folk dance, "Derramento di Gai," is performed.
 August: Oranjestad. MISS ARUBA BEAUTY PAGEANT.
 October 1–31: Local waters. TROLLING TOURNAMENT.
 December 15: KINGDOM DAY.
 December 26: BOXING DAY.

BARBADOS

April 9: OISTINS FISH FESTIVAL.
 April 12: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS. Picnics, sports, pageantry.
 May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS.

May 31: WHITMONDAY. Parades, folk songs, and dances.
 Mid-June–early July: Bridgetown and most villages. CROP-OVER FESTIVAL.
 July 5: CARIBBEAN DAY.
 October 4: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
 November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BONAIRE

April 12: EASTER MONDAY PICNICS.
 April 30: CORONATION DAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric events in all villages.
 June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Local fishermen honored by songs, dances in seaside villages.
 Mid-October: Kralendijk. 15TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA. Four-day festival. Hundreds of entries.
 December 15: KINGDOM DAY.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

April 12: Local waters. EASTER MONDAY REGATTA.
 May: George Town, Grand Cayman. GRAND COURT OPENING CEREMONY.
 May 17: George Town, Grand Cayman. DISCOVERY DAY SAILBOAT REGATTA.
 July 6: Local waters. CONSTITUTION DAY SAILING REGATTA.
 October 23–November 3: George Town, Grand Cayman. PIRATES WEEK.
 November 9: REMEMBRANCE DAY.

CURAÇAO

May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 11: OPENING OF THE "STATEN," THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.
 July 26: Willemstad. CURAÇAO DAY.
 December 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY.
 December 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY.

DOMINICA

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 31: WHITMONDAY.
 August 2: AUGUST MONDAY.
 November 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

April 5–11: HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCES.
 May: Higuey. BOCA DE YUMA INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 July 24–August 4: Santo Domingo. MERENGUE FESTIVAL. Dance competition.
 August 4: Santo Domingo. ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF SANTO DOMINGO.
 August 16: Santo Domingo. ANNIVERSARY OF RESTORATION OF DOMINICAN INDEPENDENCE.
 August 28–31: Romana. SIBONEY CUP INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
 November 1: San Juan de la Maguana. ALL SAINTS DAY.
 November 2: MEMORIAL DAY.
 November 30: Santo Domingo. FEAST OF SAN ANDRÉS.
 December 5: Santo Domingo. ANNIVERSARY OF DISCOVERY OF ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA.

GRENADA

April 12–19: YACHTING RACES AND WATER FESTIVAL.
 May 31: WHITMONDAY YACHT FESTIVAL.
 June 18: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSIONS.
 August: CARNIVAL.
 August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY OBSERVANCES.

GUADELOUPE

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 20: ASCENSION THURSDAY.
 May 31: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach picnics.
 July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.
 July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates freedom from slavery.
 August 14: Pointe-à-Pitre. FÊTES DES CUISINIÈRES—COOKS' FESTIVAL. One of Guadeloupe's most colorful events.

November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
 November 11: ARMISTICE DAY.
 November 22: All towns and cities. ST. CECILIA'S DAY. Music programs on feast day of patroness of musicians.
 December 28: YOUNG SAINTS DAY. Mass and parade of costumed children carrying toys.

HAITI

April 11: EASTER SUNDAY RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
 April 14: PAN AMERICAN DAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 22: SOVEREIGNTY DAY.
 June 10: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.
 October 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
 November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
 November 18: ARMED FORCES DAY.
 December 5: DISCOVERY DAY.

JAMAICA

April: Kingston. ANNUAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.
 April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 July–September: Kingston. NATIONAL DANCE THEATER COMPANY SEASON.
 Late July–early August: INDEPENDENCE WEEK.
 August 2: JAMAICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 September: Kingston. MANNING CUP SCHOOLBOY SOCCER SEASON.
 October–December: Kingston. ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION.
 October: Port Antonio. ANNUAL BLUE MARLIN INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

MARTINIQUE

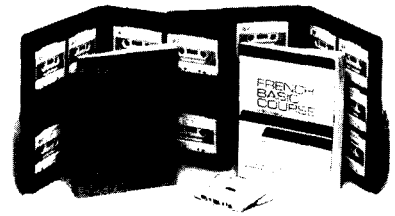
April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 May 20: ASCENSION THURSDAY. Processions, religious services.
 July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.
 July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates freedom from slavery.
 August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
 September 27: Robert. FÊTE NAUTIQUE—FESTIVAL OF THE SEA. Night races, lighted boat parade, folkloric programs.
 November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
 November 11: ARMISTICE DAY.

MONTSERRAT

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 31: WHITMONDAY.
 Mid-June–mid-July: Plymouth. LEEWARD ISLANDS CRICKET TOURNAMENT.
 August: Plymouth. WEST INDIAN NETBALL TOURNAMENT.
 August 2: AUGUST MONDAY.
 November 10: DISCOVERY DAY.

PUERTO RICO

April 4–11: HOLY WEEK.
 May 28–June 12: San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce. PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL.
 Mid-June: San Juan. FIESTA DAY.
 July: Barranquitas. ANNUAL CRAFTS FAIR.
 July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 July 17: MUNOZ RIVERA DAY.
 July 25: San Juan. CONSTITUTION DAY. Parade.
 Late July: LOIZA ALDEA FIESTA.
 August: San Juan. SUMMER ART FESTIVAL.
 September–December: Most major cities. SYMPHONY SEASON—PUERTO RICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
 October–December: Old San Juan. INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL.



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Mid-November: Ponce. BOMBA AND PLENA FESTIVAL.
 Mid-November: Old San Juan. PUERTO RICO MUSIC FIESTA.
 Mid-November: Mayaguez. CRAFTS FAIR.
 Mid-November: Jayuya. JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL. Taino Indian culture craft shows, dances, visits to Indian sites.
 Early December: Cantano. BACARDI CRAFTS FAIR.
 December 15–January 6, 1983: "NAVIDADES." Puerto Rico's Christmas season celebrations.

SABA

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 Early December: SABA DAYS. Sports, folkloric programs.
 December 15: KINGDOM DAY TO MARK AUTONOMY OF NETHERLAND ANTILLES. Street dances, sports.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY

May 31: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach parties.
 July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE.
 August 24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHÉLEMY. Celebrated for several days in honor of island's patron saint; reminiscent of French country fair.

ST. EUSTATIUS

November 16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY. First foreign country to recognize American flag in 1776.
 December 15: KINGDOM DAY.

ST. KITTS, NEVIS, ANGUILLA

April 12: St. Kitts, Nevis. EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Picnics, dances.
 April 12: Sandy Point, St. Kitts. DYNARAMA FESTIVAL.
 June 12: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY PARADE. Picnics, dances.
 July–August: Nevis. CULTURAMA. Music, art, drama, exhibitions, food fair, calypso.
 August 2: AUGUST MONDAY. Horse racing, picnics, dances.
 November: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.
 December 26: St. Kitts. BOXING DAY. Carnival begins.
 December 31: CARNIVAL DAY. Parade of troupes and bands.

ST. LUCIA

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS. Highly celebrated holiday.
 May 26–27: CARNIVAL FESTIVITIES.
 July: FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS.
 July 12: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
 July 14: Castries. BASTILLE DAY. Fireworks, parades.
 August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.
 August 30: Castries and some towns. FÊTE DE LA ROSE. Costumed parades.
 October 4: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

October 17: Mary Alacoque. FEAST OF ST. MARGARET.
 December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports contests.

ST. MAARTEN

Early April: St. Maarten-Virgin Gorda-Martinique-St. Maarten. EIGHTH ANNUAL TRADEWINDS RACE. Covers 800-mile course.
 April 12: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY.
 Mid-April–early May: CARNIVAL TIME. Steel band competitions, pageants, parades.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 15: ASCENSION DAY OBSERVANCES.
 May 24: WHITMONDAY FESTIVITIES.
 July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Fireworks, parades, dancing, sports events.
 November 11: ST. MAARTEN DAY. Ceremonies at border observe long-standing amicable agreement of 1648 between Dutch and French that divided island.
 December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Celebration marks autonomy of Netherlands Antilles.

ST. VINCENT and the GRENADINES

April 12: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Beach parties, fireworks. BEQUIA BOAT RACES.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 28–30: Between Kingston Harbour and Port Elizabeth, Bequia. WHITSUN REGATTA.
 June 12: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
 June 27–July 6: CARNIVAL. Steel bands, calypso contests, parades.
 July 6: CARNIVAL TUESDAY.
 August 2: AUGUST MONDAY.
 October 27: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 November 25–28: PETIT ST. VINCENT RACES.

TRINIDAD and TOBAGO

April: Trinidad, Tobago. FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA.
 June 10: Port of Spain, Trinidad. CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.
 June 29: Fishing villages. ST. PETER'S DAY. Celebrates patron of fishermen.

July: Trinidad, Tobago. FOLKLORE FESTIVAL AND COMPETITIONS.
 July: EID-UL-FITR. Muslim festival marking end of Ramadan.
 August 2: DISCOVERY DAY. Commemorates Columbus's discovery of Trinidad.
 August 31: Trinidad, Tobago. INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 End of October: Several villages. RAMLILLA. Folk festival featuring Indian epic dramas.
 End of October: "DEWALI"—FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.
 November 1: Trinidad, Tobago. ALL SAINTS DAY.
 November 2: Trinidad, Tobago. ALL SOULS DAY.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

April: Sir Francis Drake Channel. SPRING REGATTA.
 April 12: Virgin Gorda. EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL.
 May 31: WHITMONDAY.
 July 1: TERRITORY DAY.
 First weekend in August: Tortola. B.V.I. FESTIVAL.
 October 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 9–11: ROLEX REGATTA. Sailing race for yachts of all classes.
 April 12: St. Thomas and St. Croix. EASTER MONDAY. Outdoor sports events.
 April 12–17: St. Thomas. CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT COMPETITIONS.
 April 18–24: St. Thomas. CARNIVAL WEEK.
 June 14: ORGANIC ACT DAY.
 July 3: U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS EMANCIPATION DAY.
 July 4: All islands. INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades and ceremonies. Carnival on St. John; yacht race around St. Thomas.
 August 19–23: St. Thomas. GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT.
 October 11: COLUMBUS DAY AND PUERTO RICO-VIRGIN ISLANDS FRIENDSHIP DAY.
 October 18: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING DAY.
 November 1: LIBERTY DAY.
 Late November: St. Croix. ANNUAL PRO-AM GOLF TOURNAMENT.
 December 27: St. Croix. OPENING OF CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

MEXICO

April 4–11: HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCES AND PROCESSIONS.
 April 15–17: Veracruz. FORTIN DE LAS FLORES.
 April 15–May 5: Aguascalientes. SAN MARCOS FAIR. Spring festival of music, dance.
 April 28: Chumayel, Yucatan. FESTIVAL OF THE HOLY CHRIST. Native dances.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 3: FEAST OF THE HOLY CROSS.
 May 5: BATTLE OF PUEBLA. Celebrates defeat of the French.
 May 15: SAN ISIDRO DAY.
 June 10: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. Traditional spring festival; children's processions blessed at cathedral; pre-Hispanic sun ritual of flying pole dance in Veracruz.
 July 16–28: Cerro del Fortin. GUELAGUETZA FESTIVAL. Gathering of colorfully costumed Indian dancers.
 August: Zacatecas. FESTIVAL OF LA MORISMA. Re-enactments of the battles between the Moors and Christians.

September 6–9: Cholula, Puebla. ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Native dances staged on world's highest pyramid.
 September 15: EL GRITO CEREMONY AND HOLIDAY. Mayors of each city repeat the 1810 rallying cry of Father Hidalgo, ring replicas of bell of Dolores. Fireworks displays.
 September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 October 7–15: Alvarado, Veracruz. OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY FIESTA.
 October 12: COLUMBUS DAY. DAY OF THE RACE CELEBRATIONS. Colorful in Guadalajara. Fair and Indian dances.
 November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
 November 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
 November 20: ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.
 December 12: FIESTA OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.
 December 16–24: CHRISTMAS "POSADAS." Colorful in Oaxaca, San Miguel de Allende, Queretaro.

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

May 24: COMMONWEALTH DAY.
July: VIRGIN DEL CARMEN FIESTA.
September 10: NATIONAL DAY.

COSTA RICA

April 5: COMMEMORATION OF ST. VINCENT.
April 11: Alajuela. HOLIDAY OF JUAN SANTA-MARIA. Commemorates national hero.
June 5: Bagacac. FEAST OF SAN CARALAMPIO.
June 24: Tibas. FEAST OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.
July 22: Liberia. CATTLE FAIR.
August 2: Cartago. FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS. Pilgrimage; religious festivities.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October 12: Limon. COLUMBUS DAY. Carnival with floats, parades.
October 31–November 2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY FEASTS.
December 12: Goicoechea. FEAST OF VIRGIN OF GUADELUPE. Religious celebrations.

GUATEMALA

Mid-April: Antigua. HOLY WEEK.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
June 30: COMMEMORATION OF 1871 REVOLUTION.
July: Huehuetenango. FIESTAS JULIANAS.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October 20: FIESTA RECALLING REVOLUTION OF 1944.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
December: Chichicastenango. FAMOUS FAIR.

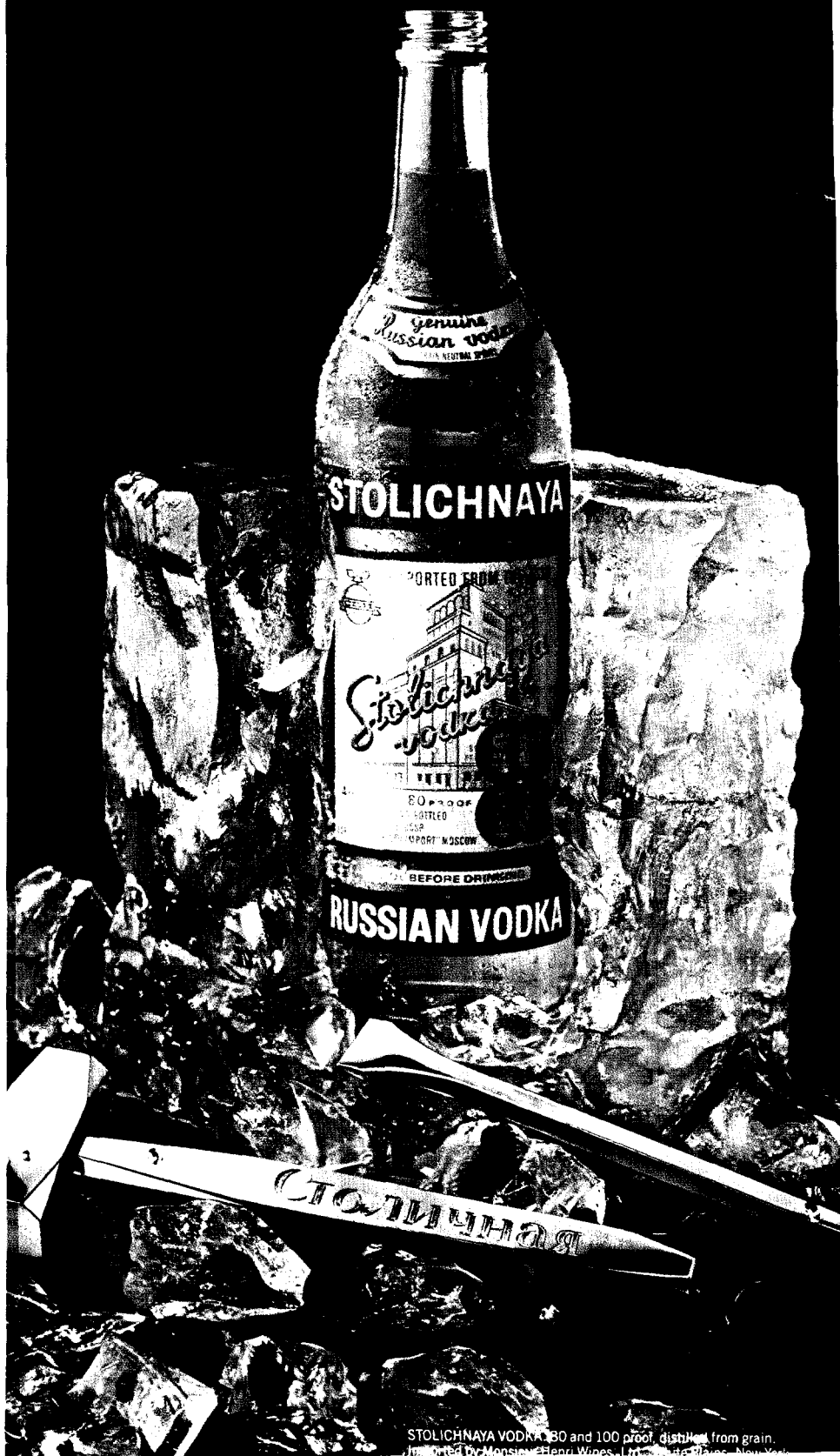
HONDURAS

May 1: LABOR DAY.
Last week of June: San Pedro Sula. SEMANA SAN PEDRANA. Cattle show.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October 3: FRANCISCO MORAZAN DAY.
October 12: DISCOVERY DAY.

PANAMA

April: Boquete. COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL.
April 26–May 1: Villa de los Santos. AZUERO FAIR. Agricultural and industrial fair.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 7–8: Atalaya. PILGRIMAGE TO VENERATE JESUS NAZARENE OF ATALAYA.
June: Penonome. CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.
July 16: Taboga Island. INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL.
August 24: Panama City. PANAMA DERBY.
September 24–27: Guarare. MEJORANA FESTIVAL. Features a colorful song contest.
October 11: Panama City. DAY OF THE REVOLUTION.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
October 21: Portobelo. FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST. Procession.
November 2: MEMORIAL DAY.
November 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
November 4–5: Colon. FESTIVAL DE LA POLLERA.
November 28: EMANCIPATION FROM SPAIN.

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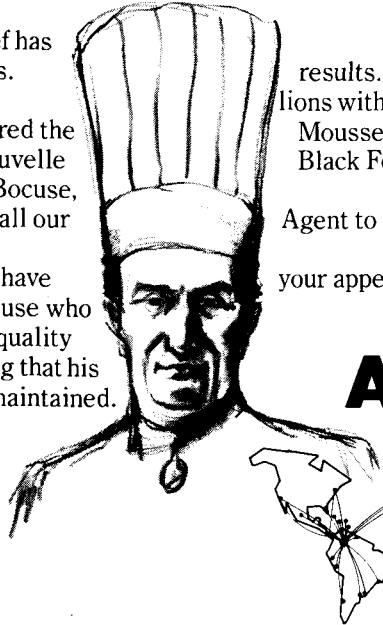
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SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

May–September: Buenos Aires. OPERA SEASON.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 25: NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE CABILDO ABIERTO.
June 10: CORPUS CHRISTI.
June 20: FLAG DAY.
July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE.
August: Buenos Aires. RURAL EXPOSITION.
August 17: ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL SAN MARTÍN — LIBERATOR OF ARGENTINA.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.

BRAZIL

Through October: Rio de Janeiro. FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA.
April: HOLY WEEK.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
June: Manaus. FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS.
June: CORPUS CHRISTI.
July: Ouro Preto. WINTER FESTIVAL. Cultural events.
August: Barretos. COWBOY FESTIVAL. Cowboys from several South American countries participate.
September 7: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
November 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
November 15: PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

CHILE

May 21: Iquique and nationwide. CELEBRATION OF NAVAL BATTLE OF IQUIQUE.
June 2–16: Arica. CULTURAL FESTIVAL.
June 29: All ports nationwide. FEAST OF SAN PEDRO. Honors fishermen.
July 16: Tirana. FESTIVAL OF LA TIRANA.
August 7–9: Arica. FESTIANDINA '82.
August 20: BIRTHDAY OF BERNARDO O'HIGGINS.
September 18: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October: Santiago. INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

COLOMBIA

April: HOLY WEEK.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
June: Neiva. BAMBUCO FESTIVAL. Music, dancing.
June 10: CORPUS CHRISTI.
June 29: STS. PETER AND PAUL CELEBRATION.
July: Bogotá. INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.
July 20: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
July 24: BOLÍVAR'S BIRTHDAY.
August 1–31: Bogotá. AUGUST INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 9 and 25 for free information.

Late September–early October: Quibdo. FESTIVAL OF "SAN PACHO." Folklore.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
November 11: Cartagena. INDEPENDENCE DAY.
December 8: IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DAY.

ECUADOR

April 13: JUAN MONTAÍVO'S BIRTHDAY.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 24: Quito. ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA, 1822.
June 29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY. Festivals in many towns.
July 23–25: Guayaquil. FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL CELEBRATIONS.
July 24: BIRTHDAY OF SIMÓN BOLÍVAR.
August 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
November 21: El Quinche. FEAST DAY OF THE VIRGIN OF EL QUINCHE.
December 6: Quito. FOUNDING OF QUITO.

PARAGUAY

May 14–15: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.
June 12: CHACO PEACE DAY.
June 24: Asunción. ST. JOHN'S DAY. "Promiers" walk barefoot over hot flames.
August 25: CONSTITUTION DAY.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Early December: Cuacupé. VIRGIN OF THE MIRACLES OF CUACUPÉ FESTIVITIES.

PERU

April 4–11: HOLY WEEK.
May: Puno. ALASITAS FAIR.
May 1–4: Acobamba-Tarma. FEAST OF OUR LORD OF MURUGUAY. Songs, dances.
May 2: Lima. FEAST OF THE CROSS.
June: Cuzco. INCA FESTIVAL.
June 23–24: Iquitos. ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL.
July: Huanuco. TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL. Harvest events.
July 28–29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU FESTIVAL.
August 29–30: Lima. FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA. Honors Peru's patron saint.
September: Trujillo. INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL.
October: Lima. BULLFIGHT FAIR.
October 12: DAY OF THE RACE. Honors Columbus.
December 6–8: Guadalupe. PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE SHRINE.

SURINAM

May 1: LABOR DAY.
July 1: Paramaribo. DAY OF NATIONAL UNITY. Kotomissie shows.
September: Paramaribo. OPENING OF A NEW SESSION OF SURINAM PARLIAMENT.
November: Paramaribo. KONFRIJERIES—PEOPLE'S FAIR.
November 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

URUGUAY

April: HOLY WEEK SERVICES AND PROCESSIONS.
April 19: LANDING OF THE THIRTY-THREE DAY.
May 18: BATTLE OF LAS PIEDRAS DAY.
June 19: BIRTH OF THE HERO DON JOSÉ GERVACIO ARTIGAS.
July 18: CONSTITUTION DAY. Parades.
August: Montevideo. LIVESTOCK FAIR.

August 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 November 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
 December 8: IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DAY.

VENEZUELA

April 4: Mérida. ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF MÉRIDA.

AFRICA

ALGERIA

Early May: Tiemcen. FEASTS OF RABB.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 June: Miliana. HARVEST FESTIVALS.
 July 5: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 End of July: AID-EL-FITR. End of month of Ramadan.
 August: Tiaret. ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT.
 September: Algiers. INTERNATIONAL FAIR.
 End of September: AID-EL-ADHA. Sheep sacrificial festival.
 October 27: ACHOURA'S DAY.

ETHIOPIA

April 6: ETHIOPIAN PATRIOTS VICTORY DAY.
 April 18: ETHIOPIAN EASTER.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 July 22: ID-AL-FATER. End of month of Ramadan.
 September 11: ETHIOPIAN NEW YEAR.
 September 12: POPULAR REVOLUTION COMMEMORATION DAY.
 September 27: FEAST OF FINDING OF TRUE CROSS.

GHANA

July 1: REPUBLIC DAY.
 August–October: Several cities in Eastern region. TRADITIONAL ODWIRA FESTIVAL OF THE AKWAPIMS.
 September–October: Western region. KUNTUM FESTIVAL.
 September 24: THIRD REPUBLIC DAY.

KENYA

April: Nairobi. EAST AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY.
 May–September: Nakuru, Mombasa. AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 June 1: MADARAKA DAY—ANNIVERSARY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.
 Late August: Mombasa. AGRICULTURAL SHOW.
 October 20: KENYATTA DAY.
 Late October: Nairobi. KENYA AGRICULTURE SHOW.

In Muslim countries, religious holidays are related to the lunar calendar, and do not fall on the same date each year. Moreover, while the celebrations may have identical roots, their names will be spelled in various ways in English. Different countries transliterate the same words differently. We have respected each country's spelling. Thus, for example, you will see that the Muslim holiday which marks the end of the month of Ramadan will appear as Idd-El-Fitr, Aid Es-Seghir, Eid-Al-Fitr, or Id Ul Fitr.

April 19: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE HOLIDAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 June 24: BATTLE OF CARABOBO.
 July 5: INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY.
 July 24: BOLÍVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Parades, fireworks.
 October 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
 November–February 1983: BULLFIGHT SEASON.
 December 17: BOLÍVAR'S MEMORIAL DAY.

November: Malindi. SEA FISHING FESTIVAL.
 December 12: JAMHURI DAY.

MALI

May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 25: AFRICA DAY. Parades and musical programs.
 September 22: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF REPUBLIC OF MALI.

MOROCCO

Mid-April: Sale. DOR ESH SHEMAA. Lantern procession.
 Mid-May: Kelaa des N'Gouna. ROSE FESTIVAL.
 June 4: Marrakech. NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL.
 Mid-September: Meknes. EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL. Riding skills contest.
 Early October: Erfroud. DATE FESTIVAL.

MOZAMBIQUE

April 7: WOMEN'S DAY.
 May 1: WORKERS DAY.
 June 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 Late August: Maputo. INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.
 September 25: DAY OF THE PEOPLE'S ARMY.

NIGERIA

End of July: ID-AL-FITR.
 End of September: ID-EL-KABIR.
 October 1: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY.

SENEGAL

April 4: SENEGAL INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 April 11: EASTER.
 Late April–early May: BASSARI HOLIDAY. Week-long celebration.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 July: KORITE. Celebrates end of Muslim thirty-day fast.
 September: TABASKI. Muslim holiday celebrates sacrifice of Abraham.
 October: TAMKHARITE. Religious holiday celebrating famous prophet.
 End of December: Pilgrimage to Touba. MAGAL DE TOUBA. Religious ceremony honors return from exile of Amadou Bamba Mbacke.

SOUTH AFRICA

April 1–17: Johannesburg. RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW.
 April 10–24: Cape Town. ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL.

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May 2–31: Pietermaritzburg and nationwide. NATIONAL REPUBLIC FESTIVAL '82—SPORTS FESTIVAL OF SOUTH AFRICA.
 Late May: Pietermaritzburg. ROYAL SHOW: INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL FAIR. Royal Show Grounds.
 Late May: Between Pietermaritzburg and Durban. "COMRADES' MARATHON." Fifty-seven-mile downhill race.
 June 1–30: Cape Town. OPERA SEASON.
 August 19–28: Durban. WORLD MEETING OF AMATEUR FILMMAKERS.
 August 26–September 6: Pretoria. ANNUAL PRETORIA SHOW.
 October 10–23: Florida. INTERNATIONAL SONG AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL.
 Early November: Johannesburg. INTERNATIONAL WYNN'S 1000. Car racing at Kyalami Track.
 November 6: Cape Town. INTERNATIONAL TUG-O-WAR CONTEST.
 Early December–mid-February 1983: SUNSHINE CIRCUIT FOR PRO GOLFERS.

TANZANIA

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 April 26: Tanganyika, Zanzibar. UNION DAY.
 May 1: WORKERS DAY.
 July 7: PEASANTS DAY.
 July 24–25: IDD-EL-FITRI.
 October 5: IDD-EL-HAJI.
 December 9: INDEPENDENCE AND REPUBLIC DAY.

TUNISIA

April: Tataouine. FESTIVAL OF THE KSARS. Fantasia, folklore of the desert areas.
 May: El-Haouaria (Cap Bon). FALCON HUNTING FESTIVAL.
 May: Djerba. LA GHRIBA PILGRIMAGE. Jewish religious services and celebration. La Ghriba Synagogue.
 First two weeks of May: Nabeul. ORANGE TREE FESTIVAL.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 June–July: Carthage. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARTHAGE. Jazz, drama, folklore.
 June: Hammamet. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HAMMAMET. Cultural events and performers.
 July–August: Bizerte. FESTIVAL OF BIZERTE. Folk dances, local festivals.
 July 22–23: AID ES-SEGHIR. End of month of Ramadan.
 July 25: REPUBLIC DAY OBSERVANCE.
 August 13: WOMEN'S DAY.
 September 3: MEMORIAL DAY.
 September 27: AID EL KEBIR: MECCA PILGRIMAGE DAY.
 November: Douz. SAHARA FESTIVAL. Camel fights, greyhound racing, and folklore.

ZAÏRE

June 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Colorful parades.

ZAMBIA

May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. Political rallies, tribal dance performances.
 Late May–early June: Ndola. COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW.
 July: Ndola. INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.
 July 4: HEROES DAY.
 July 5: UNITY DAY.
 August 8: YOUTH DAY.
 September: Lusaka. AGRICULTURAL COMMERCIAL FAIR.
 October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE MIDDLE EAST

EGYPT

April 12: SHAM-AL-NESSAIM. SPRING FESTIVAL.
 June 19: EVACUATION OF THE BRITISH DAY.
 July 23–25: ID-AL-FITR.
 July 24: NATIONAL DAY.
 September 1: REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER 1—PROCLAMATION OF THE UNION.
 September 29–30: ID AL-ADHA.
 October 6: ARMED FORCES DAY.
 October 19: AL HIJRA.
 October 24: SUEZ DAY.
 December 23: VICTORY DAY.

ISRAEL

April 1–October 30: Jerusalem. SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES.
 April 3–10: Most Christian churches. HOLY WEEK SERVICES.
 April 5–10: Jerusalem. JERUSALEM INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR.
 April 8–14: PASSOVER OBSERVANCES.
 April 8–14: Haifa. INTERNATIONAL FLOWER EXHIBITION.
 April 9–15: Sea of Galilee. EN GEV FESTIVAL. Israel Philharmonic, music, dance.
 April 11: Most Christian churches. EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES.
 April 18: GREEK ORTHODOX EASTER SUNDAY.
 April 19, 20: EVE AND DAY OF "HOLOCAUST DAY."
 April 26, 27: EVE AND DAY OF "REMEMBRANCE DAY." Memorial ceremonies for those killed in Israel's wars.
 April 28: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
 May: Tel Aviv. ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR.
 May 6–31: JERUSALEM SPRING FESTIVAL. International performers.
 June 1: JERUSALEM DAY.
 July–August: Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Caesarea. ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA.
 July 6–16: Ramat Gan, Tel Aviv. MACCABIAH GAMES. Sports competition for 3,000 athletes from thirty countries.
 September 18–19: ROSH HASHANA—JEWISH NEW YEAR OBSERVANCE.
 September 27: YOM KIPPUR—JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT.
 November–April 1983: Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv. ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA.

December 11–18: CHANUKAH. Festival of Lights.
 December 24: Most Christian churches. CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES.
 December 25: Most Christian churches. CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES.

KUWAIT

May: AL ESRA AL MEARAJ.
 End of July: EID-AL-FITR.
 End of September: EID-AL-ADHA.
 October 18: AL-HIJRA.
 December 28: PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY.

JORDAN

Spring and Fall: Aqaba. WATER SKIING FESTIVAL.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 July: JERASH FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS.
 August 11: KING HUSSEIN'S ASCENSION TO THE THRONE.
 Mid-October: Amman. ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS.
 November 14: KING HUSSEIN'S BIRTHDAY

LEBANON

May–July: Baalbeck. LIGHT AND SOUND SHOW.
 June: Sidon. SEA FESTIVAL. Water show.
 July–August: Baalbeck. INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF BAALBECK. Ballet, folklore, dances, concerts, drama by world famous orchestras and performers at ancient temples.
 August 15: Mountain area. CELEBRATION OF VIRGIN MARY'S DAY.
 September: Ehden. FESTIVAL OF THE CEDARS. Evening drama, concerts.

SAUDI ARABIA

End of July: EID-AL-FITR. End of month of Ramadan.
 September 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
 End of September: EID-AL-ADDHA. Pilgrimage to Mecca.

ASIA AND THE FAR EAST

BURMA

April 14–16: Rangoon and nationwide. BURMESE WATER FESTIVAL—THING YAN.
 April 17: BURMESE NEW YEAR'S DAY.
 May 1: WORKERS DAY.
 November 11: FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

Mid-April–mid-May; mid-October–mid-November: Canton. TRADE FAIR.
 May 1: INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY-LABOR DAY OBSERVANCES. Parades, speeches.
 August 1: RED ARMY DAY. Parades.

October 1: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, theatrical performances, fireworks, special events.

REPUBLIC OF CHINA

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.
 April 8: BUDDHA BATHING FESTIVAL.
 April 16: Peikang, Yunlin. BIRTHDAY OF MATSU, GODDESS OF THE SEA.
 April 29: Main Ceremonies in Tainan. CHENG KUNG LANDING.
 June 25: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

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July 3: BIRTHDAY OF CHENG HUANG. City God of Taipei.

August 19: MONTH OF THE GHOSTS.

September 28: CONFUCIUS'S BIRTHDAY.

October 1: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL. One of the year's great festivals.

October 10: DOUBLE TENTH NATIONAL DAY.

October 25: TAIWAN RETROCESSION DAY.

October 31: CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S BIRTHDAY.

November 12: CULTURAL RENAISSANCE DAY.

December 25: CONSTITUTION DAY.

HONG KONG

April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL. Family festival when visits are made to the graves of ancestors to perform traditional rites.

April 9-12: EASTER HOLIDAYS.

April 16: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU, GODDESS OF FISHERMEN. Fishing fleet honors Goddess of fishermen. Special junk tours and decorations.

May 7-13: CHEUNG CHAU FESTIVAL. Four-day festival includes religious ceremonies, Chinese opera, procession.

May 1: BIRTHDAY OF LORD BUDDHA.

May 11: TAM KUNG FESTIVAL.

June 25: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races in beautifully decorated boats.

July 14: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER.

August 2: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER. Holiday for everyone connected with building trades.

August 25: MAIDEN'S FESTIVAL. Celebration for girls and young lovers.

August 30: LIBERATION DAY.

September 1: YUE LAN. Festival of the Hungry Ghosts.

October: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL OR MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Major festival in Chinese countries.

October 13: BIRTHDAY OF CONFUCIUS.

October 15-31: SEVENTH FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS. Music, dance, art exhibits.

October 25: CHUNG YEUNG FESTIVAL.

INDIA

May 11: Kerala. POORAM. Spectacular temple festival.

June 23: Puri, Orissa. RATH YATRA—TEMPLE FESTIVAL. Thousands join procession of huge chariots.

September 1: Aranmula, Payipad, and Kottayam. ONAM—SNAKE BOAT RACES.

September 27: Dehli, Mysore, Calcutta. DUSSEHRA. Ten-day festival based on the legend of Rama.

October: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS. Marks beginning of Hindu New Year.

October 28: Largest celebrations in Lucknow. MUHARRAM. Colorful Muslim holiday.

November 1: Pushkar. FAIR.

Late December—early January 1983: Delhi. ASIAN ATHLETIC GAMES.

INDONESIA

April 21-28: Jakarta. ANNIVERSARY OF TAMAN MINI. Performances of traditional music and dance from all regions.

May 7-10: Yogyakarta. RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL.

May 8: Mendut and Borobudur Temples, Central Java. WAICAK DAY—BIRTH OF BUDDHA.

June 22: Jakarta. ANNUAL FAIR.

August 17: Jakarta. INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, fireworks.

August 22: Madura Island. KERAPAN SAPI BULL RACES.

October 18: MUSLIM NEW YEAR.

JAPAN

April 13-17: Nikko. YAHOI FESTIVAL.

Spectacular floats featured in annual festivities of Futarasan Shrine.

April 14-15: Takayama. TAKAYAMA FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE. Festive procession.

April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

May 3-5: Hamamatsu, Shizuoka. KITE BATTLES. Competition.

May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. Public holiday.

May 11-October 15: Nagara River, Gifu. CORMORANT FISHING SEASON.

May 15: Kyoto. HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL OF SHIMOGAMO AND KAMIGAMO SHRINES. Imperial parade and pageantry.

May 17-18: Nikko. GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE. Dazzling parade of 1,000 marchers in full Samurai warrior regalia.

June 10-16: Tokyo. SANNO FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE.

July 12-August 22: Sapporo. EXPO HOKKAIDO '82. Major fair to salute Hokkaido's future.

July 16-17: Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto. GION MATSURI PROCESSION. Elaborate floats along streets. One of Kyoto's best known festivals.

July 23-25: Haramachi, Fukushima. WILD HORSE CHASE AND ROUNDUP.

August 5-6: Akita. KANTO FESTIVAL. Fabulous display of lanterns lights up this northern city. Lively crowds.

August 6: Hiroshima. PEACE FESTIVAL. Memorial rites.

August 16: Mt. Nyoigadake, Kyoto. DAIMONJI BONFIRE. Huge bonfire.

September 16: Kamakura. "YABUSAME"—HORSEBACK ARCHERY.

October-November: CHRYSANTHEMUM DOLL SHOWS.

October 7-9: Nagasaki. OKUNCHI FESTIVAL. Dragon parade.

October 10: HEALTH-SPORTS DAY.

October 22: Heian Shrine, Kyoto. FESTIVAL OF ERAS. Commemorates city's founding in 794.

November 3: CULTURE DAY.

December 17: Nara. "ON MATSURI" OF KASUGA SHRINE

KOREA

April: Unsan, Chungnam. RITUAL OF UNSAN. Thirteen-day festival honoring the mountain spirit.

April 5: ARBOR DAY. Tree plantings.

April 8: BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.

One of Korea's most colorful celebrations. Elaborate rituals at Buddhist temples.

May-early June: TANO. Traditional holiday with wrestling matches, band contests.

May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. National holiday especially for children.

June 6: MEMORIAL DAY.

July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.

August 15: LIBERATION DAY.

October: CHUSOK. Traditional harvest and full moon festival, referred to as "Korean Thanksgiving Day." Koreans visit family tombs and make food offerings.

October 1: Seoul. ARMED FORCES DAY. Parades.

October 8: Iksan, Chonbuk. MAHAN FOLK FESTIVAL.

October 8-10: Kyongju Kyongbuk. SILLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Classical music contest, wrestling, dancing, poetry.

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MACAU

April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL.

April 11: EASTER.

April 16: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Honors local fishermen.

April 25: ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION.

May 1: FEAST OF THE BATHING OF LORD BUDDHA. Temple rites mark Buddha's birth.

May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION. Religious holiday.

June: CAMOES DAY. Honors the poet/hero.

June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Public holiday honors patron saint.

June 25: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL RACES.

July 3: FEAST OF KUAN TAI. Honors God of Justice with police parades.

July 13: Islands of Taipa and Coloane. FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13. Marks defeat of Chinese pirates in 1910.

August: FEAST OF MAIDENS.

August 13: FEAST OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.

October 1: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Moon cakes eaten to celebrate Autumn equinox.

October 5: REPUBLIC DAY.

October 25: CHUNG YEUNG—FESTIVAL OF ANCESTORS.

November: 29TH MACAU GRAND PRIX. Annual auto race.

December 1: RESTORATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

MALAYSIA

April 4: Jalan Bendahara, Malacca. PALM SUNDAY. Candlelight procession to St. Peter's Church, oldest functioning church in Malaysia.

April 27: Penang. DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

May-September: East coast of Malay Peninsula. MIGRATION OF GIANT TURTLES.

May 1: LABOR DAY.

June: BIRD SINGING COMPETITION.

June: KITE FLYING COMPETITION. Giant kites flown more than 1,400 feet high.

June 1-2: Sarawak. DAYAK FESTIVAL. End-of-harvest prayers, poems, dances.

June 3: BIRTHDAY OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

June 27: Two miles from Malacca. FEAST OF ST. PETER. Fishing events, blessing of boats, folk dances, songs.

July 22: HARI RAYA PUASA. Muslim celebration.

August 31: NATIONAL DAY.

September 28: HARI RAYA HAJI. Muslim feast with prayers at mosques.

October: Penang. FESTIVAL OF THE NINE EMPEROR GODS. Devotees climb to Kew Ong Yeah temple to pray.

December: PENANG FESTIVAL. Month-long celebration.

NEPAL

April: Bhadagaon. BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL.

April 14: Katmandu and nationwide.

NAVABARSHA. Nepalese New Year's Day.

May 8: BUDDHA JAYANTI. Marks birth, death, and enlightenment of Buddha. Important celebration here.

August 6: Patan. MATAYAA—BUDDHIST CEREMONIES AND PROCESSION.

August 12: Krishnastami. LORD KRISHNA'S BIRTHDAY.

August 31: Katmandu. INDRAJATRA. Colorful festival marks end of monsoon season.

October 25: BADA DASAI. Major day of fifteen-day observance.

December 12: Janakpur, near Katmandu. VIVAHA PANCHAMI. Festival commemorating marriage of Sita to Ram.

PAKISTAN

May 1: MAY DAY.
August 14: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
September 6: DEFENSE DAY.
September 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF
QUAID-I-AZAM.

PHILIPPINES

April 5-11: HOLY WEEK.
April 24: Cebu. MAGELLAN'S LANDING PAGEANT.
Commemorates landing in 1521.
May 1-31: SANTACRUZAN FESTIVAL.
May 14: Bulacan, Nueva Ecija, Rizal. CARABAO
FESTIVAL. Thanksgiving events.
June 12: Manila. INDEPENDENCE DAY.
June 24: San Juan, Rizal. FEAST OF ST. JOHN
THE BAPTIST.
July 4: FIL-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP DAY.
August 26: CRY OF BALINTAWAK. Marks start of
revolution against Spain.
September 21: THANKSGIVING DAY.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.
November 30: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
December 16-24: SIMBANG GABI—MIDNIGHT
MASS. A nine-day novena of predawn masses
ushers in world's longest Christmas
celebration.
December 30: RIZAL DAY. Celebrates greatest
Filipino hero, Dr. Jose Rizal.

SINGAPORE

April 9: GOOD FRIDAY CANDLELIGHT
PROCESSIONS. Church of St. Joseph.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
May 8: VESAK DAY. Celebrates Lord Buddha's
birth, enlightenment, and death.
June 25: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Exciting races.
July 22: HARI RAYA PUASA. Beginning of feast of
Shawal or "Aidil Fitri."
August: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Marks founding of
Singapore with parades and fair.
September-October: NAVARATHRI FESTIVAL.
Indian dances, musical performances.
September 28: HARI RAYA HAJI. Muslim religious
festival.
October 1: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Lantern
parades, eating of moon cakes.
November: DEEPAVALI. Hindu festival, literally
"Festival of Lights."

SRI LANKA

April: ID-UL-AZHA FESTIVAL OF SACRIFICE.
Religious rites recall near sacrifice by
Abraham of his son.
April: Nuwara Eliya. HOLIDAY SEASON. Special
events in hill resort.
April 13-14: NATIONAL NEW YEAR. Begins after
harvest season.
May 1: MAY DAY.
May 8: VESAK FESTIVAL. Commemorates birth,
enlightenment, and death of Buddha. Most
colorful of all Buddhist festivals.
May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.
June 6: Mihintale and Anuradhapura. POSON
FESTIVAL.
July-August: Kataragama. FIRE-WALKING
FESTIVAL.
July: Kandy. ESALA PERAHERA. Ten nights of
medieval procession of elephants, drummers,
dancers. Magnificent climax of Sri Lanka
summer.
July 23: ID UL FITR. End of month of Ramadan.
August: Madhu Shrine, north of Colombo.
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September 29: HAJJ FESTIVAL. Celebrates annual
Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca.
November: DEEPAVALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF
LIGHTS.

THAILAND

April 4-21: Bangkok. BICENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION.
April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama I,
founder of Bangkok.
April 13-15: Chiang Mai, Paklat Bangkok.
SONGKRAN—WATER FESTIVAL. Thai New Year
celebration.
May: Bangkok. ROYAL PLOUGHING CEREMONY.
Blessing of rice seeds by king.
May 5: CORONATION DAY. Public holiday.
May 8-9: Yasothon. ROCKET FESTIVAL. Hails
harvest time before start of rainy season.
May 15: VISAKHA BUCHA. Processions
commemorate the birth, enlightenment, and
death of Buddha.
July 15: ASANHA BUCHA. Candlelight procession
honors Buddha's first sermon.
July 16: KHAO PHANSA. Buddhist Lent begins.
August 12: QUEEN SIRIKIT'S BIRTHDAY
OBSERVANCE.
October 2-31: Bangkok and nationwide. THOT
KATHIN. End of rainy season and Buddhist
Lent marked by processions and boat races.
November: LOY KRATHONG FESTIVAL. Beautiful
lights, candles, and lanterns float on rivers
and create dazzling effects.
November 21-22: Surin. ANNUAL ELEPHANT
ROUNDUP. Elephants perform tricks,
demonstrate skills.
December 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL
DAY.

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April 22-28: Toowoomba. TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. Exceptional garden displays.
 April 25: Tasmania, Victoria. ANZAC DAY. Public holiday celebrating joining of two territories.
 April 26: Australian Capital Territory, New South Wales, Northern Territory, Queensland, South Australia, and Western Australia. ANZAC DAY.
 June 7: Western Australia. FOUNDATION DAY.
 June 12: Queen's Birthday.
 August: Mt. Buller. AUSTRALIAN SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS.
 August 28: Alice Springs. HENLY-ON-TODD REGATTA. Makeshift yachts charge through soft sand.
 September 3-11: Adelaide. ROYAL ADELAIDE SHOW. Fair.
 September 15-26: Melbourne. ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.
 October: Melbourne. EXPOVIN INTERNATIONAL WINE AND FOOD EXHIBITION.
 October 2-11: Perth. ROYAL SHOW. Fair.
 November: Melbourne. MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL. Melbourne cup race on November 2 highlights week of major horse racing events.
 December 26: Sydney to Hobart. YACHT RACE.

COOK ISLANDS

April 11: EASTER SUNDAY.
 April 25: Rarotonga. ANZAC DAY. Parade.
 July 30-August 8: CONSTITUTION DAY OBSERVANCES.
 October 26: GOSPEL DAY. Religious plays performed in open air.

FIJI

April: AUCKLAND-SUVA YACHT RACE.
 June: Suva. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
 July: Nadi area. BULA FESTIVAL.
 Late August-early September: Suva. HIBISCUS FESTIVAL. Exhibits, entertainment, parade.
 October: SUGAR FESTIVAL.
 Early October: FIJI DAY.
 Late October: DIWALI-HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.
 November: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

GUAM

May 1-31: Agana. MAYFAIR. Carnival events at Paseo de Susanna Grounds.

July 4: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION.
 July 21: LIBERATION DAY.
 December 7: Islandwide fiesta. Mass and procession in Agana. FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

NEW ZEALAND

April 9-12: Hastings. HIGHLAND GAMES.
 April 25: ANZAC DAY.
 May 11-14: Lower Hutt, Wellington. NEW ZEALAND WOOL FESTIVAL.
 June: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
 June 17-19: Hamilton. NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL FIELD DAYS.
 Late July-early August: Various major ski fields. EUROPA F.I.S. SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS.
 Mid-September: Alexandra. ANNUAL BLOOM FESTIVAL.
 Late October: Hastings. HAWKES BAY AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW.
 Early November: Christ Church. CANTERBURY AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW. Major carnival, includes horse racing.
 Late November-early December: Rotorua. TROUT FISHING CONTEST.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

June-July: Rabaul. FRANGIPANI FESTIVAL.
 June 6-13: Madang. MABAROSA FESTIVAL.
 June 13-15: Port Moresby. NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW.
 July: MENDI. Events include sky diving, buck jumping, races.
 September: Port Moresby. PAPUA NEW GUINEA ARTS FESTIVAL.
 September: Port Moresby. HIRI MOALE FESTIVAL.
 September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
 November: Kavieng. MALAGAN FESTIVAL. Traditional dances and performances.

TAHITI

April 12: EASTER MONDAY.
 May 1: LABOR DAY.
 May 16: Papeete. ANNUAL DAY OF THE "MAIRE."
 July 14: In Papeete and on other islands. BASTILLE DAY.
 Mid-August: NIGHT OF THE GUITAR AND UTE. Musical competition.
 November 21: All islands. THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS COMPETITION AND PAREU DAY.
 December 5: Papeete. TIARE TAHITI DAY.
 December 31: Papeete. NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF THE WATERFRONT.

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY. Parade in honor of soldiers killed in World War II.
 May: RED CROSS WEEK.
 May 4: BIRTHDAY OF CROWN PRINCE TAPOUTO'A. Military parades.
 June: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.
 June 4: EMANCIPATION DAY.
 July: KING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AND HEILALA FESTIVAL.
 July 4: BIRTHDAY AND CORONATION ANNIVERSARY OF KING TAUFA'AHAU TOUPOU IV.
 Late August-early October: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.
 November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 December 4: KING TUPOU I DAY.

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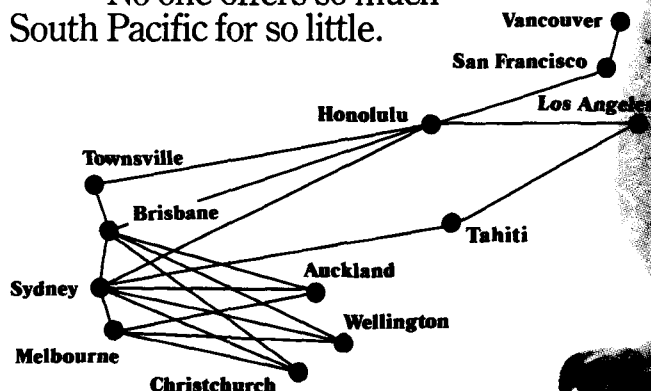
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association with his campaign would be an embarrassment. He at first rejected Allred's suggestion, and when the Governor insisted, he finally said he would work for the campaign for a fee, payable in advance: \$5,000.

Wild's enlistment in the campaign could not make the leaders support Johnson, but it would ensure their attendance at—and their permission to hold—the “barbecues” (political rallies highlighted by “speakings”) integral to Texas politics. And Lyndon Johnson's barbecues were barbecues such as this impoverished district had never seen. Ed Clark describes them as “All the barbecue you could eat and take home, and all the beer you could drink”—at each barbecue, in other words, beef and beer for hundreds of people. Emmett Shelton describes them in a more pithy term: a “giving away.” We had this “giving away,” he says. “Before then, barbecues had never been elaborate around here. And I tell you, we wanted to have one like his [Johnson's] once, and we sat down and started figuring out how much it would cost—and there was no way we were ever going to afford it.”

No one knows, or will ever know, how much money was spent in Lyndon Johnson's first campaign. Mrs. Johnson says, with understandable pride, that her money was virtually all that was needed to launch her husband's career; the deposit slip for the \$10,000 she obtained from her father was one of her most cherished possessions; “I kept that deposit slip in my purse until it wore out,” she says. “Literally until it just crumpled away.” And, she says, while Alvin Wirtz raised some money, “probably” the \$10,000 “covered the entire cost of the first campaign.” While Mrs. Johnson no doubt believes this statement, it does not appear to be correct. The Sheltons—not only Polk but his brother, Emmett—went broke trying to keep up with Johnson's spending. Emmett vividly recalls raising, at the beginning of the campaign, \$1,000 from one friend, and \$1,500 from another, “and thinking it was so much,” and then realizing that it was nothing. “We would not have started had we known how much the campaign was going to cost,” Shelton says. “Because we didn't have it. By the end of the campaign, we had borrowed everything we could borrow. It took us years to get out of the [financial] hole we dug for ourselves.” Their expenditures, he says, totaled \$40,000.

Johnson's expenditures were far larger than the Sheltons'. They were far larger than those of any of his opponents. Ed Clark, the homespun political genius who in later years would become perhaps Texas's greatest campaign fund-raiser, was exercising his talents on Johnson's behalf. The Governor's trusted adviser telephoned state employees. “If I said to someone, ‘The Governor would like you to support his friend, Lyndon Johnson,’ they knew I was authorized to make the call.” Their contributions were small—twenty dollars or ten or even less, Clark says—but there were a considerable number of them. More money came to Johnson from Austin businessmen—suppliers of Camp Mabry, a United States Army base, for example—

who, in Clark's words, “thought it would help them to be friends with a congressman.” These contributions were not so small—“these would be one hundred dollars to five hundred dollars,” Clark says—and there were a considerable number of these, too. And his money came from men who were used to contributing far larger sums to politics: from not only Alvin Wirtz but Roy Miller, for example, and from lobbyists who contributed where Wirtz and Miller told them to contribute. Although pro forma reports on campaign spending were filed (Johnson's show contributions of \$2,242.74), they are not reliable, Clark says. Only three men—Lyndon Johnson, Alvin Wirtz, and Ed Clark—had even a vague idea of the total amount spent. Johnson and Wirtz are dead. Clark says that he does not know the actual figure. “There wasn't too much reporting then,” he says. “No one knew how much money was spent.” The author asked Clark, asked many times, over the course of many evenings, to estimate the cost of Lyndon Johnson's first campaign. Finally, one evening, without being asked, Clark, who had obviously been doing some private calculating, estimated the cost at between \$75,000 and \$100,000—a cost that would make Lyndon Johnson's first campaign one of the most expensive congressional campaigns in Texas history up to that time.



AND, MOST OF ALL, JOHNSON HAD THE QUALITIES OF personality that he had displayed before. All his adult life, because of the agonies of his youth, the insecurity and shame of growing up poor in the Hill Country, he had grasped frantically at every chance to escape that past, no matter how slender. In Washington, and before that, teaching school in Houston and Cotulla, he had worked so feverishly, driven himself so furiously—had whipped himself into the frantic effort that journalists and biographers would describe as the result of “energy” when what lay behind it was really desperation and fear. He wanted, he told aides, to do “everything”—*everything*—possible to succeed, to earn respect, to “be somebody.” As one said, “There was a feeling—if you did *everything*, you would win.”

The feeling had been reinforced by experience. In each of his jobs, he *had* done “everything”—had lashed himself into an effort in which, an aide says, “hours made no difference, days made no difference, nights made no difference,” into an effort in which he worked weekday and weekend, day and night. And he *had* “won,” had made the most of each of those slender chances.

Now had come the main chance, the real chance, quite possibly the only chance.

And the effort that Lyndon Johnson had made before was nothing beside the effort he made now.

HE COULD NOT, HE FELT, WIN IN THE CITY; AUSTIN, home of 88,000 of the district's 264,000 residents, was controlled by Mayor Miller, and Miller was for Avery. So he had to win in the countryside.

But that countryside covered almost 8,000 square miles. The Tenth Congressional District of Texas was one of the most sparsely populated areas of the United States; its 176,000 residents who lived outside of Austin were scattered across ten huge Texas counties, across an area bigger than Delaware, bigger than Connecticut—bigger than Delaware and Connecticut combined. To the west of Austin, the district—3,000 square miles of district—was the vast and empty Hill Country, through which it was still possible, in 1937, to drive for miles without seeing a human habitation; the sixty-two-mile drive west from Austin through Johnson City to the district's border was still one of the loneliest trips it was possible to take in the United States. The trip to the district's eastern border, 111 miles from Austin, lay across prairies whose black soil was more fertile than the Hill Country's limestone, but whose population was almost as sparse.

And in political terms—the terms that mattered to Lyndon Johnson—it was not the sparseness of the district's population that was most intimidating but the pattern in which it was distributed. With the exception of Austin, the district contained not a single large community; only six towns—Brenham, San Marcos, Lockhart, Luling, Taylor, and Georgetown—had even 3,000 inhabitants. Many of the district's people lived in towns too small to be marked on any map. Most of the district's people didn't live in *any* town—or *near* any town. The voters Lyndon Johnson would have to persuade to vote for him were scattered, on their isolated farms and ranches, so thinly across those immense spaces that a candidate could drive miles between one voter and the next. Difficult miles. Two major highways ran through the district: east-west, U.S. Highway 290; north-south, U.S. Highway 81. Most of the district's other roads were unpaved; in 1937, the fifty-eight miles of "State Highway 66" between Johnson City and the northern boundary of Burnet County, for example, were largely unpaved. And most of the district's voters did not live on 290 or 81, or even 66. Their homes lay on a thousand separate, long, winding, rutted roads that were little more than paths or cowtrails.

These roads were the only way to reach these voters. Newspapers could reach them with only limited impact. Almost none of them received a newspaper more than once a week; many received no newspaper, either because their homes were too isolated to make delivery feasible or because they could not afford a subscription. Radio could

reach them hardly at all; the first survey of the use of electrical appliances in rural areas of the Tenth District, conducted in 1939, would disclose the presence of a radio in one out of every 119 homes. There was no way to persuade these voters en masse to support a candidate of whom most of them had never heard. The only way to obtain the votes Lyndon Johnson needed was the hardest way: one by one.



HE STARTED EARLY. HAVING GOT HIS ANNOUNCEMENT into the Monday papers, with forty days to go before Election Day, he was on the road before daylight on Tuesday, March 2, as his chauffeur, Carroll Keach, headed out along 290 on the 111-mile trip to Washington-on-the-Brazos—a score of ramshackle frame buildings huddled on a bluff above the muddy yellow river that marked the district's eastern border. The Texas Declaration of Independence had been signed in the little town on March 2, 1836 (Johnson's hero ancestor, John Wheeler Bunton, had been one of the signers), and every March 2, farmers and ranchers flocked there to celebrate—and Johnson wanted to be there to greet them.

His opponents, accustomed to the leisurely pace normal in Texas elections, had not expected the campaign to start until Allred set a date for the election; on the day, March 5, that the Governor set the date for April 10, Johnson had already completed a tour of the entire district, and was holding his rally in Old Main. Not having begun preparations until after the Governor's announcement, the other candidates were some time completing them. When Avery opened his campaign, on March 9, Johnson had already been in the field for a week. Merton Harris promised a "very active" campaign in the opening statement he issued on March 11, but he actually did not begin it until March 18, only a little more than three weeks before the election. Senator Brownlee said that he would not campaign until after the Senate recessed for Easter, so that he could attend to his duties.

Johnson didn't use an alarm clock. He didn't need one; Lady Bird says that during their thirty-eight years of married life, she doesn't "ever remember Lyndon when something important was afoot ever oversleeping." What woke Lyndon Johnson was more insistent than any bell. And since he had given Keach a room over his garage, the big brown Pontiac would be already idling at the curb when, at daybreak or before, Johnson walked out to it.

First, Keach would drive him downtown to his campaign

headquarters, a big room on the mezzanine of the Stephen F. Austin Hotel, where he would be handed his itinerary for the day, and a list of the influential men he would meet. Keach would head out of the city while Johnson sat reading beside him on the front seat.

The reading could not have been encouraging. Lyndon Johnson had spent four years learning a district, learning, moreover, the hardest type of district to learn: a rural district in which there was little formal political organization with identifiable officials, and in which a newcomer could therefore ascertain the identity of a town's true leaders—which storekeeper was respected, which farmer was listened to by other farmers—only through endless hours of subtle probing of reticent men. He had spent four years learning not only which men to talk to but what to say to them on both personal and political subjects: who was proud of a daughter, and who ashamed; who was really for Roosevelt, and who only said he was. And he had learned a district well. But that had been another district. The knowledge he had worked so hard to acquire was useless to him here, in rural precincts he had never even visited.

Sometimes, no one in Johnson's campaign headquarters even knew how to reach the tiny communities to which he was traveling that day. The itinerary he was handed would contain directions that were sketchy, nonexistent, or simply incorrect. During the early days of the campaign, he constantly had to stop and ask directions and, even so, often spent a precious hour jolting over a cowpath into the hills only to find it was the wrong cowpath—a lost candidate in a lost cause wandering around a huge district he didn't even know. Often, his aides didn't know even the correct name of a community's "lead man"; the memorandum he was handed on the Walburg precinct informed him that its "about 110 votes all go one way," at the direction of G.W. Cassens—or was it C.W.? His aides were of course unfamiliar with the "lead men" themselves. A typical daily memo told him that at his first stop, Lytton Springs, he should "see Mr. Frank Gomillion, who may or may not be for you"; three key farmers in the next area—Dale—were listed; not only was he given no hint of where in the Dale area their farms might be found, he was given no hint of their views: "... who these men stand for is unknown," the memo said.

Was traveling to these isolated communities discouraging? It was no more discouraging than the reception he received when he arrived. Johnson had spent four years not only learning a district but helping a district: working with boundless energy and ingenuity to solve its people's problems. But that had been another district. This district had no idea of what he had done; what must Lyndon Johnson have thought, this man who had spent four years tirelessly obtaining pensions for hundreds of veterans, when, heading out to Red Rock one morning, he read a memorandum advising him that it was necessary for him to "get on record concerning veterans' " pensions? The district's igno-

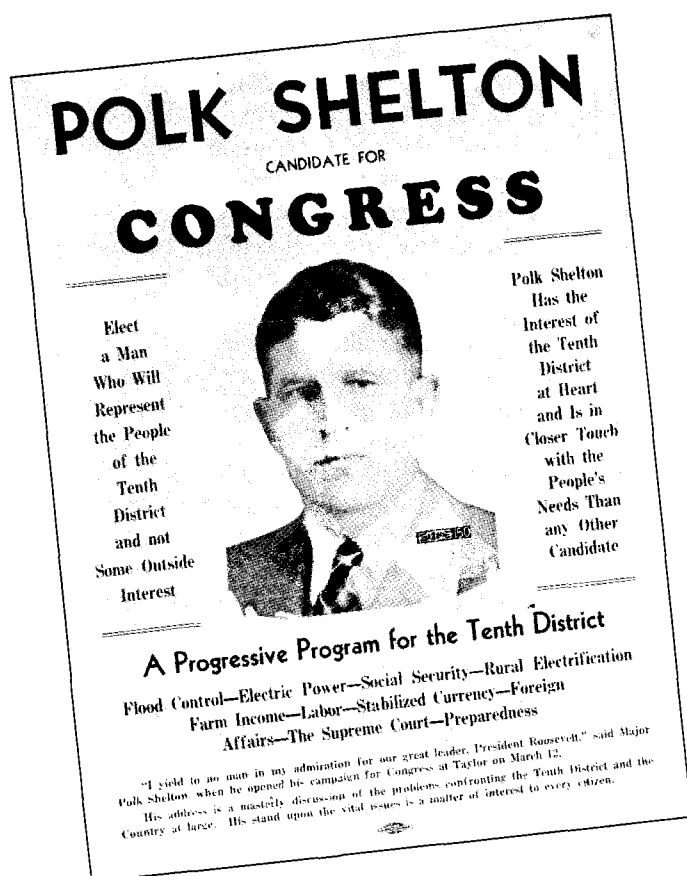
rance about his accomplishments, moreover, magnified the misgivings aroused by his age. Claud Wild had dispatched a veteran Texas politician, "Hick" Halcomb, to reconnoiter some towns before Johnson visited them to ascertain their initial reaction to his candidacy, and Halcomb's confidential memos to Wild contained, over and over again, an ominous phrase: "too young." Addressing himself to the voters he met in these towns—these quiet, closed-faced farmers—Johnson could see that Halcomb's pessimism was well founded. Sam Johnson had a favorite saying: "You can't be in politics unless you can walk in a room and know in a minute who's for you and who's against you." Sam's son had the gift to which his father had referred. He could see who was for him—and he saw that very few were for him.

The formal speeches he gave in these towns did not do much to improve the situation. These speeches were generally delivered on Saturday: rural campaigning in Texas was traditionally restricted largely to Saturday, the day on which farmers and their wives came into town to shop, and could be addressed in groups.

On Saturdays, two automobiles, Johnson's Pontiac and Bill Deason's gray Chevy, would head out of Austin for a swing through several large towns. On the outskirts of each town, Johnson would get out of the Pontiac ("He thought it looked a little too elaborate for a man running for Congress," Keach says) and walk into the town, while the Chevy would pull into the square, and an aide would use the loudspeaker to urge voters to "Come see Lyndon Johnson, your next congressman," and to "Come hear Lyndon Johnson speak at the square"; to drum up enthusiasm, records would be played over a loudspeaker. ("The 'Washington Post March'—I can still hear it ringing now," Keach recalls.) But the crowds who came to hear this unknown campaigner were very small—their size discouraging when compared with those who had come to hear Avery or Harris or Brownlee—and the speeches did not move them to much enthusiasm for his candidacy. Written by Alvin Wirtz and Herbert Henderson, a former newspaperman, their single theme—all-out support of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal—was the right one for that district, but Johnson's delivery lessened its effectiveness. When he was reading from a prepared text—and when he had one before him, he could not seem to stop reading it—his phrasing was as awkward and stilted as his gestures; he shouted the speech, without inflection. Although he was continually urged by advisers to look at his audience, he did so infrequently, as if he were afraid to lose his place in the text.

After the formal speech, however, Johnson would circulate through the town, shaking hands with its people—and suddenly there was no awkwardness at all.

When he saw someone he knew, his lean white face would, in the words of a Hill Country resident, "just *light*



up." He would stride over, awkward in his eagerness, and call the man's name. "Old Herman," he would say. "How ya' comin'?" He would put his arm around Herman's shoulders. "How *are* ya?" he would say. "Ah'm *awful* glad to see ya." Looking up at that face alight with happiness, even the crustiest, most reserved farmer might be warmed by its glow. And the glow would deepen with fond recollection. "Well, the last time ah saw you was at the horse races up to Fredericksburg," Johnson would say. "We had a *good* time, didn't we? Remember that mare we bet on?" Lyndon Johnson had not seen some of the people he was greeting for ten years, but his memory of good times they had shared seemed as vivid as if the times had been yesterday. And so was his memory of the names of their kinfolk. His cousin Ava Johnson Cox recalls, "He would say, 'It's been a long time. How's so-and-so?' And he'd always know some member of his family to talk about. Listening to him, I realized he had a mind that didn't forget anything. 'Well, how's your boy comin'?' Ah remember *him!*' " His questions got the other man talking. In no more than an instant, it seemed, a rapport would be established.

The rapport would be cemented with physical demonstrations of affection. With women, the cement was a hug and a kiss on the cheek. As a boy in Johnson City, he had, in the words of his childhood friend Truman Fawcett, "hugged and kissed all the mothers and the grandmothers, too, and all the women in town just *loved* him." The technique was as effective for him as a candidate as it had been

for him as a teenager. "Lyndon's kissing" became almost a joke during the campaign—but a fond joke. One elderly Hill Country rancher, annoyed by his wife's insistence on attending a Johnson rally, growled, "Oh, you just want to be kissed." (The rancher agreed to take her, but she was ill on the day of the rally, and he went alone. Upon his return, he told his wife, in some wonder: "He kissed *me!*")

With men, the rapport was cemented with a handshake—and a handshake, as delivered by Lyndon Johnson, could be as effective as a hug.

All politicians shook hands, of course. But they didn't shake hands as Lyndon Johnson did. "Listen," Johnson would say, standing, earnest and passionate, before a Hill Country rancher he remembered from his youth. "Listen, I'm running for Congress. I want your support. I want your vote. And if you know anybody who can help me, I want you to get them to help me. I need help. Will you help me? Will you give me your helping hand?" *Will you give me your helping hand?*—it was only as he asked that last question that Lyndon Johnson raised his own hand, extending it in entreaty.

With voters he didn't know, his approach was equally distinctive. He wanted their hands, too, in his, and after a brief "I'm Lyndon Johnson and I'm running for Congress, and I hope that you will lend me your helping hand," he would reach out and grasp them. Then, with his hand entwined with the voter's, he would ask questions: "What's your name?" "Where you from?" "What's your occupation?" And then, as Ava says, "there was that memory again. That was the key—he always knew somebody. I know your mother, or your father—or some friend. 'I've met so-and-so. He *told* me about you.' He made a connection." Seven years before, still a twenty-one-year-old undergraduate, Lyndon Johnson had campaigned for Welly Hopkins, a state senator. That campaign had been Johnson's first. But Hopkins, watching the tall, gangling college boy, had concluded that he had a "gift"—"a very unusual ability to meet and greet the public." Now others saw that gift. They watched Lyndon Johnson's hand reach out to a voter—and they saw the voter's hand reach out in return. They saw that once a voter's hand was grasped in his, the voter wanted to leave it there. They saw that after he had talked to a voter for a minute or two, his arm around him, smiling down into his eyes, the voter did not want the talk to end. The instant empathy Johnson created began, in fact, to cause problems for campaign aides trying to keep him on a tight Saturday schedule. An aide would attempt to urge Johnson along, but the voter, still holding tight to his hand, would walk along with him, trying to prolong the conversation. Sometimes, several voters would walk along. Waiting in the Pontiac, Keach would see Johnson coming—and there would be a small crowd behind him, a crowd reluctant to see him go.

And he didn't campaign only on Saturdays. On the other days of the week, the other candidates campaigned mainly in Austin, or in "big" towns such as Brenham or Lockhart

(or, quite often, did not campaign at all). On those days, Johnson campaigned in the tiny towns that dotted the district. No speech had been scheduled for those towns, and none had been prepared by his speechwriters. But, more and more often now, he had to give one. A voter who had shaken his hand would begin following him, and another would join him, and another—and soon a Tenth District version of a crowd (fifteen men and women, perhaps, or twenty or twenty-five) would gather, and someone would shout: “Let’s hear a speech,” and someone else would shout, “C’mon, Lyndon, let’s have a speaking,” and he would be pushed up onto the bed of a truck or a wagon.

And if Lyndon Johnson with a speech in his hands was stilted and stiff and unconvincing, Lyndon Johnson without a speech—Lyndon Johnson alone and unprotected on a flatbed truck; no paper prepared by others to hide behind; nothing to look at but the faces of strangers; Lyndon Johnson with nothing to rely on but himself—was, nervous though he was (so nervous that his cousin Ava, who had known him since he was a child, saw that he was “terrified up there”), gangling and big-eared and awkward as he was, suddenly also a candidate with gifts, “very unusual” gifts, that went far beyond “meeting and greeting.”

When he talked about the President on such unplanned occasions, it wasn’t in Herb Henderson’s phrases, or Alvin Wirtz’s phrases, but in his own.

“Don’t you remember what cotton was selling at when Mr. Roosevelt went into office?” he would ask.

“Don’t you remember when it was selling at a nickel?”

“Don’t you remember when it was cheaper to shoot your cattle than to feed them?”

“Don’t you remember when you couldn’t get a loan, and the banks were going to take your land away?”

“I’m a farmer like you. I was raised up on a farm. I know what it’s like to be afraid that they’re going to take your land away. And that’s why I’m for Mr. Roosevelt.”

“What President ever cared about the farmer before Mr. Roosevelt?” he would ask. “Did Hoover care about the farmer? Did Coolidge care about the farmer? The only President who *ever* cared about the farmer was Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was for the poor man. He wanted to give the poor man a chance. He wanted the farmers to have a break. And he gave ‘em a break. He gave *us* a break! He’s the one who did it for us! He’s the one who’s *doin’* it for us! And he’s the one who’s *goin’ to* do it for us! *AND I’M BACKIN’ HIM!*”

The people before him were, many of them, people he had met for the first time only a few minutes before. But as a result of his brief conversations with them he could attach to their faces not only names but circumstances of their lives—and in so doing could make them feel that their destiny was linked to Roosevelt’s destiny, and to Lyndon Johnson’s.

“John Miller,” he would say, “didn’t you just now tell me you were goin’ under when the soil conservation came in, and they started payin’ you to let your land lie out? Well,

whose program is it that’s paying the farmers to let their land lie out? Roosevelt’s program. Take the CCC. Now, it’s helping *you*, Herman. Didn’t you tell me your boy’s over to Kerrville doin’ terracing? Well, whose program do you think CCC is? Roosevelt’s. All these programs that have got the farmer out of the hole are Roosevelt’s programs. He’s the man who’s doin’ it for you. And I’m behind him. It’ll take somebody in Congress to keep pushing for the things he wants. And you need to send a congressman up there who *knows* this.”

Their destinies were linked to Roosevelt’s because of the Supreme Court fight, he told the farmers standing before him. The Court had already struck down one program that had helped the farmer—the AAA; whose fault was it that the government cotton certificates they were holding could no longer be redeemed? Who knew what programs the Supreme Court would strike down next? “Can you afford to risk the loss of your personal progress under Mr. Roosevelt? I tell you, this fight of the President is one that affects you and me right in this district. It means our bread and butter, and our *children’s* bread and butter.”

That was why they should vote for Lyndon Johnson, he said. “The eyes of the nation are on us right here. The whole country’s watching what you do on April 10. This is the first and only test at the polls in all of the United States of the President’s program.” Only “one man in this race has taken a positive stance,” he said. “I am that man. A vote for me will show the President’s enemies that the people are behind him. This is the test. The whole country’s watching us. Mr. Roosevelt is in trouble now. When we needed help, he helped us. Now *he* needs help. Are we going to give it to him? Are *you* going to give it to him? Are you going to help Mr. Roosevelt? That’s what this election is all about. Don’t let anybody kid you. That’s what this election is all about!”

No fundamentalist preacher, thundering of fire and brimstone in one of the famed Hill Country revival meetings, had called the people of the Hill Country to the banner of Jesus Christ more fervently than Lyndon Johnson called them to the banner of Franklin Roosevelt. And, as in revival meetings, passions rose.

Often they began to spill over when Johnson began talking about the NYA. “That was when Lyndon *really* touched people,” says his cousin Ava. “Because what people here wanted more than anything else was for their children to have a better life than they had had.”

Seeing a young man in the crowd, Johnson would speak directly to him—but in words that touched chords in the parents in the crowd. Calling the young man by name, he would tell him that he knew what it took to get an education if you were a poor boy. He knew, he said, because *he* had been a poor boy—and he had gotten an education.

“There’s an education for every boy and girl that wants one,” he would say. “It’s up to you. You can get it if you want it. You have to work for it. You can do what I did. You can pick up paper. You can pick up rocks. You can wash

dishes. You can fill up cars. You can do a lot of things if you want that education. But if you want it, you can get it."

A Roosevelt program—the NYA—would help you get it, he said. And if he, Lyndon Johnson, was elected congressman, *he* would help you get it. As NYA director, he had already helped others. Turning to a father in the audience, he would demand: "Well, how's *your* boy comin'? I remember *him*. Didn't I get him a job down in San Marcos? How's he comin'?"

Suddenly his voice would not be the only voice. "Oh, yes, you sure did," the father would shout back. "You got him that job. And he's doin' just *fine*! We're sure proud of him." Another voice would shout, "That's right, Lyndon. You tell 'em, Lyndon." Still another voice would shout, "Amen." And all at once many voices would be shouting. "Amen, Lyndon. A-men, Lyndon! You tell 'em, Lyndon! Roast 'em, Lyndon!"

And sometimes the response took a form even more impressive than shouting. "Sometimes," Carroll Keach says, "when the Chief would start talking, the people in the crowd would be kidding with him, and laughing. But then he'd really get started, and the crowd would get quieter and quieter, and finally there would be just a group of farmers standing there and listening very hard, without saying one word." Observers less impressionable than Keach started noticing the same phenomenon. On March 16, Johnson was pushed up onto a flatbed truck in Lockhart for an impromptu talk. Hick Halcomb, the old pol who was following Johnson around for Claud Wild, was present; his memo to Wild that night did not have its customary cynical flavor. "Speech was to some 45 men, who listened unusually attentively," it said. Two days later, Halcomb reported from Georgetown: Johnson "made a speech at urgency of group on street corner. Spoke to 64 people. . . . Not a man moved out of his tracks during speech." Another report was filed from Bastrop. "Reaction to Johnson's appearance started folks talking," Halcomb wrote. "I followed him and listened to such remarks as these: 'He's a fine-looking chap. He's a go-getter.'" Halcomb's memos began to have a different tone. It was hard to believe, he told Wild, but he was beginning to think that maybe Lyndon Johnson had a chance.

IF MEN, EVEN MEN WHO HAD LONG KNOWN LYNDON Johnson, now became aware of new dimensions of his "gift," they became aware also of new dimensions of the effort he would make in using that gift. The men who knew Johnson best—who knew best how utterly unsparring of himself he was willing to be—had felt at the start of the campaign that, as Gene Latimer put it, "No matter what anyone said, we felt he had a chance, because we knew he would work harder than anyone else." But even these men had not known how hard he would work.

Very few of the local "lead men" were for him. When Johnson visited them, they were courteous to him, observ-

ing the frontier tradition, still strong in central Texas, of courtesy to strangers, but they also let him know quite clearly that their allegiances, forged over many years, were not transferable to a stranger, particularly not to some young—too young—stranger who thought he should be a congressman.

But he didn't stop visiting them. In Brenham, for example, he was, as Keach puts it, "working on an old judge"—Sam D.W. Low. The Judge's house sat on a knoll, and the Judge sat on the porch. After calling on Low, Johnson would come back to the car, and say, "Boy, I don't know. That was a tough cookie. Well, I tried, anyway." He kept trying. Low told Johnson he was for Avery, and was going to stay for Avery, "but," Keach says, "the Chief kept going back. Many times I sat down on the road in the car watching him take the long walk up that trail to the house where the Judge was sitting on the porch."

"He kept going back" even to the one leader who did not observe the tradition of courtesy: Austin's beefy Mayor Miller, an arrogant, hot-tempered man who had taken an instant and deep dislike to Johnson. Johnson humbled himself before him; returning to Austin after a day's campaigning, he would sometimes tell Keach to drive by the Mayor's house on Park Boulevard; if Miller's car was parked there, indicating that the Mayor was home, he would ring the doorbell and ask if he could come inside for a talk. Miller never wavered in his views, but Johnson never stopped dropping by.

One "lead man" who was for him (because his daughter was married to Johnson aide Ray Lee) was County Judge Will Burnett, of Hays County. But Hays looked bad for Johnson nonetheless. Johnson needed "Judge Will" not just to support him but to get out and actively campaign for him. The Burnett ranch was so isolated, deep in the Hill Country fastnesses, that from the nearest town, San Marcos, it was twenty-four miles to the ranch. Yet every time Johnson finished campaigning in San Marcos, no matter how late the hour, he would head into the blackness of a Hill Country night to see Judge Will.

He kept going back to towns, too, visiting repeatedly not just the district's six "big" towns, in which the other candidates campaigned, but tiny villages that most of the other candidates never visited at all. Many of these villages did not even have a square; they consisted of a line of little stores along the road. On a typical day, he would stop in five or six villages, going into each business establishment on the square or along the road, shaking hands, talking for a few minutes wherever he found a group, speaking while leaning on counters ("Made favorable impression on farmers in Beyers Store by eating lunch on counter—cheese, crackers, soda pop," Halcomb reported) and on bars ("The fact that Lyndon talked to old man Pfluger in beer joint and treated nine to beers didn't hurt any"), speaking through swirling lint in cotton gins whose owners had been persuaded to stop the pounding of the baler long enough so the workers could hear him speak, and in front

of blazing forges ("L J talked informally to a group of about eight in a blacksmith shop. Of this group, John Cowart, farmer, was thoroughly sold. Henry Conlee, Raymond Welsch, Albert Gardner, all veterans, were given sales talk, but they are still uncommittal. L J recited his record in getting claims through").

If Johnson was to win this election, however, it would not be in towns that he won it. The votes that he needed could not be harvested in groups even as small as nine or eight. So, during the forty days of his first campaign, towns were only stopping places. His real campaign was waged outside the towns: in the vast empty spaces of the hills and the plains.

Along the lonely roads, sometimes paved, usually graveled, outside the towns was an occasional general store. He stopped at every store. If he was lucky, there would be a farmer or two there, and he could talk to several people at once. If no one was inside but the storekeeper, however, he would talk to the storekeeper, in as casual and unhurried a manner as if he had nothing else in the world to do. Scattered along the roads were gas stations. He stopped at every one of these, too. At most of these stations, there was only one pump outside, and one voter—the proprietor—inside. But he chatted unhurriedly with that voter. (To ensure that he would be able to buy some gas at each station, he was careful never to fill his tank; Polk Shelton's brother Emmett recalls the lesson in country campaigning that Johnson gave him: "I drove down to Smithville one day; I had been planning to put posters in gas station windows, but every time I would get to one, Lyndon had been there before us. And at each one, he would go in and buy a gallon or two. We didn't need any gas; I had filled up before we left. So they were a little cold to us.")

Between the stores and the gas stations, along the lonely roads, other roads, roads unpaved, ungraveled, often ungraded, would cut off. These roads led into the hills, or across endless expanses of prairie on which no house or human figure could be seen. He turned off on those roads. The Pontiac might bounce along them for miles. Cutting off from them would be other, even narrower roads—mere paths up into the hills, no more—which led to individual farms. He turned off on every path. Sometimes, so scattered were homesteads in this district in which forty acres were needed to support a single cow, he had to travel for miles along such a path. At intervals, a gate would bar it, to keep the cattle from straying. Johnson would get out and swing it open, careful to close it after Keach drove through. The path would grow rougher; the big car would lurch along the ruts. The slow progress would continue mile after mile, before finally, sometimes far off in the distance, a farmer would be seen at work in his fields. The car would jolt to a halt. Getting out, Johnson would climb the barbed-wire fence next to the path, and walk toward the farmer. There might be several fields, and several fences, before he reached that tiny figure in the distance, who might have stopped working now and would be standing

watching the tall, gangling stranger—wearing a necktie and a white shirt that glared in the sun—clambering awkwardly over the barbed wire. But Johnson's face would be alight with happiness to meet him, and with sincerity. And he would stand and chat with the farmer, one foot up on the wheel of the cultivator or the handle of the plow, as if he had nothing else in the world to do.

Day after day, while his opponents rested for the next Saturday, or delivered a major speech or two, Lyndon Johnson campaigned like this. The district covered 8,000 square miles; there were few sections of it that Johnson didn't visit. The fifty-five miles of U.S. Highway 290 between Austin and Johnson City were barren miles, but at least at the end of them there was Johnson City, with its 150 or so votes. The district, however, extended thirteen miles farther to the west beyond Johnson City. Seven miles beyond Johnson City was the "community" of Hye: a one-pump gas station and a combined general store/post office with a pressed-tin front. Johnson never went to Johnson City without heading beyond it, still on paved Route 290, to Hye, where there might be a farmer or two shopping and picking up his mail. At Hye, moreover, an unpaved farm road branched south from Route 290. Along the thirty miles of this farm road were no more than a handful of scattered farmhouses. But Johnson never went to Hye without turning off onto that farm road. When, after visiting those farmhouses, he returned to 290, he did not head back to Austin but instead cut off 290 to the north on a rocky cowpath. Flanking 290 on the north was the Pedernales River. Beyond the river the hills became steeper, higher. From 290, those hills looked utterly empty, but Johnson, who had been raised in this area—the Johnson Ranch on the Pedernales was nearby—knew there were farms in them. If the river was low enough, a car could cross the Pedernales on a "low-water crossing"—a narrow slab of concrete with no guardrails—laid flat across the riverbed near Stonewall. Turning toward the river, the Pontiac bumped and lurched down to it on a rocky path. Johnson studied the water; if it was low enough, Keach drove across, and up into those hills. In this western end of the district, at the very farthest, most remote end of one of the most remote areas of the United States, votes were not measured in quantities so large as a handful; exactly two registered Democrats lived in the last precinct in Blanco County, for example. But Johnson never visited Johnson City without going beyond it to visit those two Democrats. In the eastern part of the district, portions of the plains were as barren of votes as the hills; beyond Paige, a Bastrop County town, was Grassyville, a community of perhaps ten persons; on a typical trip to Grassyville, Halcomb noted, Johnson had found present "two people—store owner and customer." (And the store owner, he noted, was "a deaf old German strong against change in court and will vote for Shelton.") Johnson never went to Paige without going beyond it to Grassyville. Describing her cousin's first campaign, Ava Cox says: "He went to the

blackland belt, he went to the sandyland people—he went everywhere. He went to the people that no one had ever gone to. He went to the people on the forks of the creeks.”

“*The forks of the creeks.*” Lyndon Johnson was campaigning not just on the creeks—those tiny tributaries that trickled out of the hills and along the plains to create the little rivers of central Texas—but on the “forks,” mere rivulets of water that flowed into and created the creeks. The families who lived along the creeks of Texas had pushed into empty places indeed. The people who lived along the forks of the creeks had pushed farther yet. They were the people who lived in the state’s emptiest, most isolated sections. And Lyndon Johnson did not rush through these sections. He spent time there. The district’s roads—paved roads, graded roads, dirt roads, cow paths—were measured in thousands of miles; by the end of the campaign, by the end of those forty days, few of those roads would not bear the big Pontiac’s tread marks. Hick Halcomb began to realize that he was hearing, in one town after another, some version of the same phrase. He would be standing in town—in its courthouse, perhaps, or in a general store—when a farmer from some isolated area entered. “That boy Lyndon Johnson was to see me,” the farmer would say. “That’s the first candidate for Congress that I’ve ever seen.”

“*Days made no difference, nights made no difference.*” At the end of a long day of campaigning, the sun would be disappearing behind the hills; the first stars might be out. Or perhaps darkness would already have fallen—the black darkness of the Hill Country, unbroken for miles by a single light. Keach might have pointed the car back toward Austin; if it was dark, the city would be a glow on the horizon as he sped through the black hills, so tired that he could hardly keep awake, and could think only of falling into his bed. And then Johnson, sitting beside him, re-checking in the fading sunlight or in the light from the dashboard the list of names he had been handed that morning, would realize that somehow they had missed one, that one farm back there in the hills behind them had not been visited. “If that happened,” Keach recalls, “we would go back, no matter how hungry and tired we were, no matter how far it was. Sometimes I could hardly believe we were going back, but we always did.” He would turn the car; they would be heading away from the glow in the sky, back into the hills, back along the highway looking for the mailbox, then along the path the mailbox marked, jouncing through the ruts in the dark. Keach knew how tired his Chief was. But his Chief was portraying a candidate with youth and energy—it was important that voters not see his tiredness. “He would be very fatigued, *very*,” Keach says. “But he never let a voter see the fatigue.” When they reached the farm at the end of the path, all the farmer would see, in the last rays of daylight or in the glow of a kerosene lamp, as Lyndon Johnson strode toward him, was a face—young, eager, enthusiastic—all alight to see him.



JOHNSON’S DAYS OUT IN THE COUNTRYSIDE OFTEN began before the sun came up. They often ended after the sun went down: twelve, fourteen hours later. His aides, waiting for him at campaign headquarters or at his home, were shocked at his appearance when he arrived back in Austin. Always thin, he was thinner now, terribly thin, so thin that his shirt collars gaped away from his neck, and his suits drooped off his shoulders. The customary paleness of his face had turned gray; his burning eyes burned now out of sockets sunk deep in his head and rimmed, top and bottom, with skin so dark it looked smudged. In his cheeks, just a few weeks before smooth and youthful, hollows and harsh lines had been carved; his big ears appeared even bigger alongside this gaunt, haggard face. His fingers, stained yellow with nicotine—he seemed now always to be holding a cigarette—twisted in each other, and tore at the skin around his fingernails, which was red and raw. But the days weren’t over when he got back to the city—not nearly over.

His first concern in the evenings was money. Substantial as were the funds he was raising, they were not as substantial as the funds he was spending; his outlays for posters, calling cards, mailings, “campaign workers,” newspaper ads and articles, and radio time was of a prodigality perhaps unprecedented in a Texas congressional campaign. Latimer recalls: “When he would come in all tuckered out at the end of a day, he would call a meeting, and his first question would be: ‘How’s our money?’ ”

The answer to that question would invariably be disappointing, because Wild, unconvinced by Halcomb’s reports of Johnson’s effectiveness in the field, still regarded the campaign as hopeless and was only going through the motions as campaign manager. On some days, in fact, the campaign cupboard would be bare. “It would cost three, four hundred dollars just to mail out a day’s letters, and we didn’t always have that,” Latimer recalls. Once, in a late-evening meeting in Johnson’s living room, disappointment and frustration almost boiled over. “He came in one night and asked the campaign manager [Wild] how our money was, and the campaign manager said he didn’t have enough to do something he [Johnson] wanted to do the next day, and he absolutely couldn’t raise any more, and Johnson said, ‘I hired you because you were supposed to be the best money-raiser, and now you tell me you can’t raise any money!’ He said something like: ‘Okay, all I’ve done today is make eighteen speeches. Give me the phone.’ ” He placed long-distance calls to two department-

store owners in Houston, whom he had met while arranging jobs for young people in his capacity as NYA director—two ardent New Dealers who might support him because he was for Roosevelt.

It was important that the Houston businessmen not see the disappointment and frustration. Contributors liked winners. Sitting around his living room, his aides watched Johnson as he sat in a big easy chair waiting for the calls to be put through. They saw a man gaunt, haggard, ashen with fatigue, slumped in his chair, his fingers nervously tearing at the flesh around his fingernails. Lighting a fresh cigarette, he bent over, head low as he took his first puff, inhaled deeply, and sat like that, head bowed, cigarette still in his mouth, for a long minute, as if to allow the soothing smoke to penetrate as deeply as possible into his body. But the Houston businessmen didn't see that man. They only heard his voice. And the voice issuing from that gaunt face was a voice confident, almost gay ("We're almost over the hump"—that sort of thing," Latimer says). And he got the checks he needed.

Later in the evening—after Wild had left, and Johnson was alone with the young men on his staff, listening to reports on the day's campaigning—he would no longer have to bottle up his emotions, and they would boil over. If Johnson felt that someone had made a mistake in talking to a "lead man," he would rage at him. "Well, you lost him all right," he would shout in a high, shrill voice. "And you lost everybody he knows! You cost me fifty votes today!" In later years, the men who sat with him in his living room during Johnson's first campaign would speak of Johnson on the record in terms of his "energy." Off the record, they spoke of his fear. "He would say things like, 'Well, you can just cross off Bastrop after today. Take a pencil and just cross it off.' Or, 'Well, you really put a knife into me in Brenham, didn't you? Just put it in and twisted it.' There was a lot on the line, and he was afraid he was going to lose. He was terribly afraid he was going to lose."

But after the outbursts came the work. Tired though Johnson might be, no part of it was scanted. Had someone failed to persuade a local leader? Should he try another approach? What should it be? Should someone else try? Who would be best? What should *he* say? What could be done in the leader's precinct that hadn't been done already?

Midnight would pass. Who was going where tomorrow? What was each of them planning to do, and say? What themes were working in each area? What new themes should be used? The staff would think a point had been settled; Johnson would begin going back over it, painstakingly re-examining every angle.

Hours after midnight would pass. Henderson would produce the speeches he had written that day—not only speeches for Johnson but speeches for Johnson supporters to read over the radio. Johnson read them, made changes; reread them, made more changes. Ray Lee would bring

out the copy and mats for the new newspaper ads; Johnson would check them.

Then he would hurry off to bed: the next morning he had to get a very early start.

And the next morning, he would be up at the moment he had said he would be—for it wasn't an alarm bell that was jerking him out of bed.

Ed Clark had seen a lot of campaigners. "I never saw anyone campaign as hard as that," he would recall forty years later. "I never thought it was *possible* for anyone to work that hard."

AND ONLY CARROLL KEACH KNEW HOW HARD Lyndon Johnson was really working. Because only Keach, alone in the car with Johnson for hours each day, knew what Johnson was doing in the car.

Because of the great distances that had to be covered in Texas political campaigns, and the amount of time that politicians were therefore forced to spend traveling, most of them spent considerable time sleeping in their cars. Keach would watch him try to sleep. "He would try to rest between people," he says. "He sat in the front seat next to me, and I would see him close his eyes, but never for more than a minute or two, and then he'd just jerk up. He couldn't sleep."

Instead, he worked, in a rather unusual fashion. Leaving a town, Johnson would begin talking, not to Keach but to himself, about the people he had met there, the personal and political likes and dislikes that they had revealed. "It was like he was going over his mental notes," Keach says. "Who the people were, and little things about them, and who their relatives were, or how someone had reacted to some remark he had made. Someone didn't like something he had said—why not? 'I don't understand why she didn't react to such and such.' It was like he was having discussions with himself about what strategy had worked or hadn't worked, and what strategy he should use the next time." But the talking was also a critique of himself: self-criticism that was harsh, merciless. "He would talk about whether he had had a successful day, and if he had made a good impression or not. And lots of the time he felt he wasn't doing too good. And he would tell himself it was his own fault. 'Boy, that was dumb!' or 'Well, you just lost that box. You lost it, and you need it.' " And it was exhortation—self-exhortation that was also harsh and merciless. " 'Well, you'll just have to do better, that's all.' 'Well, you'll just have to do something else, that's all.' " And as Keach listened, Johnson would try out "something else"—practice different approaches he could use the next time he saw the person. Hour after hour Johnson would talk thus to himself, lashing himself for his mistakes at the last town, lashing himself into readiness for the next town, going over and over people's names and their relatives and their prejudices, as if to chisel them into his mind so that they would spring to his lips the next time he needed them.

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STATEMAN

Read the Record! and Vote Saturday

READ THIS TELEGRAM

D808 74 DL — SM FT WORTH TEXAS 5 12149
LYNDON JOHNSON
AUSTIN HOTEL AUSTIN TEX

MAY I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS AND A GLORIOUS VICTORY IN YOUR RACE FOR CONGRESS. I FEEL SURE THAT WHEN YOU GET TO CONGRESS THE ADMINISTRATION WILL HAVE A YOUNG VIGOROUS AND ARDENT SUPPORTER REPRESENTING THE TENTH DISTRICT FROM TEXAS. YOUR PAST RECORD AS STATE DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH ADMINISTRATION HAS DEMONSTRATED YOUR ORGANIZING ABILITY AND HIGH FITNESS FOR THIS OFFICE. WITH EVERY BEST WISH, I REMAIN,

SINCERELY YOUR FRIEND
ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT.



LYNDON JOHNSON

Read the Washington Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

President Roosevelt's court plan will undergo its first real baptism of fire at the ballot box in Texas on April 10. Nine candidates are waging a hot scramble for the seat, but only one of them has pledged himself to support the President's court bill.

He is Lyndon Johnson, former Texas administrator of the National Youth Administration. Johnson is running as a 100 per cent New Dealer. He is known to the voters as the man who has been in the White House since the President took office. He is the man who has been in the White House since the President took office. He is the man who has been in the White House since the President took office.

Johnson's Record

Lyndon Johnson was chosen to represent President Roosevelt in the organization and operation of the National Youth Administration in Texas. He worked under and in cooperation with Harry Hopkins and Aubrey Williams, two Washington officials having most direct and intimate access to the White House. And when Johnson resigned, Williams complimented him for his fine work, and declared Johnson was one of the best administrators they had.

What candidate in this race will be the most welcome in Washington?

What candidate has the best opportunity to serve the Tenth District?

From The National Whittier

LYNDON JOHNSON

**SPEAKS FRIDAY AT 8:30 P. M.
WOAI—HEAR HIM**

Political Advertisement

DESPITE HIS EFFORT, HE SEEMED UNABLE TO OVERCOME the handicaps with which he had begun.

He had been unable to unhitch the leaders of the more populous counties from their "home men." He had spent so much time with Judge Low down in Brenham, but Low now publicly announced that he was sticking with Senator Brownlee; Keach had sat outside Mayor Miller's home so many times while Johnson pleaded his cause inside, but Miller now reiterated, even more emphatically,

his support of C.N. Avery. The "carpetbagger" and "youth" issues were still weighing heavily with the voters. On March 27, the *San Antonio Express*, which three weeks earlier had found Avery far ahead of the field, published another poll, which showed Avery even further ahead. This poll showed that Johnson, with an estimated 6,000 votes, would finish in third place, 200 votes behind Merton Harris—and more than 4,000 votes behind Avery. Another poll, in the *San Antonio Light* (which Johnson dubbed the *San Antonio Blight*), placed Johnson behind not only Avery and Harris but also Brownlee and Polk Shelton. Johnson believed that he was doing better than the polls indicated. He felt he was doing well among the isolated rural voters—who were not included in the polls, in part because the polls were conducted by telephone and many of these voters did not have telephones, in part because past experience led pollsters to discount the preference of rural families because many of them did not vote; time was too valuable to an impoverished farmer for him to waste it driving long distances over unpaved roads to the voting box. But Johnson's belief was not shared by the district's veteran politicians; their own soundings confirmed the polls' conclusions. Those of them who had, at the urging of Wirtz or Ed Clark, agreed to remain neutral for a while to see if Johnson had a chance, now began, one by one, to announce for his opponents; several who had agreed to introduce Johnson at rallies in their home towns, thereby showing their support for him, suddenly found excuses for not doing so; even Governor Allred began disassociating himself from Johnson's candidacy.

As Johnson entered the homestretch, however, he made two improvements in his strategy.

One was his own inspiration. He always enjoyed such great success with elderly people; now he invested a valuable campaign morning in a visit to the Austin home of seventy-three-year-old Albert Sidney Burleson, who had himself been elected to Congress from the same district, in 1898, as a young man of thirty-five, to begin a distinguished career climaxed by a term as postmaster general of the United States under Woodrow Wilson. The investment paid off handsomely. "General" Burleson, long retired and ailing, was nonetheless an almost legendary figure in the district, from one of its legendary families (Burleson County was named for his grandfather, a hero of San Jacinto). And Johnson emerged from Burleson's home bearing this handwritten statement: "I hope the people of this district will elect a young man who can develop. . . . To elect an old man is for the people to throw the office away."

The statement made page one in the newspapers, and Johnson made the most of the statement; at climactic moments during his speeches, one of his campaigners, planted in the audience, would shout, "General Burleson is right!" and another would shout back, "Let's send a young man to Congress!" and a third would shout, "Let's do what General Burleson says!"

The other improvement was his father's inspiration.

Johnson was very dejected as he sat in his parents' home in Johnson City, talking to his parents, his brother, his Uncle Tom, his cousin Ava, and Ava's eight-year-old son, William, known as "Corky." The leaders were almost all against him, he said; he had several large rallies scheduled for the next week, and he had not been able to persuade a single prominent man to introduce him.

So, Ava recalls, "His daddy said, 'If you can't use that route, why don't you go the other route?'"

"What other route?" Lyndon asked—and Sam Johnson mapped it out for him.

There was a tactic, Sam said, that could make the leaders' opposition work for him, instead of against him. The same tactic, Sam said, could make the adverse newspaper polls work for him, instead of against him. It could even make the youth issue work for him. If the leaders were against him, he told his son, stop trying to conceal that fact; emphasize it—in a dramatic fashion. If he was behind in the race, emphasize that—in a dramatic fashion. If he was younger than the other candidates, emphasize that.

If no leader would introduce Lyndon, Sam said, he should stop searching for mediocre adults as substitutes and be introduced by a young child, an outstanding young child. And the child should introduce him not as an adult would introduce him, but with a poem, a very special poem. You know the poem, he told Rebekah—the one about the thousands.

Rebekah knew the poem. And when Lyndon asked who the child should be, Sam smiled and pointed to Ava's son. In an area in which horsemanship was one of the most esteemed talents, Corky Cox was, at the age of eight, already well known for the feats of riding and calf-roping with which he had swept the children's events in recent rodeos; the best young cowboy in the Hill Country, people were calling him. "Corky can do it," Sam said.

All the next day, Sam trained him. "He wanted Corky to really shout out 'thousands,'" Ava recalls. "He wanted him to smack down his hand every time he said that word. I can still see Uncle Sam smacking down his hand on the kitchen table to show Corky how." And the next night, at a rally in Henly, in Hays County, Lyndon Johnson told the audience, "They say I'm a young candidate. Well, I've got a young campaign manager, too," and he called Corky to the podium, and Corky, smacking down his hand, recited, the *Austin Statesman* related, a stanza of Edgar A. Guest's "It Couldn't Be Done":

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
 There are thousands to prophesy failure;
 There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
 The dangers that wait to assail you.
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
 Just take off your coat and go to it;
 Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
 That 'cannot be done,' and you'll do it.

The audience applauded the eager young boy, and before the applause had died down, Johnson took off his coat, and, with his version of a bit of a grin (combined with a nod to Corky to make sure the audience got the point), started in to attack the "thousands"—the *San Antonio Blight*, for example—who said that just because he was behind, he couldn't win.



THE HENLY RALLY TOOK PLACE ON MARCH 26, Good Friday. It was one of many Johnson rallies that day. Avery, whose entire campaign had been notably casual, decided that the holy day should be a day of rest. Johnson headed out to Hays County. Hard as he had run before, now, with the race seemingly lost, he ran harder.

The weather, mild and springlike the previous week, had changed overnight; when he awoke Friday morning, the temperature had dropped to thirty-two, and as he dressed, a driving rain began to fall. He arrived in San Marcos, at the edge of the Hill Country, to be greeted by the news that an outdoor rally scheduled there had been canceled. Pulling on a slicker, he walked through the rain for hours, going from store to store, entering each store smiling through the water running down his face. By the time he left San Marcos, he was wet through despite the slicker.

"From San Marcos," a reporter wrote, "the fast-moving party" of "mud-speckled campaigners . . . went into the Hill Country, stopping first at Wimberley, then at Driftwood, before swinging west at Dripping Springs and on to Henly"—speeding ("C'mon, Carroll, let's go!") through rain that rolled across the hills in blinding sheets.

The temperature continued to drop. The rain turned to sleet. Late-spring northers like this had destroyed so many hopes in the Hill Country; this storm was destroying hopes that day, killing corn and fruit that had been lured out of the ground by the previous week's warmth. Johnson's aides feared for a while that the storm would deal still another blow to Johnson's hopes. Large rallies had been scheduled in those Hill Country towns; they feared that the storm would cut attendance. Arriving in each town, however, they found the courthouse or general store packed with farmers and their wives; these towns were in Will Burnett country, and "Judge Will" had finally agreed to "put his might behind" Johnson. During this "hard-driving day in Hays County, in which the candidate swept on through driving rains . . . and braved chilling cold winds,"

another reporter wrote, "the people came out to meet Johnson and to hear him talk."

And he talked. At each stop, he would hoist Corky onto the judge's bench or onto the store counter, and the boy would tell him, "There are thousands to prophesy failure." Pulling off his dripping jacket, the candidate would wipe his hand across his dripping face and grin around the room. His voice was very hoarse—because he shouted his speeches, his throat had been hurting almost since the campaign began—but he shouted now. If he felt he was losing, he let none of his listeners know how he felt. "Everywhere I go, the people declare I'm the high man," he said. "Second place is entirely a local matter. It's Johnson and Avery; Johnson and Brownlee; Johnson and Shelton; Johnson and somebody. We've got this race won, and now it's a matter of how big the plurality. . . . We have two weeks to go and we're building up the total every day." He talked of Burleson. "Why don't you write to the General and ask him how he feels?" he shouted. "He'll tell you that you ought to send a young man to Congress." And he talked of Roosevelt, and of the Supreme Court, which, he told these farmers, had stepped in and told the President, "Stop! You can't help the farmers!"

"The people know that you are either for Mr. Roosevelt or against him on this proposition," he said. "You can't be halfway. You can't be indifferent. You can't be for the farm program and against the Supreme Court reform."

With the exception of the references to Burleson, Johnson had been giving virtually the same speech for weeks, winning an enthusiastic response from handfuls of voters but only a lukewarm response at larger rallies. But on this day, at these large rallies, there was suddenly a very different response. Corky's poem ignited the emotions of the audience, and the Johnson aides' reminders of Burleson's statement fueled those emotions, and Johnson's hoarse shouts whipped them into blazing flame.

An aide might be the first to shout, "General Burleson is right!" but then a farmer, his sun-and-wind-reddened face grim and earnest, would shout back: "Let's do what the General says!"

"Amen, brother!" another farmer would yell. "A-men" another would yell. Soon the whole crowd would be cheering. "Give it to 'em, Lyndon!" "Roast 'em, Lyndon!" And, over and over, punctuating the candidate's words: "A-men, brother! A-men, brother! A-men, brother!"

And now, also for the first time, there was another cheer, one that must have been particularly sweet music to the candidate's ears. In Henly and Wimberley and Driftwood and Dripping Springs and Buda and Kyle (and Uhland and Niederwald, too, for before this day was over Johnson campaigned on the plains as well as in the hills), Johnson spoke, in a reporter's phrase, "to a group of farm people." And when he shouted, "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" the farm people shouted back, "Roosevelt and Johnson! Roosevelt and Johnson! Roosevelt and Johnson!"



ALTHOUGH MOST OF JOHNSON'S CAMPAIGN MONEY was spent on traditional devices, during the last two weeks more and more was spent on radio time.

Early in the campaign, Johnson had bought fifteen minutes of time every evening for a week on Austin's KNOW, and had raced back to the capital every evening to speak over the air. But since few voters owned radios, few heard his speeches. Federal Communications Commission regulations, moreover, required political speeches to be written, and delivered verbatim from the text, and Johnson's delivery of prepared addresses proved even more stilted and pompous over the air than in person; listening to them in his living room, Sam Johnson would chew his cigar in dismay, and Rebekah, the public-speaking teacher, would frantically make notes in her little notebook. For some time thereafter, Johnson had given radio only cursory attention.

Now, however, searching for any means of pulling up on Avery, he bought more air time. And he began to notice that voters who approached him the next day to tell him they had heard him on the radio did so with smiles that were both shy and impressed. An aura of celebrity, he began to realize, could help to offset an aura of youth. Johnson took advantage of this discovery. He bought time—a lot more time, hour-long blocks of time—not only on KNOW but on the more powerful San Antonio stations that reached into the district.

He put on the air, moreover, not only himself but his few prominent supporters, reading fifteen-minute speeches written by his staff, and rewritten, line by line, by him. The response to his tactic was immediate and gratifying—and it did not come only from listeners. More than one "lead man" who had refused to commit himself to Johnson was lured into his camp by the chance to speak on the radio. And as one Johnson supporter followed another to the microphone, some proved surprisingly effective. His father's one-time real-estate partner, old Judge N. T. Stubbs (who began his talk by saying, "I come tonight as one who . . . could be classed among the pioneers of this section"), was very persuasive as he replied (in words Johnson himself had written) to charges that Johnson was trying to "buy" the campaign with huge outlays of cash: "We home folks know how ridiculous that charge is . . . We know that Lyndon Johnson's campaign has been financed by his own small savings, by contributions of his family and friends, received a few dollars at a time." Johnson put the old Judge on the air again and again. He put himself on

the air to rebut the same charge. "I do want you to know that my campaign is financed by my own meager savings," he said. His opponents' charges about Johnson's unprecedented expenditures were buried under Johnson's replies, broadcast thanks to Johnson's unprecedented expenditures.

HIS MOST PRODIGAL EXPENDITURE, HOWEVER, CONTINUED to be not of money but of himself.

The steadily worsening weather—the norther that had begun on March 26 was to rage for four days, with such fury that the *American* called it a "blizzard"—turned the district's roads into ribbons of mud. Most of the candidates curtailed their campaigning. Avery, for example, was to venture outside Austin only once during the campaign's final two weeks. Brownlee, belatedly realizing that he had waited too long to begin, had scheduled a "blitz" of the district for Easter weekend. Because of the storm, Brownlee postponed the blitz to March 30, and then to April 1. Johnson stepped up his campaigning, running harder and harder, covering vast sections of the district in a single day—speaking, each day, in as many as a dozen small communities, visiting, between speeches, scores of farms and ranches.

On the evening of April 2, eight days before the election, a Johnson speech was broadcast over a San Antonio radio station—and one listener in San Antonio heard something in his voice that worried her. Sitting alone in her apartment, Estelle Harbin, who had worked for Johnson in Dick Kleberg's office and knew him well, suddenly felt, she was to recall, that he was "worn out" in a way he had never been before; "seemingly limitless" though his energy appeared, it had limits nonetheless, she knew—and, listening to his voice, she began to wonder if he was pushing himself beyond them.

The same thought was worrying others who knew Johnson well. "He was very tired," Gene Latimer says. "He had been tired for a long time. He had stayed tired ever since the beginning of the campaign. I had seen him tired before, but this was beyond that. I was getting a little concerned."

Desperate for sleep now, Johnson bought a black mask to cover his eyes in the car, but that didn't help; it wasn't light that was keeping him awake. The piercing eyes sank deeper into their sockets. He grew thinner and thinner; the flesh seemed to be almost melting off his face now; gaunt and cadaverous, he might have been a candidate by El Greco. Lady Bird tried to see that he ate balanced meals, but he would gag on them. He didn't get much down, and what he did eat he sometimes couldn't keep down. He seemed to be vomiting more and more frequently. He kept complaining about stomach cramps, but he had always complained so much about physical ailments (and had vomited before in moments of tension) that the complaints weren't taken seriously, even though he some-

times doubled over in pain. His complaints were further discounted, moreover, because he was working more, not less. On April 3, for example, he lost his voice completely, and though it returned the next day, it returned as a croak, so rasping that it was almost painful to hear. But he didn't cancel speeches—only scheduled more.

On Tuesday, April 6, four days before the election, at a rally in a courtroom of the Travis County Courthouse, he stood during his speech behind the railing that separated the court from the spectators' benches, and some of the spectators said he almost seemed to be holding the railing for support, as he leaned far over it, his hand outstretched to them, appealing for their votes. That his efforts—combined with his opponents' lack of effort—were bearing fruit was obvious now. The editor of Senator Brownlee's home-town newspaper told an *Austin American* reporter that Brownlee "has waited too long to get his campaign into action, and his friends feel he has already lost the race." And when the reporter asked who was winning, the editor said he didn't know, but that Johnson had spoken in the county the night before "and he gained many votes by the speech." The *American* had published a new poll on April 4; politicians in Austin could hardly believe its findings: Avery wasn't in first place anymore. Two other candidates were ahead of him: former District Attorney Merton Harris and Lyndon Johnson. Now, new *American* polls showed Avery back in first, with Harris and Johnson close behind, in "as closely fought a political race as central Texas has ever seen." A large bloc of "sideline votes"—votes still undecided—would probably determine the outcome, the *American* said. Lyndon Johnson awoke Thursday morning, with two days to go, nauseated and in pain. At eight o'clock he paid a breakfast call on Mayor Miller, to ask again for the Mayor's support with Austin voters, and to receive in reply another rebuff. During the rest of the day, Johnson campaigned in Austin, "reaching," the *American* put it, "as many voters personally as possible."

Thursday evening at eight o'clock, Johnson was scheduled to address another rally in the Travis County Courthouse. Before the speech, Ray Lee recalls, "Mr. Johnson was drooping about his apartment in Austin, saying he didn't feel good. We didn't attach enough importance to it. He was tired and withdrawn. So we urged him to rest a while and go to sleep if possible." Keach was off on another assignment, and Lee volunteered to drive Johnson to the auditorium. "I got back to his house about a quarter to seven and he was in the bathroom. He said that he was in pain and that he had taken purgatives but he couldn't get any relief. . . . After a few minutes we got in the car and went down to the courthouse."

The crowd of 400 persons was perhaps the biggest of the campaign, and it was applauding the familiar lines ("There is only one issue the voters of the Tenth District face. That is, whether they stand with the President. . . .") when Johnson, who again had been supporting himself on the

rail while speaking, doubled over, white-faced, and sat down, with his arms across his stomach. Some of the audience came up and, after hearing about the pain, told him he must have appendicitis, but he got up, and after apologizing for the interruption, began shaking hands, as the audience filed past him. Sherman Birdwell, one of his supporters, coming up to congratulate him, noticed that "he was covered with perspiration, and he was constantly wiping his brow." He whispered to Birdwell, "I'm sick. Stand here beside me." He had shaken almost all the hands when he had to sit down again. This time he couldn't stand up, and Lee, with Birdwell helping him, got him out to the car and drove him home, and then to Seton Infirmary; doctors there said, Lee and Mrs. Johnson recall, that "his appendix was on the point of rupturing." They operated almost immediately.

"THERE HAD BEEN SUCH MAD RUSHING FOR SO long," Lady Bird Johnson recalls. "And then everything came to a sudden dead stop. There was this dreadful day of hiatus, and then the election."

Shortly after the polls closed on Saturday evening, Sam Stone's Williamson County vote—3,180—was announced, putting him some 2,400 votes ahead of Johnson. But outside Williamson, Stone did very poorly, and, as the votes came in from other counties, Johnson soon passed all the other candidates, and pulled steadily ahead throughout the evening. The official tabulations showed A.K. Ross with 1,088 votes; Houghton Brownlee with 3,019; C.N. Avery with 3,951; Stone with 4,048; Polk Shelton with 4,420; Merton Harris with 5,111—and Lyndon Johnson with 8,280, over 3,000 votes more than his nearest opponent. "When I come back to Washington," Johnson had vowed, "I'm coming back as a congressman." Now, less than two years later, he was coming.

HIS REACTION TO HIS VICTORY WAS REVEALING. He was desperately weak—not just because of the appendicitis but because of the effort that had preceded it. He was later to say that during the campaign's forty days he had lost forty pounds. When the campaign began, 181 pounds had been stretched thin over his six-foot, three-inch frame. His weight when the campaign ended, when he entered Seton Infirmary, is not known, but when he left the hospital two weeks later, after two weeks of bed rest, his weight was only up to 151 pounds.

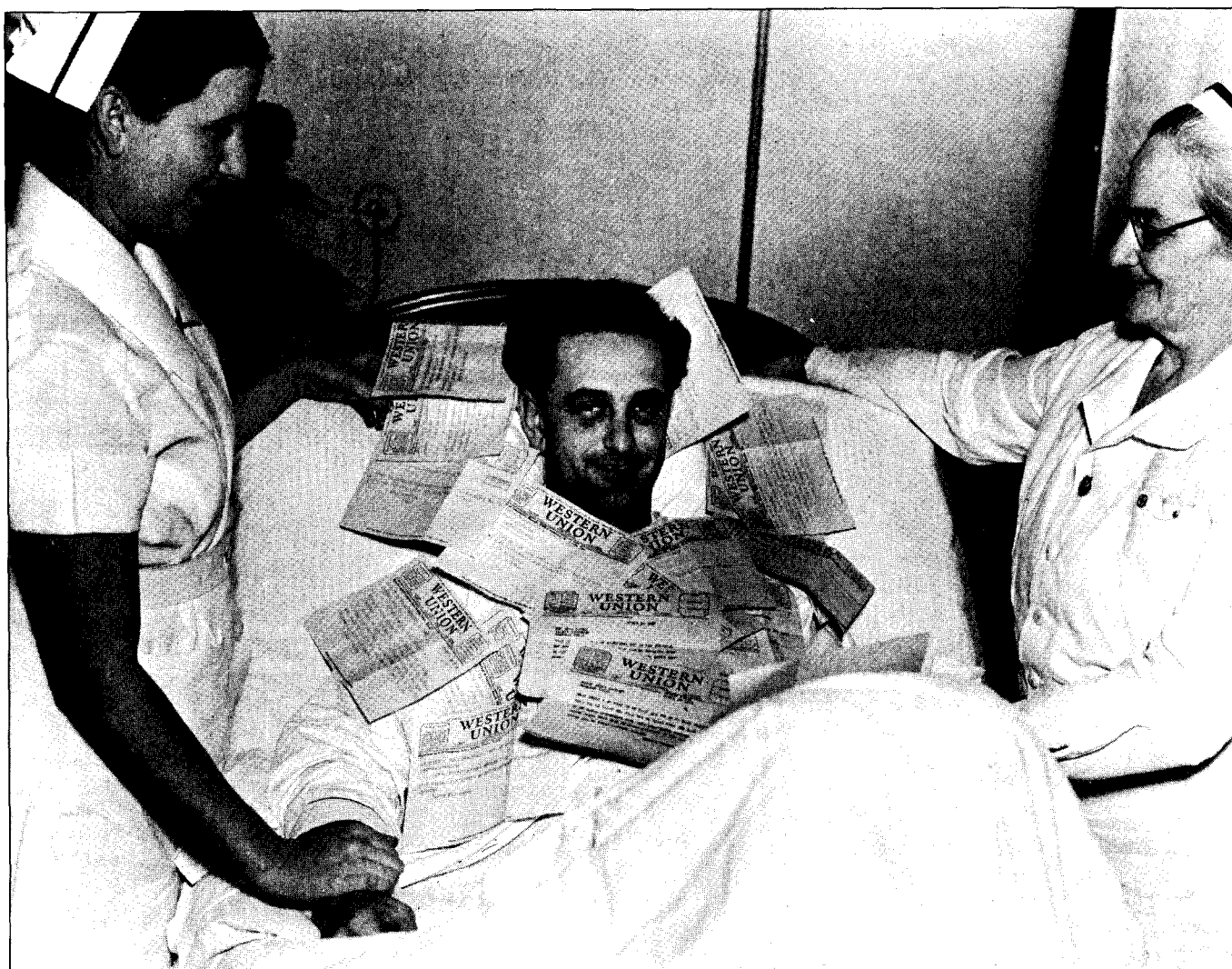
On the day after the election, congratulations had arrived in stacks. Early on the morning after election day, Johnson sent for his aides and told them that all messages had to be answered at once—that very day. Sitting up in bed, smoking one cigarette after another, he began to dictate replies. Many people had expressed a desire to see him so that they could offer their congratulations in person, he was told; he wanted to see *them*, he replied; a

schedule of visits should be set up at once; he had a lot of people to see before he left for Washington—and he wanted to leave for Washington fast.

The first letters to be answered, moreover, were those not from friends but from enemies: the concession messages from his opponents. And while their congratulations had been strictly pro forma, his replies were not.

You didn't lose, he told Avery, just as I didn't win. "It was a victory for President Roosevelt." He repeated that to Sam Stone. "My dear Judge: Thank you very much for your kind telegram. The people voted to support President Roosevelt and his program, and the victory is his." And since the Judge would be a more dangerous future opponent than Avery, he went on at more length: "You warned me you would show us how to carry Williamson County, and I congratulate you upon the support the homefolks gave your candidacy. Please tell your and my friends there that I appreciate and admire the way they stood by you." And to the opponent he considered most dangerous of all—Polk Shelton, who had campaigned with energy, and whose strong beliefs Johnson feared would impel him to run again—his reply went even further: "Thank you for your kind telegram and your pledge of support. . . . I hope you will always feel that my efforts are at your disposal. Whatever service I may be able to render will be cheerfully and gladly done."

Letters were not the only means by which he dealt with the men who had been his enemies just twenty-four hours before. Mayor Miller, his most powerful opponent in the election, was leaving for Washington the next day on a long-planned visit. Because Johnson did not yet have a Washington office, he had no secretary to show the Mayor around Washington. So he telegraphed his brother, Congressman Kleberg's secretary (Sam Houston had returned to Washington a week before), to do it—and to go all out in doing it, to "give him all the privileges and courtesies of the office." Johnson would have to run again in fifteen months, and this time he would be running not in a special election but in a regular primary, in which victory would require 51 percent of the votes, rather than the 28 percent with which he had won the special election. Any prudent politician would take steps to try to make friends out of enemies, but Dan Quill, who had participated in the bitter ward-by-ward fight against Miller in Austin, was shocked by the rapidity of the steps Johnson took to make Miller his friend. By coincidence, Quill left for a Washington visit on election night, and when he arrived he dropped in to see Sam Houston Johnson, and saw the telegram. "I never saw anything like it. . . . When I got in a fight with a fellow in an election, I didn't forgive him so quickly. . . . I don't know how he did it. That was just three days after the election, and he wanted to be nice to Tom Miller. . . ." Quill recalls saying to Sam Houston, "I'll tell you, Washington is a big city, but it's not big enough for Tom Miller and me at the same time." To avoid bumping into the Mayor, "I came back home."



RECOVERING AT SETON INFIRMARY

No effort had been spared to defeat these men; no effort would be spared to win their friendship. One day, before Johnson left for Washington, Emmett Shelton would come out of his office building to walk up Congress Avenue to the Travis County Courthouse, and would see Johnson getting out of his Pontiac, having apparently just parked it. Johnson said hello to Shelton, asked him where he was going, and then said he would drive him there. He got back into his car, and insisted that Shelton join him. He would be glad to give him a lift, he said. As they were driving up Congress Avenue, Shelton realized that he had left some papers in his office. Johnson drove him back. Shelton said he would be a few minutes, and said it was no trouble for him to walk to the courthouse. No, no, Johnson said, I'll wait. Glad to. Take your time. And the congressman waited there for Shelton as if he had been his chauffeur, and as they chatted during the brief drive, Johnson "was gracious, very gracious." Though Shelton had disliked Johnson, "now," Shelton says, "he was just nice. He was humble." More than humble, in fact. "He made you feel he was dirt under your feet." (Shelton didn't know the full

extent of the trouble Johnson was taking to become his friend; Johnson had not, in fact, just parked his car when Shelton came out; he had been sitting in it for an hour waiting for Shelton, so that he could have the "chance" meeting.) Shelton was not the only opponent thus disarmed; Tom Miller gave Johnson a post-election contribution of \$100 to meet any campaign deficit he might have.

What might prevent a Dan Quill or another man from behaving to his enemies the way Lyndon Johnson behaved would be pride or embarrassment—or any one of a hundred conventional emotions, such as a natural desire to gloat, even for a day or two, over a fallen foe. But Lyndon Johnson had determined, many years before, the emotion that would govern his life—the emotion that, with "inflexible will," would be the only emotion that he would *allow* to govern his life. "It is ambition," he had written in an editorial in his college newspaper, "that makes of a creature a real man." Pride, embarrassment, gloating: such emotions could only hinder his progress along the road he saw so clearly before him. They were luxuries in which he would not indulge himself. □



VISITORS

A SHORT STORY BY ALICE MUNRO

MILDRED HAD JUST COME INTO THE KITCHEN AND was looking at the clock, which said five to two. She had thought it might be at least half-past. Wilfred came in from the back, through the utility room, and said, "Hadn't you ought to be out there keeping them company?"

His brother Albert's wife, Grace, and her sister, Vera, were sitting out in the shade of the carport making lace tablecloths. Albert was out at the back of the house, sitting beside the patch of garden where Wilfred grew beans, tomatoes, and cucumbers. Every half-hour Wilfred checked to see which tomatoes were ripe enough to pick. He picked them half-ripe and spread them out on the kitchen windowsill, so the bugs wouldn't get them.

"I was," said Mildred. She ran a glass of water. "I maybe might take them for a drive," she said when she had finished drinking it.

"That's a good idea."

"How is Albert?"

Albert had spent most of the day before, the first full day of the visit, lying down.

"I can't figure out."

"Well, surely if he felt sick he'd say so."

"That's just it," said Wilfred. "That's just what he wouldn't."

This was the first time Wilfred had seen his brother in more than thirty years.

Wilfred and Mildred were retired. Their house was small and they weren't, but they got along fine in the space. They had a kitchen not much wider than a hallway, a bathroom about the usual size, two bedrooms that were pretty well filled up when you got a double bed and a dresser into them, a living room where a large sofa sat five feet in front of a large television set, with a low table about the size of a coffin in between, and a small glassed-in porch.

Mildred had set up a table on the porch to serve meals on. Ordinarily, she and Wilfred ate at the table under the kitchen window. If one of them was up and moving around, the other always stayed sitting down. There was no way five people could have managed there, even when three of them were as skinny as these visitors were.

Fortunately there was a daybed on the porch, and Vera, the sister-in-law, slept on that. The sister-in-law had been a surprise to Mildred and Wilfred. Wilfred had done the talking on the phone (nobody in his family, he said, had ever written a letter); according to him, no sister-in-law had been mentioned, just Albert and his wife. Mildred thought Wilfred might not have heard, because he was so excited. Talking to Albert on the phone, from Logan, Ontario, to Elder, Saskatchewan, taking in the news that his brother proposed to visit him, Wilfred had been in a dither of hospitality, reassurances, amazement.

"You come right ahead," he yelled over the phone to Saskatchewan. "We can put you up as long as you want to stay. We got plenty of room. We'll be glad to. Never mind your return tickets. You get on down here and enjoy the summer." It might have been while he was going on like this that Albert was explaining about the sister-in-law.

"How do you tell them apart?" said Wilfred on first meeting Grace and Vera. "Or do you always bother?" He meant it for a joke.

"They're not twins," said Albert, without a glance at either of them. Albert was a short, thin man in dark clothes, who looked as if he might weigh heavy, like dense wood. He wore a string tie and a westerner's hat, but these did not give him a jaunty appearance. His pale cheeks hung down on either side of his chin.

"You look like sisters, though," said Mildred genially to the two dried-out, brown-spotted, gray-haired women. Look what the prairie did to a woman's skin, she was thinking. Mildred was vain of her own skin; it was her compensation for being fat. Also, she put an ash-gold rinse on her hair and wore coordinated pastel pants and tops. Grace and Vera wore dresses with loose pleats over their flat chests, and cardigans in summer. "You look a lot more like sisters than those two look like brothers."

It was true. Wilfred had a big head as well as a big stomach, and an anxious, eager, changeable face. He looked like a man who put a high value on joking and chatting, and so he did.

"It's lucky there's none of you too fleshy," Wilfred said. "You can all fit into the one bed. Naturally Albert gets the middle."

"Don't pay attention to him," said Mildred. "There's a good daybed if you don't mind sleeping on the porch," she

said to Vera. "It's got blinds on the windows and it gets the best breeze of anywhere."

God knows if the women even caught on to what Wilfred was joking about.

"That'll be fine," said Albert.

With Albert and Grace sleeping in the spare room, which was where Mildred usually slept, Mildred and Wilfred had to share a double bed. They weren't used to it. In the night, Wilfred had one of his wild dreams, which were the reason Mildred had moved to the spare room in the first place.

"Grab ahold!" yelled Wilfred, in terror. Was he on a lake boat, trying to pull somebody out of the water?

"Wilfred, wake up! Stop hollering and scaring everybody to death."

"I am awake," said Wilfred. "I wasn't hollering."

"Then I'm Her Majesty the Queen."

They were lying on their backs. They both heaved, and turned to face the outside. Each kept a courteous but firm hold on the blankets.

"Is it whales that can't turn over when they get up on the beach?" Mildred said.

"I can still turn over," said Wilfred. They aligned back-sides. "Maybe you think that's the only thing I can do."

"Keep still, now, you've got them all listening."

In the morning she said, "Did Wilfred wake you up? He's a terrible hollerer in his sleep."

"I hadn't got to sleep anyway," Albert said.

SHE WENT OUT AND GOT THE TWO LADIES INTO THE car. "We'll take a little drive and raise a breeze to cool us off," she said. They sat in the back, because there wasn't really room left over in the front, even for two such skinnies.

"I'm the chauffeur!" said Mildred merrily. "Where to, your ladyships?"

"Just anyplace you'd like," said one of them. When she wasn't looking at them Mildred couldn't be sure which was talking.

She drove them around Winter Court and Chelsea Drive to look at the new houses with their landscaping and swimming pools. Then she took them to the Fish and Game Club, where they saw the ornamental fowl, the family of deer, the raccoons, and the caged bobcat. She felt as tired as if she had driven to Toronto, and in need of refreshment, so she headed out to the place on the highway to buy ice-cream cones. They both asked for a small vanilla. Mildred had a mixed double: rum-raisin and praline cream. They sat at a picnic table licking their ice-cream cones and looking at a field of corn.

"They grow a lot of corn around here," Mildred said. Albert had been the manager of a grain elevator before he retired, so she supposed they might be interested in crops. "Do they grow a lot of corn out west?"

They thought about it. Grace said, "Well. Some."

Vera said, "I was wondering."

"Wondering what?" said Mildred cheerfully.

"You wouldn't have a Pentecostal Church here in Logan?"

They set out in the car again, and after some blundering, Mildred found the Pentecostal Church. It was not one of the handsomer churches in town. It was a plain building, of cement blocks, with the doors and the window-trim painted orange. A sign told the minister's name and the times of service. There was no shade tree near it and no bushes or flowers, just a dry yard. Maybe that would remind them of Saskatchewan.

"Pentecostal Church," said Mildred, reading the sign. "Is that the church you people go to?"

"Yes."

"Wilfred and I are not regular churchgoers. If we went, I guess we would go to the United. Do you want to get out and see if it's unlocked?"

"Oh, no."

"If it was locked, we could try and locate the minister. I don't know him, but there's a lot of Logan people I don't know yet. I know the ones that bowl and the ones that play euchre at the Legion. Otherwise, I don't know many. Would you like to call on him?"

They said no. Mildred was thinking about the Pentecostal Church, and it seemed to her that it was the one where people spoke in tongues. She thought she might as well get something out of the afternoon, so she went ahead and asked them: was that true?

"Yes, it's true."

"But what are tongues?"

A pause. One said, with difficulty, "It's the voice of God."

"Heavens," said Mildred. She wanted to ask more—did they speak in tongues themselves?—but they made her nervous. It was clear that she made them nervous, too. She let them look a few minutes more, then asked if they had seen enough. They said they had, and thanked her.

IF SHE HAD MARRIED WILFRED YOUNG, MILDRED thought, she would have known something about his family and what to expect of them. Mildred and Wilfred had married in late middle age, after a courtship of only six weeks. Neither of them had been married before. Wilfred had moved around too much, or so he said. He had worked on the lake boats and in lumber camps, he had helped build houses and had pumped gas and had pruned trees; he had worked from California to the Yukon and from the east coast to the west. Mildred had spent most of her life in the town of McGaw, twenty miles from Logan, where she now lived. She had been an only child, and had been given tap-dancing lessons and then sent to business school. From business school she went into the office of the Toll Shoe Factory, in McGaw, and shortly became the sweetheart of Mr. Toll, who owned it. There she stayed.

It was during the last days of Mr. Toll's life that she met

Wilfred. Mr. Toll was in the psychiatric hospital overlooking Lake Huron. Wilfred was working there as a groundsman and guard. Mr. Toll was eighty-two years old and didn't know who Mildred was, but she visited him anyway. He called her Sadie, that being the name of his wife. His wife was dead now but she had been alive all the time Mr. Toll and Mildred were taking their little trips together, staying at hotels together, staying in the cottage Mr. Toll had bought for Mildred at Amberley Beach. In all the time she had known him, Mildred had never heard him speak of his wife except in a dry, impatient way. Now she had to listen to him tell Sadie he loved her, ask Sadie's forgiveness. Pretending she was Sadie, Mildred said she forgave him. She dreaded some confession regarding a brassy-headed floozy named Mildred. Nevertheless, she kept on visiting. She hadn't the heart to deprive him. That had been her trouble all along. But when the sons or daughters or Sadie's sisters showed up, she had to make herself scarce. Once, taken by surprise, she had to get Wilfred to let her out a back way. She sat down on a cement wall by the back door and had a cigarette, and Wilfred asked her if anything was the matter. Being upset, and having nobody in McGaw to talk to, she told him what was going on, even about the letter she had received from a lawyer telling her she had to get out of the Amberley cottage. She had thought all along it was in her name, but it wasn't.

Wilfred took her side. He went in and spied on the visiting family, and reported that they were sitting staring at the poor old man like crows on a fence. He didn't point out to Mildred what she already knew: that she should have seen the writing on the wall. She herself said it.

"I should've gotten out while I still had something going for me."

"You must've been fond of him," said Wilfred reasonably.

"It was never love," said Mildred sadly. Wilfred scowled with deep embarrassment. Mildred had the sense not to go on, and couldn't have explained, anyway, how she had been transfixed by Mr. Toll in his more vigorous days, when his need for her was so desperate she thought he would turn himself inside out.

Mr. Toll died in the middle of the night. Wilfred phoned Mildred at seven in the morning.

"I didn't want to wake you up," he said. "But I wanted to make sure you knew before you heard it out in public."

Then he asked her to have supper with him in a restaurant. Being used to Mr. Toll, she was surprised at Wilfred's table manners. He was nervous, she decided. He got upset because the waitress hadn't brought their glasses of water. Mildred told him that she was going to quit her job, she wanted to get clear of McGaw, and she might end up out west.

"Why not end up in Logan?" Wilfred said. "I've got a house there. It's not so big a house, but it'll take two."

So it dawned on her. His nervousness, his bad temper with the waitress, his sloppiness, must all relate to her.

She asked if he had ever been married before, and if not, why not?

He said he had always been on the go, and besides, it wasn't often you met a good-hearted woman. She was about to make sure he had things straight, by pointing out that she expected nothing from Mr. Toll's will (nothing was what she got), but she saw in the nick of time that Wilfred was the kind of man who would be insulted.

Instead, she said, "You know I'm secondhand goods?"

"None of that," he said. "We won't have any of that kind of talk around the house. Is it settled?"

Mildred said yes. She was glad to see an immediate improvement in his behavior to

the waitress. In fact, he went overboard, apologizing for his impatience earlier, telling her he had worked in a restaurant himself. He told her where the restaurant was, up on the Alaska Highway. The girl had trouble getting away to serve coffee at the other tables.

No such improvement took place in Wilfred's table manners. She guessed that was one of his bachelor ways she would just have to learn to live with.

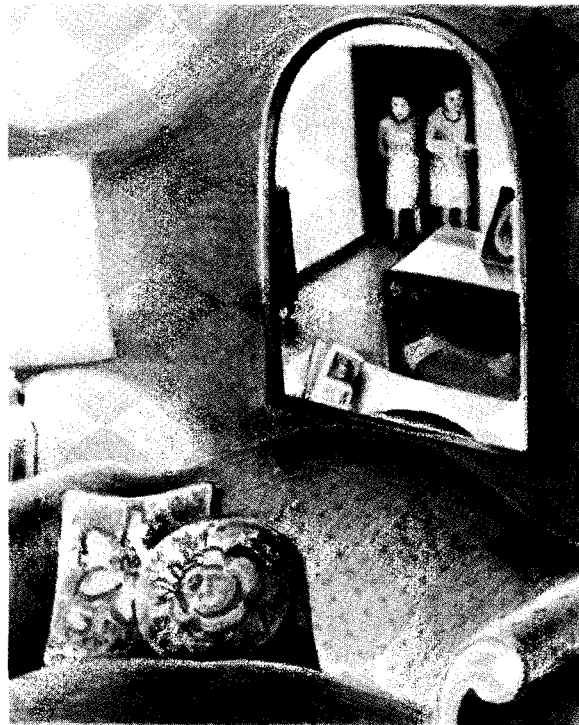
"You better tell me a bit about where you were born, and so on," Mildred said.

He told her he had been born on a farm in Hullett Township, but left there when he was three days old.

"Itchy feet," he said, and laughed. Then he sobered, and told her that his mother had died within a few hours of his birth, and his aunt had taken him. His aunt was married to a man who worked on the railway. They moved around, and when he was twelve his aunt died. Then the man she was married to looked at Wilfred and said, "You're a big boy. What size shoe do you wear?"

"Number nine," said Wilfred.

"Then you're big enough to earn your own living."



"Him and my aunt had eight kids of their own," said Wilfred. "So I don't blame him."

"Did you have any brothers and sisters in your real family?" Mildred thought cozily of her own life long ago: her mother fixing her curls in the morning, the kitten, named Pansy, that she used to dress up in doll's clothes and wheel round the block in the doll buggy.

"I had two older sisters, married. Both dead now. And one brother. He went out to Saskatchewan. He has a job managing a grain elevator. I don't know what he gets paid but I imagine it's pretty good. He went to business college, like yourself. He's a different person than me, way different."

THE DAY THAT ALBERT HAD STAYED IN BED, HE wanted the curtains shut. He didn't want a doctor. Wilfred couldn't get out of him what was wrong. Albert said he was just tired.

"Then maybe he is tired," said Mildred. "Let him rest."

But Wilfred was in and out of the spare room all day. He was talking, smoking, asking Albert how he felt. He told Albert he had cured himself of migraine headaches by eating fresh leeks from the garden in the spring. Albert said he didn't have a migraine headache, even if he did want the curtains closed. He said he had never had a bad headache in his life. Wilfred explained that you could have migraine headaches without knowing it—that is, without having the actual ache—so that could be what Albert had. Albert said he didn't see how that was possible.

Early that afternoon Mildred heard Wilfred crashing around in the clothes closet. He emerged calling her name.

"Mildred! Mildred! Where is the Texas mickey?"

"In the buffet," said Mildred, and she got it out for him so he wouldn't be rummaging around in there in her mother's china. It was in a tall box, gold-embossed, with the Legion crest on it. Wilfred bore it into the bedroom and set it on the dresser for Albert to see.

"What do you think that is and how do you think I come by it?"

It was a bottle of whiskey, a gallon bottle of whiskey, 110-proof, that Wilfred had won playing darts at the tournament in Owen Sound. The tournament had taken place in February three years before. Wilfred described the terrible drive from Logan to Owen Sound, himself driving, the other members of the dart team urging him to stop in every town they reached, and not to try to get farther. A blizzard blew off Lake Huron, they were enveloped in whiteouts, trucks and buses loomed up in front of their eyes out of the wall of snow, there was no room to maneuver because the road was walled with drifts ten feet high. Wilfred kept driving; driving blind, driving through skids and drifts across the road. At last, on Highway No. 6, a blue light appeared ahead of him, a twirling blue light, a beacon, a rescue-light. It was the snowplow, traveling ahead of them. The road was filling in almost as fast as the

snowplow cleared it, but by keeping close behind the plow they were guided safe into Owen Sound. There they played in the tournament, and were victorious.

"Do you ever play darts yourself?" Mildred heard Wilfred ask his brother.

"As a rule they play darts in places that serve liquor," Albert said. "As a rule I don't go into those places."

"Well, this here is liquor I would never consider drinking. I keep it for the honor of it."

THEIR SITTING TOOK ON A REGULAR PATTERN. IN the afternoon Grace and Vera sat in the driveway crocheting their tablecloths. Mildred sat with them off and on. Albert and Wilfred sat at the back of the house, by the vegetables. After supper they all sat together, moving their chairs to the lawn in front of the flower beds, which was then in the shade. Grace and Vera went on crocheting as long as they could see.

Wilfred admired the crocheting.

"How much would you get for one of those things?"

"Hundreds of dollars," Albert said.

"It's sold for the church," said Grace.

"Blanche Black," said Wilfred, "was the greatest crocheter, knitter, sewer, what-all, and cook of any girl I ever knew."

"What a name," said Mildred.

"She lived in the state of Michigan. It was when I got fed up with working on the boats and I had a job over there working on a farm. She could make quilts or anything. And bake bread, fancy cake, anything. But not very good-looking. In fact, she was about as good-looking as a turnip, and about the shape."

Now came a story that Mildred had heard before. It was told when the subject of pretty girls and homely girls came up, or baking, or box socials, or pride. Wilfred told how he and a friend went to a box social, where at an intermission in the dancing you bid on a box, and the box contained a lunch, and you ate lunch with the girl whose box you had bought. Blanche Black brought a box lunch and so did a pretty girl, a Miss Buchanan, and Wilfred and his friends got into the back room and switched all the wrappings around on these two boxes. So when it came time to bid, a fellow named Jack Fleck, who had a very good opinion of himself and a case on Miss Buchanan, bid for the box he thought was hers, and Wilfred and his friend bid for the box that everybody thought was Blanche Black's. The boxes were given out, and to his consternation Jack Fleck was compelled to sit down with Blanche Black. Wilfred and his friend were set up with Miss Buchanan. Then Wilfred looked in the box and saw there was nothing but sandwiches with a kind of pink paste on them.

"So over I go to Jack Fleck and I say, 'Trade you the lunch and the girl.' I didn't do it entirely on account of the food but because I saw how he was going to treat that poor creature. He agreed like a shot and we sat down. We ate

fried chicken. Home-cured ham and biscuits. Date pie. Never fed better in my life. And tucked down at the bottom of the box she had a mickey of whiskey. So I sat eating and drinking and looking at him over there with his paste sandwiches."

Wilfred must have started that story as a tribute to ladies whose crocheting or baking or whatever put them away ahead of ladies who had better looks to offer, but Mildred didn't think even Grace and Vera would be pleased to be put in the category of Blanche Black, who looked like a turnip. And mentioning the mickey of whiskey was a mistake. It was a mistake as far as she was concerned, too. She thought of how much she would like a drink at this moment. She thought of Old Fashioneds, Brown Cows, Pink Ladies, every fancy drink you could imagine.

"I better go and see if I can fix that air-conditioner," Wilfred said. "We'll roast tonight if I don't."

Mildred sat on. Over in the next block there was a blue light that sizzled loudly, catching bugs.

"I guess those things make a difference with the flies," she said.

"Fries them," said Albert.

"I don't like the noise, though."

She thought he wasn't going to answer but he finally said,

"If it doesn't make a noise it can't destroy the bugs."

When she went into the house to put on some coffee (a good thing Pentecostals had no ban on that), Mildred could hear the air-conditioner humming away. She looked into the bedroom and saw Wilfred stretched out asleep. Worn out.

"Wilfred?"

He jumped. "I wasn't asleep."

"They're still sitting out front. I thought I'd make us some coffee." Then she couldn't resist adding, sweetly, "I'm glad it isn't anything too serious the matter with the air-conditioner."

ON THE NEXT-TO-LAST DAY OF THE VISIT, THEY decided to drive forty-five miles over to Hullett Township to see the place where Wilfred and Albert were born. This was Mildred's idea. She had thought Albert might suggest it, and she was waiting for that, because she didn't want to push Albert into doing anything he was too tired to do. But at last she mentioned it. She

said she had been trying for a long time to get Wilfred to take her, but he said he wouldn't know where to go, since he had never been back after being taken away as a baby. The buildings were all gone, the farms were gone; that whole part of the township had become a conservation area.

Grace and Vera brought along their tablecloths. Mildred wondered why they didn't get sick, working with their heads down in a moving car. She sat between them in the back seat, feeling squashed, although she knew that she was the one doing the squashing. Wilfred drove and Albert sat beside him.

Wilfred always got into an argumentative mood when driving.

"Now what is so wrong with taking a bet?" he said. "I don't mean gambling. I don't mean you go down to Las Vegas and you throw all your money away on those games and machines. With betting you can sometimes be lucky. I once had a free winter in Port Arthur on a bet."

"Thunder Bay, it is now," Albert said.

"Port Arthur is what it was then. Or half of it was. I was off the *Lethbridge*, I was in for the winter. The old *Lethbridge*, that was a terrible boat. One night in the bar they were listening to the hockey game on the radio. Before television.

Playing Ottawa. Ottawa four, Port Arthur nothing."

"We're getting to where we turn off the highway," Albert said.

Mildred said, "Watch for the turn, Wilfred."

"I am watching."

Albert said, "Not this one but the next one."

"I was helping them out in there, I was slinging beer for tips because I didn't have a union card, and a grouchy fellow was cursing at Port Arthur. They might come out of it yet, I said, Port Arthur might beat them yet."

"Right here," said Alb  rt.

Wilfred made a sharp turn. "Put your money where your mouth is! Put your money where your mouth is! That's what he said to me. Ten to one. I didn't have the money, but the fellow that owned the hotel was a good fellow, and I was helping him out, so he says, take the bet, Wilfred! He says, you go ahead and take the bet!"

"The Hullett Conservation Area," Mildred read from a sign. They drove along the edge of a dark swamp.

"Heavens, it's gloomy in there!" she said. "And water standing, at this time of the year."



"The Hullett Swamp," said Albert. "It goes for miles."

They came out of the swamp and on either side was wasteland, churned-up black earth, ditches, uprooted trees. The road was very rough.

"I'll back you, he says. So I went ahead and took the bet."

Mildred read the crossroad signs: "Dead end. No winter maintenance beyond this point."

Albert said, "Now we'll want to turn south."

"South?" said Wilfred. "South. I took it and you know what happened? Port Arthur came through and beat Ottawa seven to four!"

There was a large pond and a lookout stand, and a sign saying "Wildfowl Observation Point."

"Wildfowl," said Mildred. "I wonder what there is to see?"

Wilfred was not in the mood to stop. "You wouldn't know a crow from a hawk, Mildred! Port Arthur beat Ottawa seven to four and I had my bet. That fellow sneaked out when I was busy but the manager knew where he lived and next day I had a hundred dollars. When I got called to go back on the *Lethbridge* I had exactly to the penny the amount of money I had when I got off before Christmas. I had the winter free in Port Arthur."

"This looks like it," Albert said.

"Where?" asked Wilfred.

"Here."

"Here? I had the winter free, all from one little bet."

They turned off the road into a rough sort of lane, where there were wooden arrows on a post. "Hawthorn Trail. Sugar Bush Trail. Tamarack Trail. No motor vehicles beyond this point." Wilfred stopped the car and he and Albert got out. Grace got out to let Mildred out and then got back in. The arrows were all pointing in the same direction. Mildred thought some children had probably tampered with them. She didn't see any trails at all. They had climbed out of the low swampland and were among rough little hills.

"This where your farm was?" she asked Albert.

"The house was up there," said Albert, pointing uphill.

"The lane ran up there. The barn was behind."

There was a brown wooden box on the post under the arrows. She opened it up and took out a handful of brightly colored pamphlets. She looked through them.

"These tell about the different trails."

"Maybe they'd like something to read if they aren't going to get out," said Wilfred, nodding toward the women in the car. "Maybe you should go and ask them."

"They're busy," Mildred said. She thought she should go



TWO POEMS

BY PETER DAVISON

THE EVERLASTING

A fist of flowers, anonymous as prayers,
a dozen field-plucked purple asters, droop
prone on a ledge a yard below that name
chased deep into harsh rock. Only four letters,
forty-nine years dismembered by a dash, peep pink
from the thorax of the granite ledge she loved.
Some florist roses fill a water glass
leaning atilt beneath the ledge's foot.
I can guess at the names of those who gathered flowers
or forked a couple of bills across a counter,
but as the petals wilt below a name
that will outlast all eyes that read it now,
they speak as well as names or voices can
about fragility, flowering, fading away:
they speak for frost and death. The asters speak
out of a world of change, of repetition
for those events that only happen once.

STERN STUFF

The ashes, done up in stiff white paper
with hospital folds sealed over at each end,
lie dizzily beside the hole we've dug.
Tan talcum silt, powdered by two years' drought,
sifts out of a shovel. We watch the canister
tumble into the hole and lie alone.
Those ashes, while they held their lively form,
glowed flowery with every kind of laughter
and drove an ingenuity of will
to keep her vivid in a fading world.
Is this how butterflies choke, in cataracts
of dust? What stern stuff it is, crumpling
the weightlessness of brittle, lace-veined wings
and chafing the light from smoky diamond eyes.

and tell Grace and Vera to roll down the windows so they wouldn't suffocate, but she decided to let them figure that out for themselves. Albert was setting off up the hill and she and Wilfred followed him, plowing through goldenrod, which, to her surprise, was easier than grass to walk in. It didn't tangle you so, and felt silky. Goldenrod she knew, and wild carrot, but what were these little white flowers on a low bush, and this blue one with coarse petals, and this feathery purple? You always heard about the spring flowers, buttercups and trilliums and marsh marigolds, but here were just as many, names unknown, at the end of summer. There were also little frogs leaping from underfoot, and small white butterflies, and hundreds of bugs she couldn't see that nibbled at and stung her bare arms.

Albert walked up and down in the grass. He made a turn, he stopped and looked around and started again. He was trying to get the outline of the house. Wilfred frowned at the grass, and said, "They don't leave you much."

"Who?" said Mildred faintly. She fanned herself with goldenrod.

"Conservation people. They don't leave one stone of the foundation, or the cellar hole, or one brick or beam. They dig it all out and fill it all in and haul it all away."

"Well, they couldn't leave a pile of rubble, I guess, for people to fall over."

"You sure this is where it would have been?" Wilfred said.

"Right about here," said Albert, "facing south. Here would've been the front door."

"You could be standing on the step, Albert," said Mildred, with as much interest as she had energy for.

But Albert said, "We never had a step at the front door. We only opened it once that I can remember, and that for Mother's coffin. We put some chunks of wood down then, to make a temporary step."

"That's a lilac," said Mildred, noticing a bush near where he was standing. "Was that there then? It must have been there then."

"I think it was."

"Is it a white one or a purple?"

"I can't say."

That was the difference between him and Wilfred, she thought. Wilfred would have said. Whether he remembered or not, he would have said, and then believed himself. Brothers and sisters were a mystery to her. There were Grace and Vera, speaking like two mouths out of the same head, and Wilfred and Albert without a thread of connection between them.

THEY ATE LUNCH IN A CAFÉ DOWN THE ROAD. IT wasn't licensed, or Mildred would have ordered beer, never mind how she shocked Grace and Vera or how Wilfred glared at her. She was hot enough. Albert's face was a bright pink and his eyes had a fierce, concentrating look. Wilfred looked cantankerous.

"It used to be a lot bigger swamp," Albert said. "They've drained it."

"That's so people can get in and walk and see different things," said Mildred. She still had the red and green and yellow pamphlets in her hand, and she smoothed them out and looked at them.

"Squawks, calls, screeches, and cries echo throughout this bush," she read. "Do you recognize any of them? Most are made by birds." What else would they be made by? she wondered.

"A man went into the Hullett Swamp and remained there," Albert said.

Wilfred made a mess of his ketchup and gravy, then dipped his french fries into it with his fingers.

"For how long?" he said.

"Forever."

"You going to eat them?" said Wilfred, indicating Mildred's french fries.

"Forever?" said Mildred, dividing them and sliding half onto Wilfred's plate. "Did you know him, Albert?"

"No. It was too long ago."

"Did you know his name?"

"Lloyd Sallows."

"Who?" said Wilfred.

"Lloyd Sallows," said Albert. "He worked on a farm."

"I never heard of him," Wilfred said.

"How do you mean, he went into the swamp?" said Mildred.

"They found his clothes on the railway tracks and that's what they said, he went into the swamp."

"Why would he go in there without his clothes on?"

Albert thought for a few minutes and said, "He could have wanted to go wild."

"Did he leave his shoes, too?"

"I would think so."

"He might have committed suicide," Mildred said briskly. "Did they look for a body?"

"They did look."

"Or might have been murdered. Did he have any enemies? Was he in trouble? Maybe he was in debt or in trouble about a girl."

"No," said Albert.

"So they never found a trace of him?"

"No."

"Was there any suspicious sort of person around at the time?"

"No."

"Well, there must be some explanation," said Mildred. "A person, if they're not dead, they go on living somewhere."

Albert forked the hamburger patty out of his bun onto his plate, where he proceeded to cut it up into little pieces. He had not yet eaten anything.

"He was thought to be living in the swamp."

"They should've looked in the swamp, then," Wilfred said.

"They went in at both ends and said they'd meet in the middle but they didn't."

"Why not?" said Mildred.

"You can't just walk your way through that swamp. You couldn't then."

"So they thought he was in there?" Wilfred persisted. "Is that what they thought?"

"Most did," said Albert, rather grudgingly. Wilfred snorted.

"What was he living on?"

Albert put down his knife and fork and said somberly, "Flesh."

All of a sudden, after being so hot, Mildred's arms came out in goose bumps.

"Did anybody ever see him?" she asked, in a more subdued and thoughtful voice than before.

"Two said so."

"Who were they?"

"One was a lady that when I knew her, she was in her fifties. She had been a little girl at the time. She saw him when she was sent back to get the cows. She saw a long white person running behind the trees."

"Near enough that she could tell if it was a boy or a girl?" said Wilfred.

Albert took the question seriously.

"I don't know how near."

"That was one person," Mildred said. "Who was the other?"

"It was a boy fishing. This was years later. He looked up and saw a white fellow watching him from the other bank. He thought he'd seen a ghost."

"Is that all?" said Wilfred. "They never found out what happened?"

"No."

"I guess he'd be dead by now anyway," Mildred said.

"Dead long ago," said Albert.

If Wilfred had been telling that story, Mildred thought, it would have gone someplace, there would have been some kind of ending to it. Lloyd Sallows might reappear stark naked to collect on a bet, or he would come back dressed as a millionaire, maybe having tricked some gangsters who had robbed him. In Wilfred's stories you could always be sure that the gloomy parts would give way to something better, and if somebody behaved in a peculiar way there was an explanation for it. If Wilfred figured in his own stories, as he usually did, there was always a stroke of luck for him somewhere, a good meal or a bottle of whiskey or some money. Neither luck nor money played

a part in this story. She wondered why Albert had told it, what it meant to him.

"How did you happen to remember that story, Albert?"

As soon as she said that, she knew she shouldn't have spoken. It was none of her business.

"I see they have apple or raisin pie," she said.

"No apple or raisin pie in the Hullett Swamp!" said Wilfred raucously. "I'm having apple."

Albert picked up a cold piece of hamburger and put it down and said, "It's not a story. It's something that happened."

MILDRED HAD STRIPPED THE BED THE VISITORS had slept in, and hadn't got it made up again, so she lay down beside Wilfred, on their first night by themselves.

Before she went to sleep she said to Wilfred, "Nobody in their right mind would go and live in a swamp."

"If you did want to live someplace like that," said Wilfred, "the place to live would be the bush, where you wouldn't have so much trouble making a fire if you wanted one."

He seemed restored to good humor. But in the night she was wakened by his crying. She was not badly startled, because she had known him to cry before, usually at night. It was hard to tell how she knew. He wasn't making any noise and he wasn't moving. Maybe that in itself was the unusual thing. She knew that he was lying beside her on his back with tears welling up in his eyes and wetting his face.

"Wilfred?"

Any time before, when he had consented to tell her why he was crying, the reason had seemed to her very queer, something thought up on the spur of the moment, or only distantly connected with the real reason. But maybe it was as close as he could get.

"Wilfred."

"Albert and I will probably never see each other again," said Wilfred in a loud voice with no trace of tears, or any clear indication of either satisfaction or regret.

"Unless we did go to Saskatchewan," said Mildred. An invitation had been extended, and she had thought at the time she would be as likely to visit Siberia.

"Eventually," she added.

"Eventually, maybe," Wilfred said. He gave a prolonged, noisy sniff that seemed to signal content. "Not next week." □

THE COSMETICS EXECUTIVE: HOW DOES SHE DO IT AND STILL REMAIN CUTE?

BY LYNN CARAGANIS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEOFFREY MOSS

THESE DAYS, MANY women are choosing to have careers in a man's world, meanwhile juggling babies at home and a good social life by the sides of their successful husbands. Sound like magic? Okay for the next fellow, but not for you? Think again! In 1976, 5,000 women earned their own spending money; in 1977, 10 million did. Yes, the world is changing faster than we realize. Of course, poor women have been at this a long time; but it's the rich ones we really want to know about! How do they "juggle" a successful career and the demands of a family? How parlay femininity into financial power? How do they get all of us to envy them? Here is one such woman's story. Josephine Darnell is a woman of incredible—almost Oriental—charm as she invites me into her office, and yet all steel once you cross her, say her worried enemies.

Q: Could you tell us a little bit about your personal fashion philosophy?

A: You see, I am fragile, and really, almost like a little fairy. So I try to wear plenty of synthetic fabrics, and I favor the flowing, sari-like dresses that I can pin on myself any way I want—just be creative. For example, I can go tailored to a board meeting, like this, and then before you know it, presto!—I'm a beguiling slave girl! Then, too, I love turbans, love the turban look. And I have these jet-black eyes. Now, to set off my pallor, and that awful fragility, I try to stick to warm flesh tones—whole-some, nostalgic, "country" colors, I call them. That means plenty of oranges and golds. This gold-and-orange shag carpeting

you see was made by hand by a very dear old friend, a painter, Mr. Pablo Picasso. For he said, "Josephine is an autumn day." As I'm petite, though, I have to be especially careful. In fact, I generally keep a fresh pantsuit folded right here in my desk drawer.

Q: What a fabulous idea!

A: (laughs) "Can Do" is my middle name.

Q: Why do you do it, though?

A: You see, Betty, in this business there are many impromptu meetings, as new discoveries are made. And believe me, the men in this business! As soon as those doors close—and I am a very attractive woman, Betty—a lot of powerful men try to pinch and kiss me.

Q: This is so interesting!

A: Betty, this is what this business is all about. Odors, textures, dreams, fantasy. That is what fashion people are all about—and fashion . . . is me.

Q: But yet you seem so organized, so . . . "business."

A: Yes, Betty, but I am—deep down—just a little quivering piece of dew.

Q: Frankly, how much money do you have?

A: (laughs gaily)

Q: My readers will want to compare your income with their own.

A: Let's just say I don't have to worry about buying a dozen or so big houses. Any time I feel like it.

Q: Wow. Well, let's see, I'm sure all are curious about your family life, whether there is a great deal of competition, for example, and, like, whether you ever let him use any of your money.

A: Irv and I have a wonderful, wonderful type of marriage. He



is, of course, a successful agent out in Hollywood. Yet we have dinner together every night without fail. And—he'll kill me for this—but he keeps a fresh pantsuit folded up for me in his desk drawer. After ten years of marriage, I'd consider that pretty good, wouldn't you?

Q: I just love that story. By the way, when you get together for dinner, who does the cooking?

A: Our Haitian.

Q: Incredible. Obviously an incredible amount of thought has gone into devising this modern life-style.

A: Well, Betty, we think it's worth it.

Q: Are you and Irv "workaholics"?

A: Oh, definitely. I feel that if I'm going to do something, I might as well do it better than best, and be remembered in the industry that way.

Q: Hm! Now, did you and Irv consciously decide not to have children, Miss Darnell?

A: No! We have our little Jason!

Q: Excuse me!

A: Oh, he's quite a little man already. You know, however busy I am, I always just dash home in the evening for a few minutes after he's asleep, to simply feast my eyes on him. Irv says I'm an incurable romantic.

Q: No!

A: Frankly, Betty, I don't think there's a more important job in life for a woman than that one.

Q: Oh, I agree. Now, Miss Darnell, if I may ask, what's ahead for Princess Josephine Industries?

A: Oh, now you have really made me take you to my heart! We are now on the verge of an exciting new phase. You see, Betty, to some, Princess Josephine is more than a line of, of beauty products—it is really . . . a way of life. Women's Liberation has done so much for so many! Oh, I'm not speaking of bra-burners! But women are beginning at last to feel proud—proud that they are women. What was that great song by that wonderful Women's Liberation singer?

"I am woman, hear me roar"

Well, not roar, but you know what I mean. Life is not just pots and pans, as women are beginning to realize! Life is beauty—looking as beautiful as you feel you really are! And if you don't like your husband, fire him!—that sort of thing.

Lynn Caraganis lives in New York and is writing a novel.

Well—every day we get thousands of letters from our customers—literally begging for advice, guidance. "Princess Josephine, can you help me? Princess Josephine, *what* should I do?" These poor gals—well, maybe they are fat, or they live in small towns, or they are women who simply feel foolish and don't know why. It is to these women that Princess Josephine will reach out. Our "Princess Jo Mobile Seminars" will travel to remote towns, offering study groups in . . . well, here is our new brochure. Take several.

Q: Oh, thank you. Very attractive. Seminars in "Womanhood," "Make-up," "The Danger of Sports."

A: We are very excited. The response has been terrific.

Q: It looks like a marvelous opportunity for many women. Marvelous. Tell me, is your husband, Irv, involved in this in any way?

A: (giggles) He asked if he could drive the van sometimes for a laugh. Irv's incorrigible! □

MUSIC

EVEN BETTER IN MONO

BY LLOYD SCHWARTZ



The phonograph is now the best instrument with which to transmit the music of modern composers. (1928)

I regard my recordings as indispensable supplements to the printed music. (1958)

I am disappointed about recording in the last decade. You have a good record, and in a few years they throw it away and start a new system. (1961)

—Igor Stravinsky

THE HISTORY OF Stravinsky's recordings of his own music is the story of good records being made and thrown away, rendered obsolete by "advances" in technology—78s supplanted by LPs, monophonic sound replaced by stereo. By 1961, all of the 78s he made in Europe had disappeared. The complete *Pe-trushka* (his only full-length version—the 1946 revision—recorded in stereo in 1960 when he was seventy-seven) had just been released, replacing the long-gone, brilliantly played abridgement

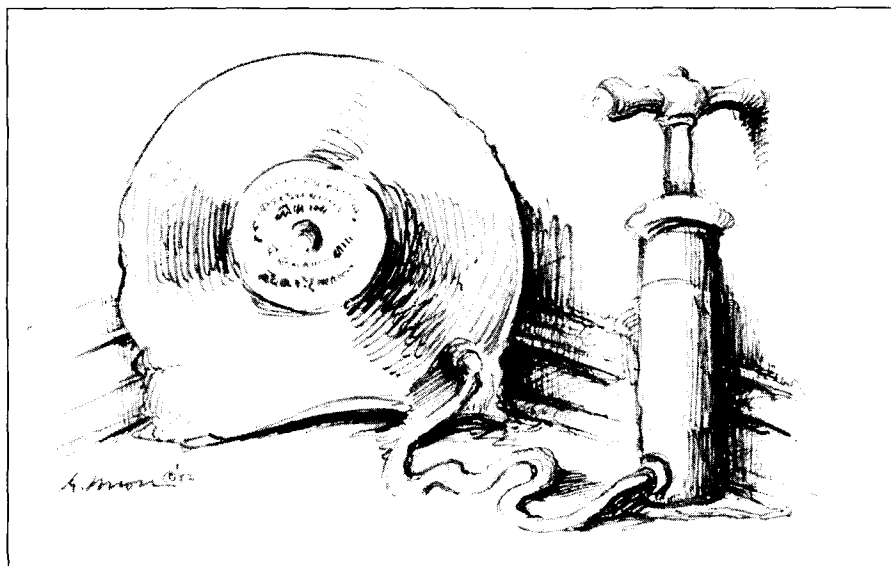
with the New York Philharmonic. But most of his Philharmonic performances were still around: *Le Sacre du Printemps*; an exhilarating Symphony in Three Movements (recorded four days after its world premiere, in January, 1946); *Persephone*, with a youthful, fresh-voiced Vera Zorina; the "semi-sacred" 1952 *Cantata*, with Hugues Cuénod, Jennie Tourel, and a Philharmonic chamber ensemble (recorded four months after it was composed); and shorter works such as the early "Fire-works" and the more recent "Four Norwegian Moods" (with some of the finest horn-playing on records). There were also thrilling, graceful performances with the Cleveland Orchestra (the complete *Pulcinella*, *Baiser de la Fée*, Symphony in C), and random, irreplaceable records such as the moody *Ebony Concerto* with Woody Herman (who commissioned it); a suite from *l'Histoire du Soldat*, in which Alexander Schneider created a living character with the solo violin; or Stravinsky's only recording of his moving Debussy elegy, the Symphonies of Wind Instruments, in a hypnotic, intensely phrased performance with the North West German Radio Orchestra. There was the little "Russian Maiden's Song," from *Mavra*, a sly, insinuating duet for piano and violin with Stravinsky and Joseph Szigeti; a taut and powerful *Symphony of Psalms* with the CBS Orchestra; *Oedipus Rex*, with Cocteau (the librettist) reading his own narration and Peter Pears devastating in the title role; and Stravinsky's longest score, *The Rake's Progress*, recorded shortly after its American premiere, with Met stars Hilde Gueden as Anne Truelove and the late Eugene Conley as the Rake, Blanche Thebom as the bearded, self-absorbed but humane Baba the Turk, and Mack Harrell, the most chilling, resonant Nick Shadow in the opera's history. Within five years, by 1966, only one of these mono recordings would be left in the Schwann catalogue.

In the meantime, Stravinsky's stereo performances were proliferating. Goddard Lieberson, president of Columbia Records, was determined to have Stravinsky record everything he wrote. When Stravinsky died, in 1971, there were twice as many albums in circulation as there had been ten years before, plus two documentary records. The banner year was 1974—seventy-nine works conducted by Stravinsky were available. But some of the stereo recordings them-

selves had already been cut out. The stereo *Oedipus* and *Renard*, missing for several years, were restored, but *Persephone* languished in the underworld with *Le Rossignol*, *Les Noces*, the Piano Concerto, and the Symphonies of Winds.

If this wasn't confusing enough, there were additional complications in Columbia's packaging. You might, for example, have wanted Stravinsky's recording of the *Pulcinella* suite, worth having for the magical instrumental reworkings of vocal passages in the complete *Pulcinella* (and for Stravinsky's tempos—more eloquent, more spacious, than those for the vocal counterparts recorded only two days earlier). For more than a decade, the suite was coupled with the stereo suite from *l'Histoire*, with the Columbia Chamber Ensemble. However, you might have already acquired *l'Histoire* on the *Stravinsky Conducts, 1961* album (the same performance, but not clearly acknowledged), along with the Octet and *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*. The Octet soon turned up on another chamber-music album, and *Movements* on the *Recent Stravinsky* set with *A Sermon*, *A Narrative*, and *A Prayer* and *Anthem*, pieces that were already on the *Choral Music* album. When that record was discontinued, a new choral record carried over three performances from the old choral record. This confusion was resolved by a simple process—deletion. In October, 1980, major Stravinsky performances of *Apollo*, *Orpheus* (its only current recording), *Pulcinella*, *Baiser de la Fée*, *Renard*, all those shorter choral works, and the Opus 1 Symphony were purged from the catalogue.

These are all available again as part of a large-scale new project (a more suspicious mind than mine might question the timing of the deletions). Early last year, Vera Zorina (Goddard Lieberman's widow, ex-wife of Balanchine, and Stravinsky's favorite *Persephone*) began work on *Igor Stravinsky: The Recorded Legacy*, a thirty-one-record limited edition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Stravinsky's birth, this coming June. This set was to include almost every Stravinsky composition—that is, almost every one issued by CBS/Columbia (which would eliminate such works as the *Three Pieces for Clarinet* and the



Elegy for Viola or Violin, Unaccompanied)—"Primarily works conducted by Stravinsky or supervised by him in recording sessions," Columbia's "entire recorded catalogue."

Of course, what Stravinsky collectors have been hoping for is a set finally reissuing those long-unavailable recordings, perhaps including previously unreleased items (Stravinsky evidently recorded all the music from *l'Histoire* in anticipation of a never-realized complete performance) or live performances (with the Boston Symphony or selections recorded in Russia with the Moscow National Orchestra on his memorable return visit in 1962). How illuminating it might be to have his very first recording—a lyrical, relaxed performance of excerpts from *Petrushka*, made in London in 1928, with fewer rough spots than one might have predicted. Or to be able to listen to his surprising conception of *Sacre* in 1929 (he asserted—though, it turns out, incorrectly—that this was the first time he ever conducted it). Or to hear the extraordinary French wind players on his first recordings of *l'Histoire* and the Octet (Marcel Moyse, flute). How important to have access to the 1934 London *Les Noces* (with bass Roy Henderson), a performance in English, overflowing with humor and character, and more rhythmically flexible and alive than the stereo version with Copland, Sessions, Barber, and Foss playing the four pianos. How valuable to know the 1935 performance of the Violin Concerto, with Samuel Dushkin (who commissioned it) playing with a depth of feeling, pointed humor, and rhythmic spring that make far more sense of the

piece than does Isaac Stern's heavy-fingered showiness on the more familiar later version.

What *The Recorded Legacy*, "this historical landmark album," gives us, however, is one record of historical performances and thirty records in stereo—beautifully packaged (in Holland) and almost flawlessly pressed (in Germany). Counting all the current Stravinsky recordings in circulation, including those not in the set (the suites from *Firebird*, *Petrushka*, and *Pulcinella*, the Cocteau *Oedipus* on *Odyssey*, and Stravinsky playing piano music on *Seraphim*), never before have so many Stravinsky performances (eighty-seven) been available at one time. But every item in the set (even the three documentary inclusions) has been commercially available before, and thirty-five of them duplicate performances still in the catalogues.

Three bands on the "historical" record, though, are almost worth the price of the entire set: Stravinsky's three recorded performances with Joseph Szigeti—their 1945 recording of *Duo Concertant* (not released until the early fifties, and gone by 1955), the *Pastorale* (the original vocal version, with Jennie Tourel accompanied by Allen Rogers, is also on this record), and the "Russian Maiden's Song." Szigeti is at his warmest, wittiest, and most inward. The last movement of the *Duo Concertant* is one of the most beautiful things he ever recorded, and Stravinsky is an admirable, sympathetic accompanist. Stravinsky made a superb earlier recording of it with Dushkin (on the *Seraphim* record) and Szigeti made a later one with Roy Bogas, but this one is the revelation.

Lloyd Schwartz's first volume of poetry, *These People*, was published last fall. He is also classical-music editor of the *Boston Phoenix*.

April report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



On December 21, 1976, *The New York Times* reported, on page one:

BANK UNEARTH'S WORKS OF BYRON AND OF SHELLEY

"A treasure chest," the account went on, "of 19th-century literary papers, including manuscripts, letters, and poems by Byron and Shelley, has been discovered in a bank vault in the center of London. . . . The discovery of the manuscripts, in a trunk at Barclays Bank on Pall Mall East, was disclosed today in *The Times* of London by Bevis Hillier, an author and art critic who was related to the owner of the letters and manuscripts, Scrope Berdmore Davies, a brash, somewhat reckless wit, gambler, sportsman and womanizer who fled England in 1820 to escape creditors."

Now **T.A.J. BURNETT** has pieced together the life of Scrope Davies from the contents of his trunk. He reconstructs a fascinating segment of Regency society, following Scrope through Eton, the formation of the Byron-Hobhouse-Matthews-Davies friendship at Cambridge, the crazy financial dealings of these talented men, the collapse of Byron's marriage, the start of Hobhouse's political career, and Davies's own ruin and ignominious flight to Bruges. **THE RISE AND FALL OF A REGENCY DANDY** is both a fine tale of high-flying dandyism and a valuable footnote to literary history.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A REGENCY DANDY

by T.A.J. Burnett

\$14.95 at your bookstore
LITTLE, BROWN

Contributing to the freshness and insouciance of the *Pastorale* is an excellent wind quartet, featuring "Mitchell" Miller on the oboe. The notes to this set, however, fail to identify the members of this quartet. They do not even mention the extensive solo violin work of Israel Baker in *L'Histoire*. In fact, even with a forty-eight-page photo-album-cum-chronology (unsigned and including no information about the recordings), the annotations are remarkably skimpy, omitting much of the musical analysis and biographical detail that appeared when the records were first issued. Everything in this deluxe edition is a little squeezed. Because *Sacre*, for instance, and Stravinsky's commentary on it are both contained on one disc (they were originally on separate records), Part II of *Sacre* ("The Sacrifice") begins before the end of the first side. The labels indicate only "Beginning" and "Conclusion"—there isn't any clue that *Sacre* has two parts or that the parts and their internal divisions have titles. This squeezing also interferes with the sound, which seems cramped compared with the original 1960 stereo release.

Amusing bits of sloppiness are evident throughout: according to the note, Charles Rosen's welcome performance of the piano *Serenade* was recorded in 1925—the year the piece was composed and two years before Rosen was born. Jennie Tourel isn't mentioned on her album cover, but her accompanist is. One of the wonderful hand-colored photos (there are two on the jacket of each of the packaged albums) is a rehearsal shot of *The Flood* with George "Galanchine." This album cover tells us that the conductor is Stravinsky; inside, we are informed that *The Flood* was conducted by Robert Craft "in the Composer's presence." More muddled, however, is the organization of the music. "The records have been arranged into categories," Zorina writes, "starting with his early works and ending with his choral compositions. Within each category the guiding principle has been chronology." The difficulties, she admits, are the "restrictions" of the length of time on a record side and finding places for shorter works. So we find the "Russian Peasant Songs"—early and choral—on neither album but rather on a side of "Short Pieces," preceded by works dating from 1941 and 1964 and followed by pieces from 1966, 1920 (in a 1961 arrangement), and 1963; the 1920 Symphonies of Winds

is flanked by "Chamber Music/Short Pieces" from the fifties. Fortunately, an alphabetical chart tells where to find everything.

Still, the most serious problem lies with the choice of recordings where choices were necessary—especially when the choice results in a non-Stravinsky version. It's hard to believe that Stravinsky's own great and long-out-of-print Symphonies of Winds was passed over for one conducted by Craft and played, "in the Composer's presence," without much conviction. Though Stravinsky recorded his "Balmont Songs" and "Japanese Lyrics" in English translation, the spare elegance and purity of Marni Nixon's singing, so obviously what the composer had in mind, seems infinitely preferable to Evelyn Lear's mannered, whooping Russian under Craft. I don't much regret the omission of Stravinsky's own playing of his *Serenade*, since it is already on a Seraphim re-issue and the Rosen has been absent for years. It would, however, have been a great coup to include, instead of the old Vronsky and Babin version, the rare performance of *Concerto for Two Solo Pianos* by Stravinsky and his son Soulima—recorded by French Columbia in Paris just before the war and never issued here.

Paradoxically, one reason given for rejecting these older recordings is that they might sound jarring coupled on a single side with performances in stereo. But the mono sound on the Szigeti records is excellent; the instruments have more presence than on some of the stereo recordings. In any event, what better excuse to fill more sides with the great pre-stereo performances? Isn't it irresponsible that *The Recorded Legacy* of Igor Stravinsky doesn't include even one example of his splendid collaborations with Samuel Dushkin or the New York Philharmonic? Besides, from a purely practical, commercial point of view, mightn't someone willing to pay more than \$200 for a Stravinsky set be likely to own many of the more recent records, and consequently be more eager to purchase a set with more unfamiliar, less accessible material? On the jacket to the "Chamber Music" records is a moving, nostalgic photograph taken in Paris in 1932 at a recording session of the Octet. It's a tantalizing, unfulfilled image for what, with only a little more imagination and work, could have been a more vital and prized package. □

BOOKS

MCCARTHY AS AUTEUR

BY JOHN SIMON

RUNNING TIME

by Nora Sayre. Dial, \$17.95.



I HAVE MY DOUBTS about sociological studies of the cinema; on certain days I even have doubts about sociology. *Running Time*, Nora Sayre's new, slender book, examines the American films of the fifties to show how they reflected the temper of that Cold War decade, in which McCarthyism and the fear of Communist infiltration and atomic war with Russia were, apparently, the prime movers of the American psyche. The movies, in implicit as well as explicit ways, presumably mirrored these fears and, by giving them concrete forms, intensified and perpetuated them.

In her "Prelude," Miss Sayre discusses the political and social background of the Cold War years, when "some Americans thought that they should shave their dogs and cats to prevent their fur from becoming radioactive"; when the chairman of the Washington State Legislative Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities (how's that for a title?) declared, "If someone insists that there is discrimination against Negroes in this country, or that there is inequality of wealth, there is every reason to believe that person is a Communist"; when someone, regrettably unidentified by Miss Sayre, referred to "all those fags in striped pants who lost China for us." It was the time when "many mistook Adlai Stevenson's literacy for ultraliberalism," when naming names before the various committees was a guarantee of re-employment at the expense of other people's livelihoods and safety, and when the "undesirables" were not even given the real reasons for not being rehired.

Miss Sayre proposes to scrutinize the effect of all this (and more) on the films of those frightening and frightened years; hence her punning title, *Running Time*, which ordinarily refers to the ninety or so minutes of an average film's duration, but which for some actors, writers, and directors meant a time of trembling and the loss of up to fifteen

years of their working lives. And for the general run of movies it meant a great lowering of quality owing to intimidation from without and cowardice within.

But already in this "Prelude," Miss Sayre sounds an ominous note that will queer her entire enterprise. Sensibly, she writes, "Each decade tends to disown or trash its predecessor," yet her own writing about the fifties from the vantage point of the eighties does not make her ironies any less patronizing, or her superiority any less relative. Then, after telling us that the experiences of the blacklisted will be the subject of her next book, she states her present purpose as "to re-examine the movies that had been used as weapons against them, and also to see how the social climate had affected the ensuing chapters of American film making." But, she adds, "the aesthetics of film absorbs me as much as history does."

This is asking for trouble. If you are going to write the sociopolitical history of a movie decade, you cannot also afford the luxury of aesthetic analyses and evaluations—certainly not in a book this short—without inviting upon yourself the twin plagues of superficiality and inconsistency of outlook. Miss Sayre's gaze is unfocused indeed. She sums up the period as, among other things, "a time when *Ferdinand the Bull* was denounced as left-wing propaganda because the bull refused to fight the matador," and also as a time "when boned girdles seemed mandatory for very young women." Now, the attacks on *Ferdinand* are germane to the matter of *Running Time*, but it is not clear what those girdles have to do with it. Do they indicate that middle America was highly puritanical then? That women were being victimized by men or by male girdle manufacturers? Or something more profoundly political or metaphysical than I can decipher? Or is it that Miss Sayre is merely wool- or whale-bone-gathering as she goes along?

Her premise follows: "Since it was also a time when fictions and delusions were accepted as facts, some of the movies

may be almost as informative as the FBI's files—and probably more accurate about the mentalities of many Americans who were amused or repelled or touched or unnerved by what they saw on the screen." This makes me skeptical. First, was there ever a time when fictions and delusions were *not* accepted as facts by hordes of moviegoers? Second, though the movies may tell us something about the mentalities of those who were "touched or unnerved" by them, i.e., who believed their fictions and delusions, they tell us nothing about those who were "amused or repelled" by them, who ridiculed their sentimental pieties and scorned their alarmist falsifications. Hence the limitations of the sociological approach: it may reveal something about what common minds think, but what can it tell us about the thought processes of even slightly uncommon ones?

The first proper chapter, "Recoiling from Liberalism," summarizes Hollywood's attitudes in the forties, when anti-Semitism was occasionally dealt with in gingerly fashion, yet even a film as outspoken as was *Crossfire* about other types of racism "carefully omit[ted] any reference to black people." Still, pleas for fairness to blacks such as *Pinky* and *Home of the Brave* were made at the same time, though they elicited considerable animosity: a Texas theater owner was jailed and fined for showing *Pinky* a scant three days. And it was also the time of Louis B. Mayer's disapproval of his own studio's vastly superior *Intruder in the Dust*, because its black protagonist was "too uppity" and didn't remove his hat in the presence of white people.

Chapter Two, "The Perils of Patriotism," considers two of the major pro-Soviet films of the war period, *Mission to Moscow* and *Song of Russia*, and has a good, and rather too easy, time demolishing both. Miss Sayre is amusing about all those portentously revolving globes in the former, and about the message of the latter: "that scorching the earth was a tuneful procedure, also that Russia would be saved by the harmonies of Tchaikovsky." But why does she barely mention (and misquote the title of) an equally important, equally pro-Stalin, and almost equally absurd film, *North Star*? Could it be out of friendship for Lillian Hellman (Miss Sayre doesn't name that name), who wrote the embarrassing screenplay? At any rate, Miss Sayre pertinently remarks that "almost

no one wrote more passionately patriotic movies than American Communists did in wartime." And she does have juicy bits of information (though she seldom credits her sources)—e.g., about Ginger Rogers's mother serving as script-scrutinizer for RKO and detecting "Communist inspiration in a comic line [by Clifford Odets] that implied that it was a crime not to be a success."

THE NEXT CHAPTER, "Penance and Assault," addresses the book's main subject specifically; it is, however, the only one that does so. It takes up many of those quickies and cheapies Hollywood made in a "ritual of atonement and appeasement." Playing on all of middle America's fears and relating them to communism, these films may have been the most "dismal creations [ever] launched as a form of public relations." Miss Sayre points out a host of amusing details—e.g., that the B-movie actors were so undistinguished and so poorly directed that it was hard to tell the bad guys from the good ones, but that if a woman's slip straps showed through her blouse, you could be sure there was something terribly wrong with her—"in this context, it meant treason."

Luckily, we had the FBI protecting us, as we were told in *Walk East on Beacon*, followed by a shot of agents opening our mail. The most invidious of these films may have been *My Son John*, in which John's communism and implied homosexuality (the Production Code forbade explicitness on this subject) are blamed on his intellectualism and college education. The young Communist is anti-Christian and anti-family, and "even his way of smoking seems deceitful." Yet his mother—played by our beloved Helen Hayes, with writing and direction by our beloved Leo McCarey ("a particularly friendly witness before the Committee")—loves this effete and errant son more than she does his siblings, "her two 'fighting halfbacks' in Korea, who are 'fighting on God's side.'" Even though the parents are meant to be ideal characters with whom we empathize, "the violent, threatening father—an American Legionnaire who . . . hits the son on the head with the family Bible" and "the hysterically possessive mother" "appear to us as figures from a moldy textbook on male homosexuality."

Sayre quotes judiciously: "The producer of *The [sic] Arch of Triumph* worried that there were too many references

to refugees . . . Jack Warner cut the lines 'Your father is a banker' and 'my father lives over a grocery store' . . . [from] *Humoresque*, and the use of the word 'labor' created problems in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*." But in the next chapter, "The Private Sector," in which she tries to link anti-communism to the treatment of personal and social problems, she has a hard time convincing me that the fundamental stupidities of the period were politically motivated: "The fact that most of our films, like our culture, became apolitical was a political statement in itself," she writes. One has to be very careful about such



sweeping statements. Most American films are apolitical to this day; consider only how late, skimpy, and superficial was the treatment of Vietnam in our recent, presumably sophisticated, cinema. Watergate has figured in only one major film, *All the President's Men*; Gerald Ford's pardon of Nixon, in none. We are still not very far removed from Hollywood's glorious heyday, when politics was relegated to royal marriages in Ruritania and murderous intrigues involving Chinese generals and burnoosed sheiks.

In "The Private Sector," Sayre deals mostly with family problems. Protest has a highly personal nature in these movies. It comes mostly from young people who, although family life is made to look repulsive, do not want to leave home; rather, they want more love from

their parents. There is a good deal of non-communication between fathers and sons (daughters are generally ignored), yet a manly hug can often solve everything. Juvenile delinquents are just crazy, and delinquency is never seen as related to poverty. There is enormous faith in psychiatry, though the ultimate solution is always simply more "caring," a formula of "desperate liberalism." For drug addiction (never caused by economic conditions) as for the atrophying of sex in marriage, the prescription is always "love," which begins to sound distastefully medicinal. And this love is interpreted peculiarly: monstrously mismatched couples must cleave together to achieve salvation.

Though Miss Sayre scores some facile laughs off all this benightedness and primitivism, it too survives, although it is somewhat less pullulating in today's Hollywood. Moreover, there is a core of truth under the oversimplification: caring and love are needed as much as social reform. The problem with these movies is to a considerable degree their simplistic artlessness, which, however, is a matter of style and only marginally relevant to Miss Sayre's sociopolitical theme. Thus, no matter how right she is—for example, in tracing the way adultery of even the most pardonable sort had to be atoned for by intemperate suffering of those involved (as in *From Here to Eternity* or *Tea and Sympathy*, before the filming of which the Legion of Decency suggested the death of the Deborah Kerr character)—all that this shows is how strict official morality was then, and may easily become again. It does not prove anything about the impact of McCarthyism on the movies.

Perhaps the most interesting—though, again, rather irrelevant—part of this chapter concerns the avoidance of the issue of homosexuality, male and female, in such films as *All About Eve*, *Tea and Sympathy*, and *Compulsion*, in the last of which the "brilliance" of the young killers (modeled on Loeb and Leopold) was anti-intellectually blamed for the warping of their psyches. Matters become a bit more to the point when Miss Sayre documents the naive and repressive treatment of office politics in films such as *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, in which upward mobility is discouraged. But Miss Sayre is again barely tangential when she regales us at some length with her attitudes, then and now, toward James Dean and Marlon Brando,

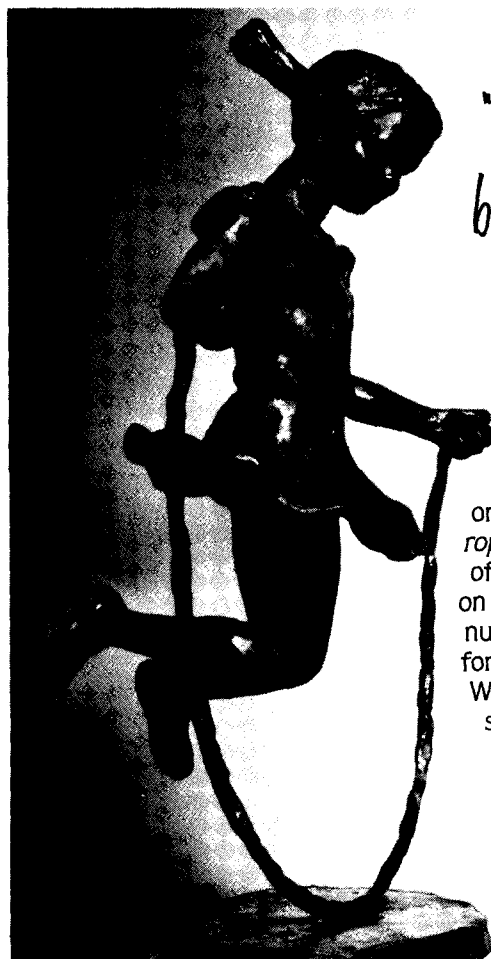
the first of whom she could identify herself with, the second not.

There follows a short but highly appropriate chapter about the making of *On the Waterfront*, showing how corrupt union leaders, both in Hollywood and among the longshoremen, tried to stop the film from being made, or at least to shift the blame from very real racketeering to imaginary communism. Sayre relates how Arthur Miller was forced out of the project, and how Budd Schulberg, the scenarist, and Elia Kazan, the director, used the film as a veiled vindication of their naming names, so that the most effective sociopolitical film of the period was, paradoxically, an impassioned defense of informers—a piece of reactionary propaganda.

In "Unglaring Exceptions," Miss Sayre talks about the feeble efforts to make liberal or radical films even at this time, and discusses both more daring but artistically inferior efforts, such as Herbert Biberman's *Salt of the Earth*, and more accomplished films that fudged or flubbed their political content, such as *High Noon*, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, and *Paths of Glory*. Her claims for Sam Fuller as an anarchist seem to me too lofty; it is the shrillness and ineptitude of his films that make their conventional message appear quirkier and more quizzical than it actually is.

PERHAPS THE MOST ambitious chapter is "Watch the Skies," in which the author tries to read science-fiction and monster movies as political allegories of the Cold War, the Korean War, and Americans' dread of one another. Some of the parallels between Martians and Russians, between mutants or other monsters and Communist infiltrators, are apt and telling, though hardly novel. Even here, however, she forces her arguments: much of present-day sci-fi and horror filmmaking is no different from that of the fifties. Most interesting are such peripheral insights as those into the language of these films. In one of them, Edmund Gwenn, as a scientist (and scientists, qua intellectuals, almost always play into the hands of the enemy), "uses verbs like 'fortify,' to which a virile officer retorts, 'Why can't we all *speake English?*'"

Into this chapter Sayre brings also Cecil B. DeMille, the notorious Communist-baiter, and his biblical spectaculars, and argues (a trifle shakily) that they too subverted an anti-Communist ideology.



'One two
buckle my shoe...'

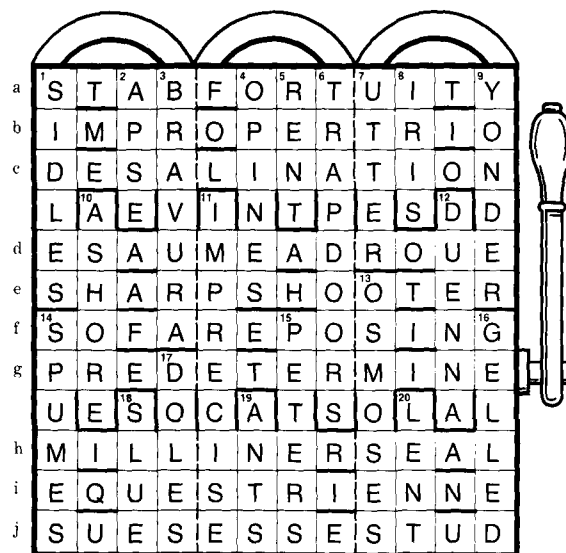
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She is much better—though less relevant—demonstrating their prurience, it being easier to lower a woman's neckline or slit her skirts "in an evangelical context." And she is particularly good at tracing some of the nonpolitical idiocies surrounding these films, as when she quotes a producer's request to Graham Greene for a revision on *Ben-Hur*: "You see, we find a sort of anticlimax after the Crucifixion." Again, it is wonderful to be reminded of DeMille's God's command to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet!"

In the "Coda," Miss Sayre waxes over-optimistic when she argues that films like *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove* ushered in a brave new cinematic world that put an end to the pusillanimity of the fifties. *Lolita* was actually a well-nigh totaledulcoration of the novel that turned the twelve-year-old nymphet into a strapping girl of sixteen; and *Strangelove*, whose sometimes sophomoric satire was nevertheless bracing and provocative, had all too little influence on the films that followed. One sentence in the "Coda" sums up, almost inadvertently, the problem—in the fifties as it is today: "Perhaps the producers thought that racial hatred or sexual uncertainty would be too upsetting for a mass market audience, which might be curious about a 'new' or 'controversial' subject but would recoil if the material landed too close to home." That is it, in essence. In American movies, with rare exceptions, it is always running time: one takes a step or two forward in a daring direction, then runs like hell backward into oversimplification, distortion, and cliché.

Finally, there is the question of Miss Sayre's style. She tries very hard to be breezy and jocular, and does succeed some of the time. Often, however, the jokes misfire. Herewith a working witticism: "Men who are depressed by their jobs may go on binges; the next day's hangover reveals an extraordinary amount of stubble on the chin—as though whiskey were a hair stimulant." Now for one that fails: "Daughters [as opposed to sons] didn't devour much footage, unless they stayed out too late—as though the hymen might dissolve at midnight." Still, despite such japes, which bring the prose to a screeching halt, despite the irrelevancies, despite even its questionableness as social and political history, *Running Time* is not without its incidental, intellectually titillating pleasures. □

BUT NEVER DANGER TODAY

BY THOMAS POWERS

THE SOVIET ESTIMATE
by John Prados.
Dial, \$17.95.



JOHN PRADOS'S FINE history of the intelligence wars, *The Soviet Estimate*, is certain to become a standard work in the field. It's hard to think of an important intelligence issue in the past twenty-five years that Prados does not cover; the "missile gap," Galosh, the Tallinn "upgrade" problem, the A Team, B Team controversy, and other flurries of concern over "monster missiles" and alarming holes in the ground are all there. Intelligence professionals will consult his book to find out what's in the public domain and what's still secret. Students of the national-security community will mine it for data on what we knew and when we knew it.

But ordinary readers probably won't use it at all. They will find it too hard, too dense, too dull, too filled with numbers and acronyms, too obsessive in its attempt to gather in one place all the facts and echoes of contention in the strategic-intelligence business as they have appeared over the years in the professional literature and in congressional hearings. Prados's excellent bibliography, the most comprehensive I have seen, lists hundreds of items. It is one of the curses of research in this field to read the same facts and figures over and over again. How Prados survived his ordeal in the library I do not know. It must have involved years of stupefying tedium. But the result has justified his devoted efforts. Well-thumbed copies of *The Soviet Estimate* will be at the right hand of everyone who tries to understand why the United States and the Soviet Union elected to build enough nuclear weapons to break the back of our civilization.

Prados's comprehensive book raises two great questions about strategic intelligence. First, Is it honest? And second, Why are the analysts so often

wrong? The question of honesty is immediately posed by the tendency of analysts to reflect the views and budgetary hopes of the institutions they represent. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, for example, Air Force intelligence consistently predicted a huge Russian bomber-building program. Army and Navy intelligence just as consistently derided these alarms. When the Russians finally did unveil a new long-range bomber, at the annual May Day parade in 1954, something like panic swept the upper echelons of the American government.

The CIA's Board of National Estimates was badly buffeted in those years by conflicting claims. In theory, its paper (the generic term for finished intelligence reports) was supposed to represent the mature conclusions of the intelligence community, after all the hard evidence had been soberly analyzed; but as a practical matter, it had to sound as worried as the officials who were supposed to read its estimates. "Our answer," said one board chairman at the time, according to another BNE official I met a couple of years ago, "is to say nothing is going to happen in the foreseeable future, and say it in the most alarming way possible." The result of this approach was one National Intelligence Estimate (NIE) after another admitting that we were still ahead for the moment but predicting a huge Russian bomber fleet down the road.

But the Russians never produced long-range bombers in any numbers. They concentrated on missiles instead. The BNE was slow to catch on, at least partly because the Air Force wasn't interested in missiles. It was run in the 1950s by World War II bomber generals who liked to fly. They grudgingly funded a low-level missile-research program, largely to ensure that the Navy didn't take over the job and steal away by degrees the Air Force's strategic-bombardment mission. But deep down in the Air Force there were missile colonels convinced that rocket propulsion offered a cheaper, more effective way to deliver nuclear warheads. In love with missiles, the colonels concluded that the Russians were, too. In the intelligence business, this is called mirror-imaging.

One of those colonels recently told me that during the Korean War, when R&D funds slowed to a trickle, he concluded that nothing would budge his Air Force superiors but fear of a Russian missile. He routinely asked Air Technical Intelli-

Thomas Powers, author of *The Man Who Kept the Secrets*, is at work on a history of strategic weapons.

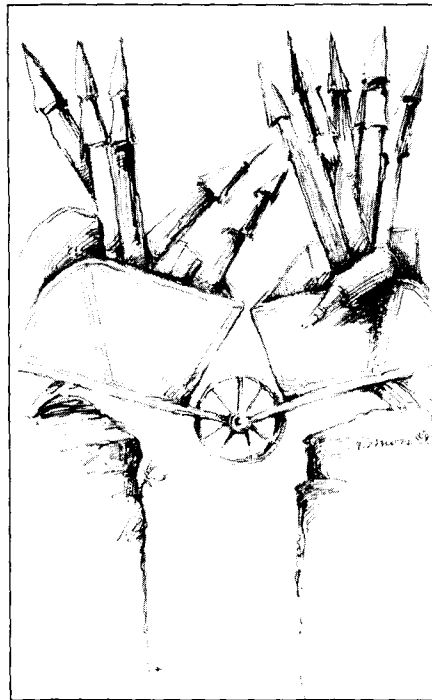
gence, at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, for more information about Russian missile research, but nothing came back. If they had a missile program, we didn't know much about it. So the colonel *invented* a Russian missile—a rocket, fueled by oxygen and hydrocarbons, producing 100 tons of thrust. He figured that they must have something of the sort in the works, and drew up the plans himself. These he gave to a buddy in intelligence, asking him to include the hundred-ton rocket in his next briefing. The buddy suffered qualms of conscience, as well he should, but finally conquered his scruples and solemnly told a group of Air Force generals at Wright Field about this latest alarming development in Russian weaponry. The ploy worked fine. Funds began to flow in the colonel's direction.

It is not hard to collect stories of this sort about the intelligence business, although few involve naked fakery to quite this degree. But it is worth remembering that the colonel was right: in fact, the Russians were hard at work on missiles even bigger than the apocryphal hundred-ton rocket, and eventually the rest of the intelligence community caught on. When they did, they panicked, as they often have, and predicted a "missile gap" within a few years. The worst horrors are always in the middle distance.

Dishonesty in the intelligence business is not personal but institutional. In effect, the analysts are advocates. The Air Force wants to build planes and missiles; the Navy wants to build ships; the Army wants more tanks and fully equipped divisions. All tend to think that the Russians see things the same way, and all "interpret" the evidence according to their own lights. The scantier the evidence—and it is always scanty at the beginning—the wilder the extrapolations. Since no one knows what the evidence means for sure, every National Intelligence Estimate is subject to negotiation, an intensely political process reflecting the realities of life in Washington, where the services all have allies in Congress, alumni associations that actively lobby, and industrial backers eager to keep the factories humming. In these circumstances, the CIA can drag its feet for only so long. For example, at the height of the controversy over the SS-9—the Soviet missile, first detected in the mid-1960s, that many suspected to be a first-strike weapon—the CIA was more or less directly ordered by Melvin

Laird to remove a paragraph from the NIE that said that the Russians were almost certainly not planning to build a first-strike capability. Power, not argument, carried the day. Laird was the secretary of defense, and he simply *would not accept* the offending paragraph. This may not be what scientists call objectivity, but it is the way things work.

THAT LEAVES THE second great question about strategic intelligence: Why are the analysts so often wrong? Failures of prediction are the subject of endless investigation in the intelligence community, but the solution is always



the same: more and better information, processed more quickly and efficiently. Thus the committees and boards proliferate, like epicycles in a Ptolemaic cosmology. The trouble with this solution is that more and better information is not readily available. Satellite photos and communications intercepts—the two principal sources of raw data—reveal a lot about what an opponent has got or is doing at the moment but very little about what he has in mind for the future. Intelligence people never tire of saying that "you can't photograph a forward plan"—at least not from a satellite. That can be done only by a spy or a technical device planted in the right place. The truth is that we have not got, or had, many of either. Intelligence people have no choice but to extrapolate from the facts as we know them.

There have been three great failures of American intelligence in the years since 1945. The first was a prediction that the Russians would build bombers like ours, and lots of them. That was the "bomber gap." The second was a prediction that the Russians would have intercontinental ballistic missiles before we did, and lots of them. That was the "missile gap." The third, beginning in the mid-1960s, was a prediction that the Russians would be content with a secure deterrent—enough missiles to give us a healthy fear of attacking them—and not try to match us in numbers or quality, much less surpass us. More particularly, it was assumed that the Russians thought about missiles as we did—as tools that might prevent a war from breaking out, not weapons for winning one. This failure to recognize the implications of the enormous buildup of Soviet missiles is not so widely acknowledged, does not yet have a name, and is still the subject of much debate in national-security circles. The buildup is no longer disputed, but no one is really sure whether the Russians think they could win a nuclear war or whether they are willing to risk one in the pursuit of political goals. Common sense says they'd be crazy to do so, but common sense said they really didn't need all those accurate new missiles, either.

OUTSIDE OF PROFESSIONAL circles, the intelligence community does not always command respect. Some critics see it as a fraternity of closet militarists scaring each other with shrill cries that the Russians are coming. Others assume that the estimates are in the naked service of money and power—money for the military-industrial complex and power for empire-building generals. There is some truth in both caricatures, but they still fail to explain why intelligence errors run both ways: some say the Russians are coming when they're not, and some say they aren't when they are. The CIA in particular has often been accused of an "arms-control bias." If you think that sounds fine, you begin to see the problem. A bias is a bias. What the Agency is saying now I do not know. The CIA can't ignore the President and his principal advisers for long, which suggests that the current NIEs reflect President Reagan's alarms—if only by treating them with that servile *gravitas* of which bureaucracies are uniquely capable. To that extent, the Agency must

have swung toward Reagan's view that the Russians want military superiority. But there is a case to be made that for ten years, ending in the late 1970s, CIA analysts were amazingly slow to see a pattern in what amounted to a Russian military buildup on a stupendous scale.

At the heart of most intelligence failures is a misreading of evidence, but anybody can make a mistake. Prados catalogues many examples in his book. The troubling thing is the persistence of certain *types* of errors, which we might categorize as errors of fear and errors of hope. Behind all of them is something rarely alluded to in the estimates or the professional literature—the awesome power of nuclear weapons. Referring to it would constitute something very like a breach of etiquette, but in fact the weapons themselves have long since superseded the political differences that divide the United States and the Soviet Union. We threaten each other not politically but militarily. The magnitude of the threat beggars the routine superlatives of the language. Fear and hope are ultimately what twist the analysts this way and that. Some see the Russians preparing to pounce, and desperately warn that we must build up our deterrent. Others take a softer, more optimistic view, and look for signs that nobody means any harm, they're just like us: if we can only keep the jingoists quiet, we can work things out.

AS EARLY AS 1945, a number of atomic scientists saw how things would go. They described a kind of Buck Rogers global war, with missiles and bombers filling the skies. This hardware was imagined in a moment, but it took a long time to build it. At the end of 1945, the United States had a couple of dozen B-29 bombers modified to carry the huge atomic weapons of the period. The Russians, of course, had neither bomb nor bomber, and did not acquire both until the mid-1950s. It took another ten years for them to build missiles in appreciable numbers. We were ahead of them all the way and are still ahead; but finally, after thirty-five years of sustained national effort, Buck Rogers's war is a potential reality. All the terrible things foreseen by the pessimists have come to pass. The Russians have big, accurate missiles that might destroy ours on the ground. It took longer than the pessimists thought it would, but that seems aca-

demic now. We threaten them in the same way, and both sides are busy with technical improvements. Time to react grows ever shorter. Pershing missiles in Europe will be only three or four minutes away from Soviet silos. Some of their missiles, I have been told, are already on a launch-on-warning status. A similar American program is implicit in Reagan's plans for a huge new investment in command, communications, and control systems. Neither side wants to be caught on the ground, and both will eventually trust to computers for safety. Thus it is the weapons themselves that have become the principal cause of fear and friction between the two sides. When war comes, it will almost certainly begin with an onslaught of weapons on weapons. The cities' turn will come last.

Large questions are anathema to intelligence analysts. Their paper is cautious and factual. They would not presume to tell policy-makers where we are going. John Prados shares this restraint. At the end of his thorough, useful book, he notes only that the situation is a dangerous one. The historian Arnold Toynbee, at the end of a long life studying the rise and fall of civilizations, risked a bolder view. In *War and Civilization*, published in 1950, he wrote:

... the most ominous thing about these wars is that they were not isolated or unprecedented calamities. They were two wars in a series; and, when we envisage the whole series in a synoptic view, we discover that this is not only a series but also a progression. In our recent Western history war has been following war in an ascending order of intensity; and to-day it is already apparent that the War of 1939-45 was not the climax of this crescendo movement.

SHORT REVIEWS



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PÉLAGIE by Antonine Maillet. *Double-day*, \$14.95. It is never clear how much historical truth, if any, underlies this unusual and delightful novel. The French-Canadian author describes the return to their homeland of a group of Acadians exiled to Georgia by the British in 1755.

Under the leadership of Pélagie, a determined young widow, they set out by ox-cart on a trek that lasts for years. People die, children are born, families join and drop out, the American Revolution clutters up the road, but the carts roll on north. The story is told as it has been passed, orally, to the descendants of these indomitable travelers, that is, by a party of narrators who argue over episodes, dispute each other's family trees, exchange jokes and insults, and gradually weave a tale with the quality of legend—everything is larger than life but blurred around the edges. Ms. Maillet has created a highly effective, idiosyncratic style for her idiosyncratic epic. She has also, possibly as a casual by-product, explained the intransigence of French Canada. Translated by Philip Stratford, who must have toiled like a beaver.

MALGUDI DAYS by R. K. Narayan. *Viking*, \$14.95. The variety of people and problems in Malgudi seems to be endless, but of course it is Mr. Narayan's power of invention that deserves the term. This collection of his short stories presents the unpredictable citizens of Malgudi coping with the comic, the tragic, the absurd, and the just plain ordinary, while the author's deceptively casual prose makes even their oddest doings believable.

STUFF OF SLEEP AND DREAMS by Leon Edel. *Harper & Row*, \$20.00. These essays are subtitled "Experiments in Literary Psychology." Mr. Edel firmly distinguishes between "literary psychology," by which he means the attempt to deduce a writer's private emotions and attitudes from a work of art that makes no mention of them, and psychology as a therapy. A biographer has no business with the latter, but discreet use of the former can produce valuable insights, as Mr. Edel proves in his discussion of such authors as Joyce, Eliot, Woolf, Wharton, and, surprisingly, Rex Stout.

THE SACK OF PANAMA by Peter Earle. *Viking*, \$16.95. Henry Morgan is usually considered a pirate. This is an unjust view, for, as Mr. Earle's extensive history demonstrates, he is more accurately described as a commander of British irregulars. London knew what he was about and quietly approved of his depredations in Spanish colonial territory. The derring-do in New Spain and the diplo-

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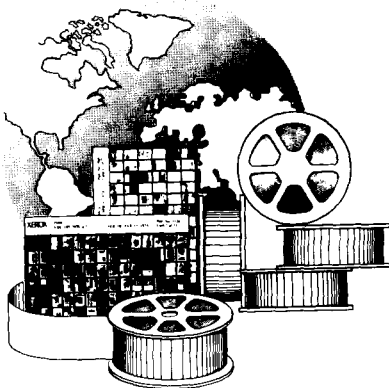
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matic chicanery in Europe share the charm of cheerful, shameless wickedness.

THE POSSIBLE AND THE ACTUAL by François Jacob. Pantheon, \$3.95, paper; University of Washington, \$8.95. A distinguished scientist and Nobel prizewinner discusses the theory of evolution both as a framework for investigating the world and as a myth that influences the direction of such investigations. Mr. Jacob's ideas are provocative and eloquently expressed.

BODILY HARM by Margaret Atwood. Simon and Schuster, \$14.50. The heroine of Ms. Atwood's latest novel is a Canadian freelance journalist specializing in frivolities. Fads, fashions, and smart resorts are her beat, and her private life is conducted on a similarly superficial plane. When she is struck by arbitrary misfortune, her response is to escape, which she does by wangling an assignment to report on the tourist attractions of a neglected Caribbean island. The island has been neglected for good reason. Its tourist attractions are sub-zero, but its politics are fast, violent, and corrupt, while its drug-runners are industrious and efficient. The Canadian blunders straight into the whole mess. Basically, the novel seems concerned with responsibility, whether personal, national, or international, but the story has so many implications that each reader is entitled to find his own. What every reader will find is superior writing, peppery wit, interesting characters, and, ultimately, terrifying suspense.

THE THOMAS STREET HORROR by Raymond Paul. Viking, \$13.95. Since Mr. Paul teaches the history of the detective novel at Montclair State College, he is familiar with such tricks of the genre as the locked room, the stupid policeman, and the freakishly amusing amateur sleuth. He is also, one gathers, a true-crimes buff and a devoted reader of disreputable antique newspapers. He has thrown all these tastes and talents into a detective novel of his own. He will not dethrone Wilkie Collins, but he has successfully defied Shaw's maxim that those who can't, teach.

A RESTLESS PEOPLE: Americans in Rebellion by Oscar and Lilian Handlin. Doubleday, \$14.95. It is no surprise to be informed that American society

was constantly changing during the years 1770-1787, but the details that the authors have assembled to illustrate and account for that state of flux are illuminating, now and then astounding, and always interesting.

HEADBIRTHS OF THE GERMANS ARE DYING OUT by Günter Grass. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$9.95. Mr. Grass has combined, in one small volume, pieces of a possible screenplay, satire on the German intellectual's habit of splitting every question into incoherent fragments, complaints against indiscriminate technological development, meditations on the national character, a tribute to a deceased colleague, remarks on a visit to China, and praise of literature as the world's only reliable civilizing influence. He addresses a number of subsidiary topics as well. The author has so entangled all these subjects with current conditions in both Germanys that the non-German reader is likely to find little of relevance or even comprehensibility in the text.

MAPS AND DREAMS by Hugh Brody. Pantheon, \$15.95. Mr. Brody was sent to northeast British Columbia to procure maps of the hunting and fishing areas of a group of Beaver Indians whose territory lies in the path of a projected oil pipeline. The assignment was to be short, but Mr. Brody, an anthropologist, became fascinated by the Beaver and lingered on for months. He fished with them, hunted with them, talked with them, and observed the workings of a society that, although it may look feckless to a European eye, actually maintains a satisfactory economy and an intelligent use of natural resources. The Beaver have defended their way of life with subtlety, adaptability, and determination. Mr. Brody admires them and so will the reader, but the odds are against them. Their hunting maps conflict with the white man's golden dreams.

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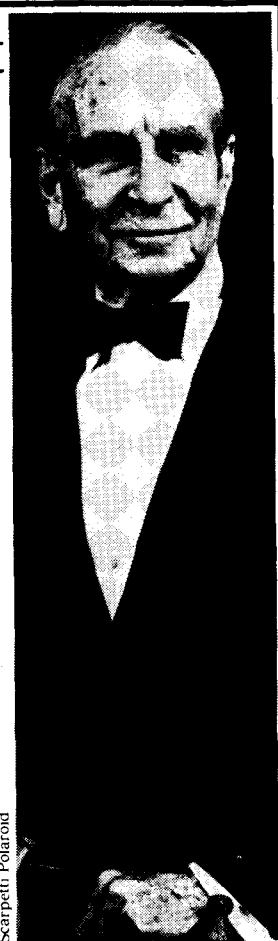
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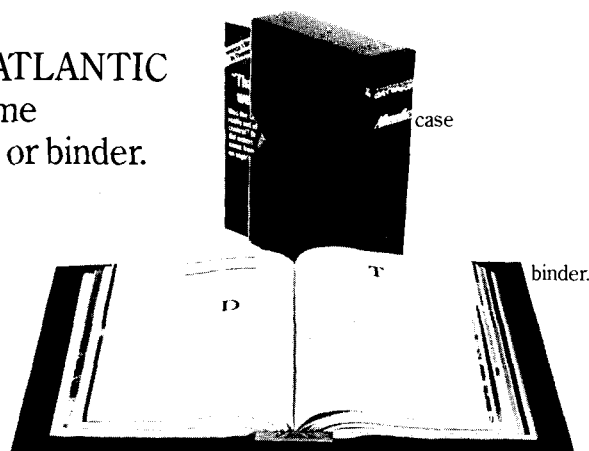
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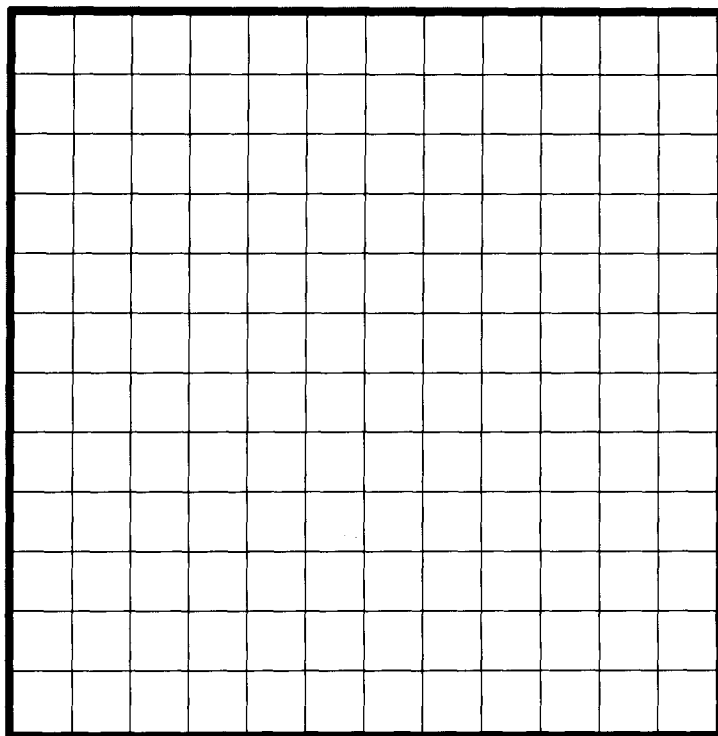
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CARTE BLANCHE

(Acknowledgments to Ximenes of *The Observer*)

As an added challenge, we leave solvers to determine where the bars belong in this month's puzzle. The diagram's symmetry is such that it would look the same if turned upside down, but not if given a quarter-turn. Clues are listed in their proper order and are lettered for convenience only. Answers include three proper nouns and an uncommon word (at g. among the Downs). Punctuation may be used deceptively.



*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 105.*

ACROSS

- a. Having no bars is wearisome
- b. Watch a magazine article?
- c. Enlarge a hole in a number of sheets
- d. Crazy person outside North Dakota city
- e. Sight in Athens—harvest being put in a bin the wrong way
- f. Thwart made of wood entirely
- g. Quarrels with footwear
- h. Sportsman gets a rest after game
- i. Guy keeping gun in clothing
- j. Gardens reeling with geese
- k. Butt right into tree
- l. Meat entrée includes broken bread
- m. Indian has been upset about storms
- n. You could make Tess learn vigilance

- o. One hiding in church halls from armed forces
- p. Suitable contest
- q. Around ground, reeds splattered and smeared
- r. Hurry briefly after the cheese

DOWN

- a. Pulls up sod
- b. Racehorse brought north for review
- c. Wheeled vehicle overturned in lot
- d. I'm set to get in the way
- e. Docking a boat in low sound
- f. Hawaiian food—boy, it can make you sick
- g. Stage in an insect's life that causes terrible strain
- h. Miner's dog: "Little Red"
- i. Very numerous new lenses—about 500
- j. Everyone getting in darling's bed
- k. Passionate study in painting
- l. Primates sobbing hysterically
- m. Top-grade doctors at first learn wrongly about some glands
- n. Tailor, at times, uses candle with hesitation
- o. Get back, e.g., in shower
- p. Ascended like fish
- q. Honest letter exposes press intimately
- r. Lease out art equipment
- s. A street in New York that's not very nice
- t. Social group with loud complaint

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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